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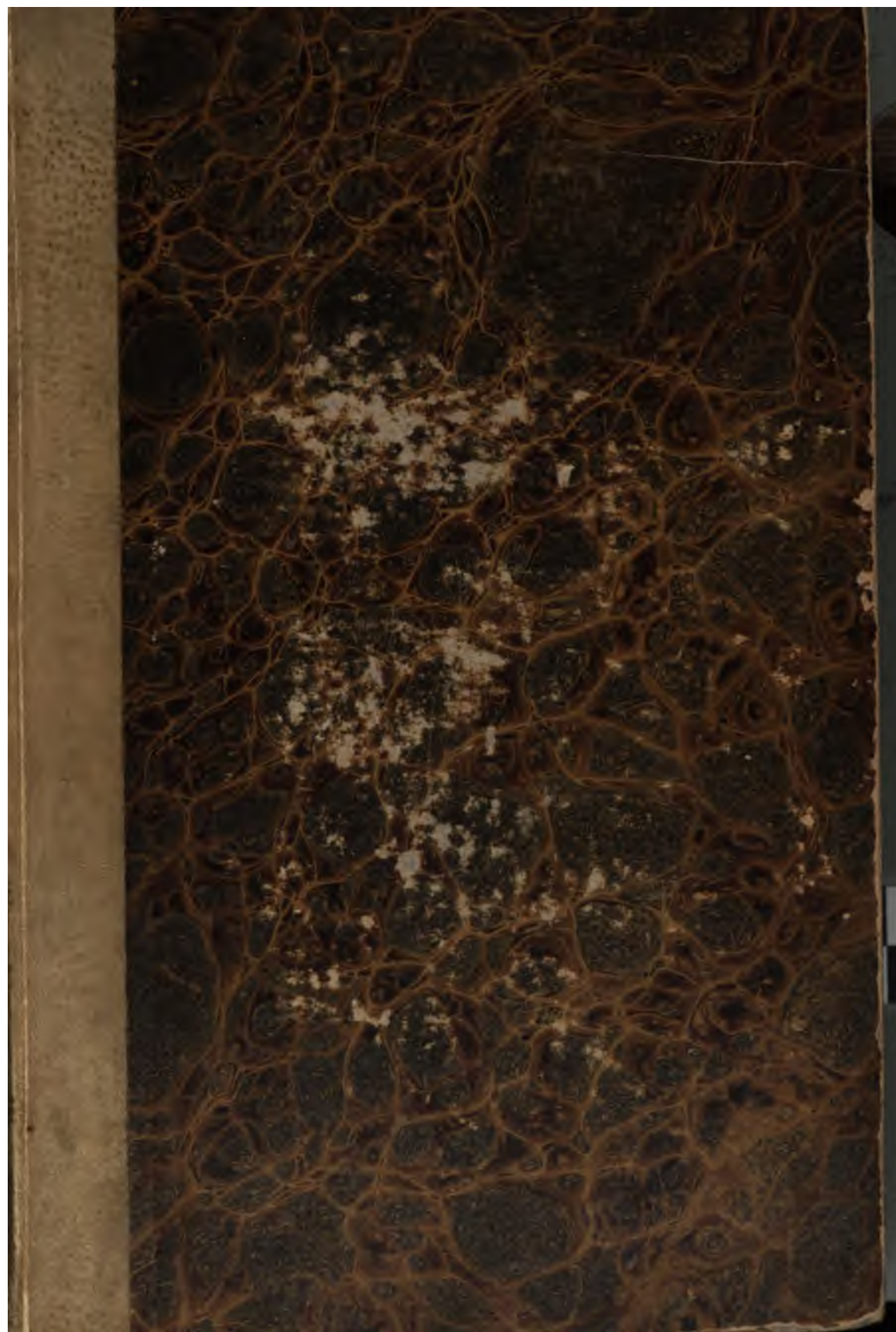
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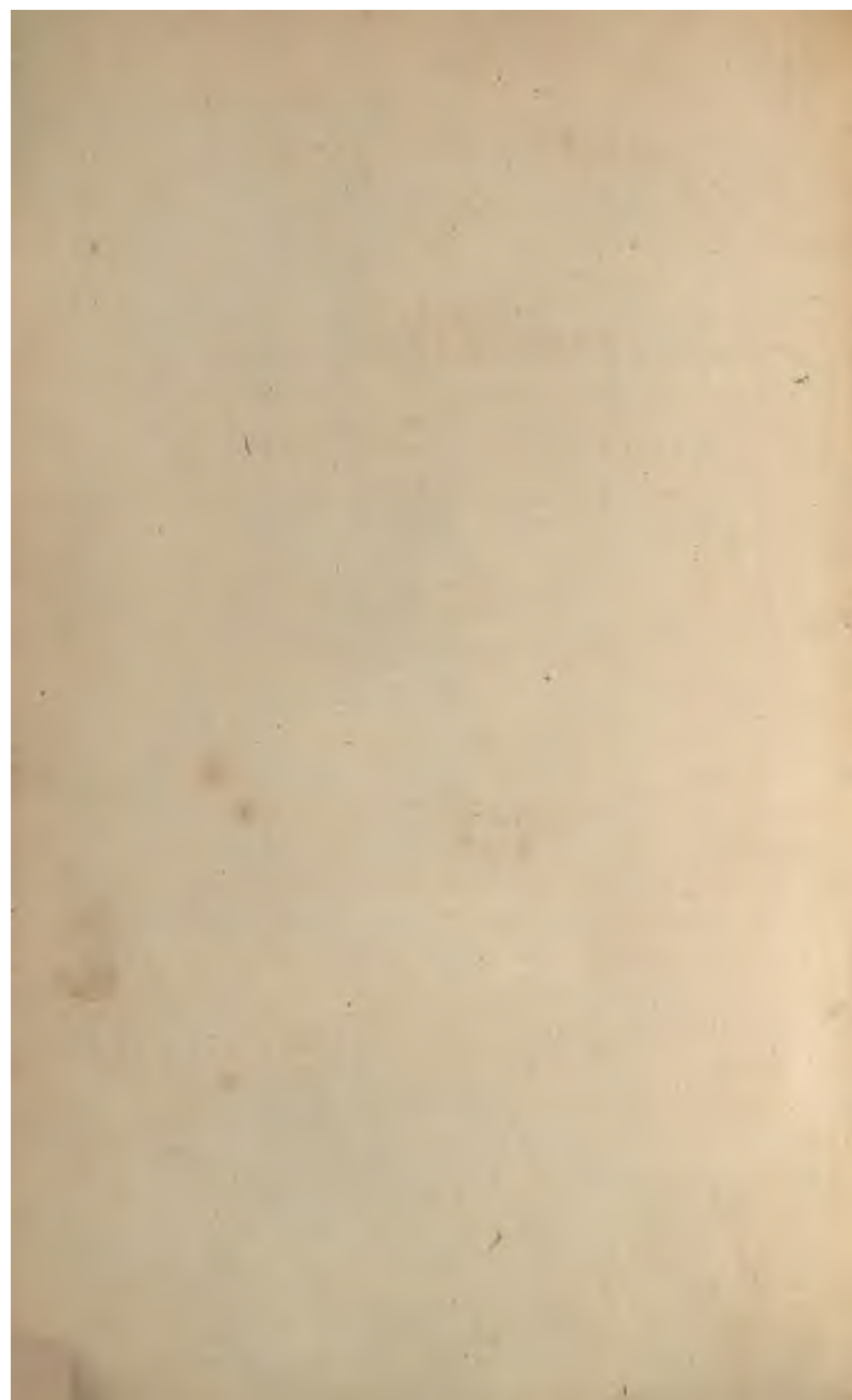


James Thomson?

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James Thomson

1811



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OBSERVATIONS

ON

ITALY.

BY

THE LATE JOHN BELL,

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, EDINBURGH, ETC.

SECOND EDITION,
CORRECTED AND ENLARGED.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

NAPLES:

PRINTED BY FIBRENO;

FOR JOHN RODWELL, 46, NEW BOND STREET,
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1835.

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BY

HIS MAJESTY'S DEVOTED SUBJECT AND SERVANT, .

THE EDITOR.

★



NOTICE

TO THE READER.



*THE above work « Observations on Italy »
having been translated into elegant Italian by
a professor of the Royal College Tolomei of
Siena , has enabled the Editor in this second
edition, to enrich the work by inserting a few
valuable notes , from the learned translator ,
and enlarging it by the addition of a few chap-
ters taken from the M.SS. of the Author.*



★★

INTRODUCTION.

THE following sheets are offered to the Public with that anxiety of mind, which must naturally arise from the peculiar situation of the individual, on whom the mournful task has devolved of arranging for the press the productions of one who is no more ; an anxiety which , on the present occasion , instead of being lessened, is , perhaps, rendered only more acute , from the known high talents of the author.

But, though the responsibility on this account be proportionably greater, yet, it may be hoped that his distinguished abilities will give some weight to his observations , even on subjects foreign to that line of science on which his celebrity is founded ; and the unfinished state in which the manuscript was left at his decease, may perhaps be allowed to plead for that indulgence which might otherwise have been denied, or might not have been required.

These notes were not originally intended for the press. From Mr Bell's scientific habits , he

was in the practice of daily committing his observations to paper ; and succeeding circumstances alone led him to form the project, if strength were spared to him , of arranging them , at a future period , for publication. He was induced to visit Italy, in the hope of recovering some portion of lost health ; and he left Paris , in a state of debility which excited interest even in strangers, who knew him only by reputation. He was aware of his own situation ; but a singular degree of spirit, and ardour of character, prevented his ever betraying any consciousness of it. The medical friend who attended him in Rome during his last illness , and to whose skill and tenderness the warmest tribute of gratitude is due , as well as to the Roman physicians, was much struck with these peculiar features in his character.

A few pencilled lines, written by himself, in a blank leaf, before leaving Paris, show that he was well acquainted with his danger. This leaf was partly torn, and the lines nearly effaced ; but the concluding expressions were as follows :—
« I have seen much of the disappointments of life. I shall not feel them long. Sickness , in an awful and sudden form ; loss of blood, in which

I lay sinking for many hours, with the feeling of death long protracted, when I felt how painful it was not to come quite to life, yet not to die, a clamorous dream! tell, that in no long time that must happen, which was lately so near.» Neither reason nor conviction totally destroys hope; while it is a duty to adopt the most probable means of recovering health, however unlikely to succeed; and with this view he entered Italy.

To a classical taste, and knowledge of drawing, (many of his professional designs being finely executed by his own hand,) the author joined a mind strongly alive to the beauties of nature. He would often, in his earlier years, yield to the enjoyment they produced, and, wandering among the wild and grand scenery of his native land, indulge his imagination in gazing on the rapid stream, or watching the coming storm.

Such habits seem to have tended, in some measure, to form his character; training him especially to independence in judgment, and perseverance in investigation, that led him to seek knowledge, and boldly publish his opinions. With warm affections, and sanguine temper, he still looked forward with the hope

that his labours and reputation would one day assuredly bring independence; and, meanwhile listening only to the dictates of an enthusiastic nature, and yielding to the impulse of feeling, he would readily give his last guinea, his time, and his care, to any who required them. Judging of others by himself, he was too confiding in friendship and too careless in matters of business; consequently, from the one he was exposed to disappointment; and from the other involved in difficulties and embarrassments, which tinged the colour of his whole life.

On his arrival in Florence; he visited her far-famed gallery with that ardour of spirit which a subject of such interest naturally inspired:—Here he regularly and daily found himself surrounded by strangers, who with a flattering distinction, sought information from him, as from the first anatomist of the day. His correct knowledge of the human form giving the accuracy of science to his criticisms, they were valued as such by his countrymen, who seemed to expect, as a matter of course, that he would publish his remarks; insomuch, that several letters were written to England, proclaiming that he was engaged in the composition

of a voluminous work, before he had even formed the intention of proceeding beyond the improvement of his own taste and ideas. From the scientific at Florence, and subsequently from the great and distinguished artists at Rome, he received the most flattering attention. He was in habits of intimacy with Thorwaldsen; and after his death, Canova expressed, in the most flattering manner, his sympathy in the fate of one who was so great a lover of the arts. He had by degrees adopted the view of writing for the press; but engaged in professional duties, and struggling under the sufferings of ill health, his designs were constantly impeded. His notes were almost wholly written in pencil, and generally taken down at the moment, as he sat at the foot of a statue, on a stair, or on the height of a tower, from whence he contemplated the face of nature.

He had hoped to live to arrange these Notes, and to write a little Treatise on the Moorish and German architecture; but frequent and severe attacks of illness, brought on embarrassments that depressed his mind. Disappointments of another nature increased his sorrows, and at last bore down a sinking frame.

The state of his health prevented his being able to attend his professional duties at an early hour. The day was in consequence generally far spent, ere he could find leisure to engage in his favourite pursuits, and write those remarks, which he trusted that some more quiet moment, would yet permit him to complete and arrange.

The author's journey forms the most connected portions of his Notes, as he daily committed his observations to paper. Criticisms on the arts, slight historical memoranda arising from associations, and the recollections which his well-stored memory, presented on visiting the scenes of which he had read, compose the desultory subjects of the sketches, which are now presented in their original state. The author, during his residence abroad, had many opportunities of observing the difficulties encountered by young travellers in forming their taste and opinions. Guide-books and Custodi, generally adopting but one language, describe every object as exquisite; he hoped, therefore, that some few observations, founded on principle, and pointing out the subjects most worthy of notice, might render his work not only useful as a book of reference to the inexperienced,

but also prove the means of shortening the labours of the amateur, whose leisure did not admit of long investigation. These considerations, combined with the object of giving specimens of the author's various studies, will, the editor hopes, offer a sufficient apology for this publication; nor will the feeling reader be unwilling to remember the melancholy circumstances under which they were written, by one suffering from the approaches of a fatal disorder,—whose life has been devoted to severe studies,—and whose discoveries and useful labours, have formed an epoch in his profession. These recollections may so influence his mind, as to lead him to trace in these sketches, the promise of what they would have been, had the author survived to prepare them for the press.

Circumstances have painfully conspired to delay the publication of this work to the present period. The Manuscripts were, in the first instance, committed to the care of one who was peculiarly fitted for the task; but occupations of a high and important nature, obliged him, after eighteen months, entirely to relinquish the attempt. A farther interruption arose from the long declining health of the editor in whose

hands they were then placed. The nature of this work, perhaps, renders these delays of small importance, as criticisms on the fine arts, and views of scenery, can be little affected by it; and perhaps to the speculative reader, the local changes which have occurred, whether in cities, manners, or customs, may present additional proofs of the constant vicissitude of all worldly concerns.

Note. — The following remarks by the Author, being part of the original preface, prepared by him, are inserted to shew the object he had in view.

The fine arts may be styled the science of sentiment: to attain excellence in these pursuits, knowledge and imagination are called into action, and surely whatsoever tends to promote reflection, form the judgment and correct the taste, must elevate the mind and be productive of general utility.—Therefore observations, considered solely as preliminaries to more mature studies on the subject, may not be entirely without value although being only the first principles leading to the higher points, those of embodying sentiment, and rendering internal feelings, and passions visible by exterior forms, which is the primary and great scope of the artist.

EXTRACTS FROM VARIOUS REVIEWS

ON

OBSERVATIONS ON ITALY.

FROM THE NEW MONTHLY REVIEW
VOLUME FIRST PAGE FIRST.

The subject on Italy we imagined had been thoroughly exhausted: and eminent as were the talents which distinguished Mr Bell's professional career we were prepared to expect little from his pen beyond a few critical remarks. But we know not how it was, the preface, so modestly so touchingly written by his editor, his widow, led us insensibly on, and we were anxious to see how he commenced his tour.—Page 1.

« The justness of thought, the sensibility and philosophic spirit of this exordium promised an Itinerary of no mediocre description. Mr Bell's language is vigorous, terse and pure: his lights and shadows are disposed with a masterly hand; his page, like a mirror, reflects the scene in its natural order and colour. He looked around him with the eye of a poet, and he seemed to forget his sufferings from health, when revelling in those romantic dreams, which when duly chastened, and touched with a spirit of devotion, shed such a charm on existence. Take as an instance his first evening visit to the Cathedral of Milan, Page 57. Take also the Bridge of Pavia, the only description realizing the impressions of that enchanting spot. Page 80. Led by such a guide as Mr Bell, we traverse the beaten road of Italy with

new delight, and we know of no work to which we could refer ; for such fascinating descriptions of landscapes and manners as are to be found in this volume. For instance, where shall we find descriptions so powerful and affecting, such as his profession of a Nun? We regret that this episode is too long for insertion, we substitute for it one of his nights in Florence, which we venture to say is without any parallel, in any composition in prose or poetry. Mr Bell's observations on Rome are inspired by all the choicest association of classical antiquity. The chanting of the « Miserere » has long been celebrated, and a thousand times described by tourists, the following magical representation is worth the whole of them put together. The description of Easter-Sunday is still more magnificent. »

FROM THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

« Mr Bell was a man highly endowed with intellect and taste; and his travels even over beaten tracks, have nothing to remind us of the *imitatores circum pecus*. He is original. His picturesque descriptions of the country are fresh and delightful landscapes : while his remarks on the pictorial, and sculptured treasures of Italy are replete with feeling and judgment, without the cant of the connoisseur, or the servile repetition of the guide instructed tourist. »

We have not read a book of the class to which it belongs with greater pleasure than this has afforded us :—a pleasure only rendered melancholy by the reflection, that the fine and cultivated mind from which it emanated can embellish this world, nor delight it more. Mr Bell anticipated his fate : and the introduction tells in a tone of touching pathos, etc. « The critic proceeds to give numerous extracts from the work. Adding in one concluding part, « no praise of ours is needed to follow a narrative so animated as this is, » alluding to the description of the Podestà in Florence Page 151. He says, further Of Rome we

shall not speak, nor of Mr Bell's fine speculations on its general aspect—his poetical feelings—his admirable observations on its most precious works of art. His taste and knowledge are equally as conspicuous here as elsewhere. In our next we shall adduce a few further instances of the Author's abilities, whether in general description or particular criticism. »

FROM THE INDEPENDENT

VOLUME 2d PAGE 66.

« WHEN the publication of this splendid volume was announced, we anticipated a melancholy pleasure from the perusal of a work emanating from the polished and highly cultivated intellect of the late John Bell. »

« We had long been accustomed to look up to Mr Bell as second only to our celebrated countryman John Hunter, and even in some respects taking the precedence of that illustrious individual. Our respect bordering on veneration, was not diminished by the circumstances in which those failings « leaning to virtue's side » had involved, the ever to be lamented subject of these remarks. But we turn from the author to the work, and have no doubt our readers will be equally pleased and delighted as we have been, with the descriptive powers of a writer, who will alas ! no more use his pen, either for the profit or the pleasure of his fellow men. After giving several extracts the critic continues. « The introduction and note of contents excite no expectations that are not fully realised by the text, but while the limits of our sheet, forbid our indulging in any very minute examination of the varied and luxuriant beauties of the expansive field presented to our view, we are not to desert it, because we are compelled to postpone the consideration of many important and highly interesting subjects till another time. Meanwhile no apology will be required for enriching our columns

with the following touching descriptive sketches reserving others
of equal beauty and value to another opportunity.

« Execution at Turin » Page 42.

« Profession of a Nun. » Vol. II.



REVIEWS

FROM THE ANTOLOGIA

GIORNALE DI SCIENZE, LETTERE E ARTI, DI FIRENZE.

THE learned Critic opens his Review on the above Publication, by stating, that the Press at that period, had teemed with so many productions on the same subject, of little merit or interest, that with a wearied spirit, he would have turned with disgust, from any work treating on Italy, had not his attention been arrested by the *Name* of the Author. Vide Antologia N.° 67. Firenze P. 24. ec.

« Se quel celebre notamista scozzese che della propria fama ha riempito tutto il mondo, non avesse fermata la nostra attenzione: e lette appena due pagine della introduzione molto ci piacque aver vinta la nostra ritrosia, poichè vi apprendemmo che queste osservazioni da lui, venute sotto il bel cielo d'Italia per ricuperarvi la decaduta salute, non furono scritte coll'animo di pubblicarle poi ec. ec. sino ad addurre. »

And in P. 27 of the same work. « Breve fu il soggiorno del Bell a Milano, poche e rapide quindi furono le di lui osservazioni su quella città; ma forte della sua tanta perizia nelle arti anatomiche, nel portar giudizio assai dal comune diverso del S. Bartolommeo scolpito in marmo da Marco Agrate, vi diè luminosa prova del suo finissimo gusto nelle belle arti. »

In noticing the author's descriptive powers, he quotes the following. Vide P. 29.

» Eparimenti bellissimi sono le naturali scene, che, al chiaror della luna, al sorgere o al tramontar del sole godute da quella anima delicata e gentile dipinte; ricevon colori vivissimi da lui più tosto dipinte che scritte; poichè ne abbonda quasi ogni pagina, se l'abbia, senza che qui vengano riferite, caldamente da noi raccomandate il lettore.

And in Page 30. « Ci duole che i limiti da noi propostici non » ci permettano andare a parte a parte tutti significando i di » lui pensieri , massime poi perchè crediam pregio di questa » nostra rivista riportare qui per intiero ciocch'egli maestro dell' » arte, e non senza spiegare una ricca suppellettile d'erudizione, » v'è ragionando ; se a quando sapesser gli antichi di notomia , » e qual buon' uso possa ritrarsene dalla scultura. a dì d'oggi. »

Finally in Page 36. He concludes. « Pei quali addotti luoghi » dell'opera del Bell, che i di lui compatriotti estimano la migliore sull'Italia dopo quella dell'Eustace, e di gran lunga » superiore a quella del Forsyth, noi siamo d'avviso che il » lettore andrà facilmente persuaso, e della di lui nobiltà e » delicatezza di sentire, e del di lui profondo e finissimo disor- » rimento nelle belle arti, perchè il suo valore nelle naturali ed » anatomiche scienze non era qui luogo a rammentarne la tanta » eccellenza. »

The various other remarks in favour of the work by many reviews, as well in England, as in Italy and Paris, we refrain from inserting, lest it should lead us too far.



OBSERVATIONS ON ITALY.

CHAPTER FIRST.

APPROACH TO LYONS—LYONS—MOSAIC PAVEMENT.

WE began our journey into Italy in the beginning of June 1817, and left Paris on our way to Fontainebleau. It was a beautiful morning. The air had been rendered peculiarly mellow and refreshing by a severe storm the preceding evening; and a bright sunshine cheered us on our way, shedding its pleasing influence on the mind, and dispelling that undefined dejection of spirit, which with such powerful influence affects us at the outset of a long journey. Even in the brilliant hour of youthful hope, and gay anticipation, such a moment is not unclouded by some mixture of pain; the mind insensibly revolves the days that are past and looks forward with a feeling of anxiety to those which are yet to come; but the spirit soon finds relief in the pleasing images, and the new stores of knowledge presented in travelling.

The road from Paris by Fontainebleau to Lyons has been so often described, that I shall state only the

general features of the country to be such, as to render the epithet of « fair and fertile France » well applied. The North and South of France are very different in appearance. The first, comparatively speaking, is vast and bleak; but, even at a short distance beyond Paris towards the South, the country becomes more pleasing and attractive. Trees of a larger growth, fine spreading oak, tall larches, pleasant valleys, and silvery rivers, vary the face of nature, and present a cheerful and luxuriant scene.

APPROACH TO LYONS.

We reached the town of Macon, which is seated on the right bank of the river Saone, and, like Chalons, has its beauty confined to one view, early in the evening. The line of houses which forms the street; the quay, and the bridge, are handsome, as also the public walk which you traverse on leaving the town. Throughout France, in every little city, however inconsiderable, there is a shaded and well-sheltered public walk. This seems as indispensable as a *café*. These two lounging places are never empty, though they do not now perhaps present altogether the aspect they were wont to have. Formerly the French gaily danced away care, and laughed at poverty; but now, having become individually politicians, they are much more thoughtful and grave. The banks of the Saone, as the river widens after leaving Macon, become rich and beautiful, displaying an extended region of wood

and meadow; while the eye, carried up the country, rests on the fresh green and varied forms of the sunny hills. On these hills grow the most precious wines of France, while the country is beautiful, rich, and fertile in every kind of produce; and still as we proceeded, new and pleasing views presented themselves. On the opposite bank we beheld towns, castles, and convents rising in the distance; sometimes, seated on the summit of a gentle elevation, lay spread out the cheerful village, with its spires shining through the stately trees; sometimes, with picturesque effect, the white dwellings of the farmer shewed themselves on the rising bank, overhanging the broad clear stream below. The country, where we were travelling, expanded wide in low and somewhat marshy ground, but, enriched with fine green wood, always open, and presenting extensive stretches of champaign country.

At length we approached Mont d'Or. The river, running flat and still, opens wide as a lake, and seems to lie at the foot of this beautiful sloping hill. In this district I observed a peculiarity in the manner of building, from which its general appearance derives much beauty. Each gentleman's seat, or farm-house, has a low running line of front, from some one point of which, in an irregular form, rises a higher building, bearing somewhat the aspect of a tower, and giving an antique cast to the dwelling; its lower parts are capped with that flat projecting roof, which everywhere strongly characterises the architecture of southern countries. Through all this tract of rich and fertile

plains, the horizon is bounded by the distant mountains of Switzerland ; Savoy just opening to the eye like a long blue undulating line; and occasionally the summit of Mont-Blanc may be discerned, mingling its towering height with the clouds. As you ascend Mont d'Or , every step of your progress is marked by new and striking objects ; and from its summit the prospect is most superb. To the west is seen all the wild and hilly country of Auvergne; to the south, the great chain of mountains, blue and splendid ; and to the north , the fine valley of the Saone , and the high grounds around Autun. This valley , in which the view of the river is lost in its beautiful bend round the foot of Mont d'Or , extends for fifty miles ; but still you see nothing of Lyons , to which you are approaching. At length, after a period of enjoyment and delight in surveying the surrounding scenery , we turned towards the valley below, and proceeded to descend a precipitous hill. But yet no token of this great capital appears ; no smoke, no spires , no suburbs of clustering houses ; but splendid-built villas of white stone in the best style of architecture, with cultivated fields, orchards , and gardens , adorn and enrich the slopes and hills. Another sweep of the river brings you upon the deep and rocky channel on which Lyons is seated, but still you see only a succession of villas of every varied and elegant form ; nor do you discover the city until you are actually on the level of the Saone. Few, I believe , conceive, rightly the aspect of this singular place, once the centre of the Roman

dominions in the north, now the most celebrated for manufactures, and lately distinguished by revolutionary scenes which disgraced human nature.

The ancient city of this name, founded forty two years before the Christian era, lay high on the face of the hills, as is attested in the present day by relics of every kind. In the year 58, it was in one night burnt to the ground ; but shortly afterwards rebuilt by a grant from the Emperor Nero. * On that side of the hill where the city stood, near the site of the Forum built by Trajan, are found masses of melted metal, marbles, and other remains, which attest the calamity so pathetically described by Seneca. * On the bronze tablets found here are inscribed portions of the harangue of Claudius before he became Emperor, imploring the Senate to grant to Lyons, his native city, the title of a Roman colony. Germanicus, Caracalla, and Marcus Aurelius, were born here. The father of St Ambrose

* This conflagration occurred in the year of Rome DCCCXI and in the LVIII of the Christian Era. Tacitus tells us, Nero not only consented to the city being rebuilt, but also gave four millions of sesterzi to succour and encourage the citizens in the undertaking ; it must be remembered however that in calamitous circumstances of the state previous to this period, the Lionese had generously bestowed a sum to the same amount on the Romans : « Cladem Lugdunensem quadragies » sestertio solatus est Princeps, ut amissa urbi reponerent ; quam » pecuniam Lugdunenses ante obtulerant, turbidis casibus (An. lib. 16. » cap. 13.

(*Note of the Ital. Trans.*)

* » Tot pulcherrima opera, quae singula illustrare urbes singulas » possent, una nox stravit...Lugdunum quod ostendebatur in Gallia, » quaeritur. Senec. Epist. 91. ad. Lucil. »

(*Note of the Ital. Trans.*)

was Prefect in this city ; and the architect of the Tuilleries, Philip de l'Orme, as also the architect of the admired church of St Genevieve in Paris , was a native of this place.

The entrance into Lyons gives no impression of the importance of the city , or any intimation of its real grandeur. You descend at once to the level of a road resembling a quarry , and formed by the passage of a river , the depth of which is apparently increased by the shadow of the rocks rising perpendicularly on either side. The road continues through a street of houses six or seven stories high , built against the rock. The continued height , the uniformity , and the architecture of this line , are imposing at a distance , and produce feelings which the beggarly and desolate appearance of the dwellings destroys on a nearer approach.

Proceeding along this gloomy range of buildings , the river lying deep in the channel below , you enter by a gate at which your passport is required ; and there is the first view of the many bridges of Lyons , and of the opposite side of the Saone. Here the channel of the river gradually expands , and a new light falls on its surface. A widened space presents to the eye a large town and finer buildings , but still bearing a uniformly gloomy aspect , till you arrive at the Prison and Courts of Justice. These are under one roof , and just beyond them , the magnificent Cathedral of St John , an ancient and dignified edifice , terminates the grand view. A splendid new bridge crosses the river , leading to a square , styled La Place de Belle Cour , being the

most considerable in the city. As you cross Pont St Vincent, approaching from the north, you see, opposite to the cathedral, and lying low on the side of the Saone, l'Eglise d'Ainey, interesting as the site of part of the old city. This church was raised on the ruins of an ancient temple, dedicated to Augustus by the people of Gaul. Stones, bearing Roman inscriptions, are in the front of the building, the most conspicuous part of which, is a tall shapeless tower of the oldest Gothic order, with ranges of little columns one above the other. Within the church are two granite columns of enormous size, nine feet in circumference, and originally twenty-six in height, but now cut across in the middle, one half set up to support the sanctuary the other still lying on the ground. They are supposed to have stood in front of the original Temple, which had been of vast extent.

From the bridge you look back towards another great stone bridge, behind which rises a superb façade of antique houses, the whole presenting a *coup d'œil* still more imposing than the view of the old bridge of Paris, closed by the towers of Notre Dame.

This portion of the city is undisguised by one fine mansion, and consists merely of streets of lofty buildings, which look well at a distance, but, on nearer inspection, are found to be only wretched neglected dwellings, the abodes of artificers, and of the poorest mechanics. I have traversed all the meaner parts of Lyons, looked into their crooked alleys and stair-cases;—examined what might be called hiding—

places for revolutionary hordes;—and sought my way through dark courts, whose narrow stair-cases could emit hundreds of desperadoes, and have actually found these vomitories ready to pour them forth. On entering a silk or gold-wire-drawing manufactory, I have found naked walls, patched windows, and wide empty rooms, containing for furniture nothing but the spinning-loom, an earthen pitcher, some broken plates, and crooked spoons, with a few loaves of bad bread. The inmates of these wretched places, were commonly an old woman, and a crowd of half-idle lads, lamenting the fall of Buonaparte and the close of the military system, which, while lessening the number of competitors for bread, had increased the demand for silk, fringe, gold, and all the gaudy apparel suited to military splendour.

Much the finer portion of the city is that which lies beyond the Bridge. Here the great square opens; one side of it, adorned with trees, is low-built and ancient, and bears an antique cloistered aspect. The other is modern, and much after the Parisian style;—very high, but with little ornament, and of simple architecture:—here are situated the Governor's residence, the Post-Office, and other official houses;—also two hotels for strangers, which we found, as we had been led to expect, very expensive. The fourth side of the square is occupied by *caffés*, a few bookseller's shops, scantily provided, and dress shops. Music-books, or jewellery, are not much in vogue in this Manchester of France.

The square next in size is la Place des Tonneaux

where the Hotel de Ville is situated. This edifice is built after a design of Mausezard. It is magnificent, but has some architectural faults. It is too high for its width, and the courts are too long. The entrance is by a superb flight of low steps into the first court; and the view from that into the second, (also supported by arches,) having a flight of stairs terminated by a fine iron gate, which opens into the other side of the square, is very splendid. The different levels, courts, stairs, and vast halls, render it a noble building.

From the bridge which crosses the Rhone, the scene is very fine: and on the opposite bank all looks green and beautiful. The quay at this end of the bridge, begins with a noble embankment, in close steps from point to point, leading far down into the stream. The river is here occupied by mills constructed for the purposes of manufacture, on boats anchored in its rolling waters. This front of the city forms a great line of uniform buildings, comprising several public edifices. The first is just at the end of the bridge, the great Hôtel Dieu, one of the most magnificent hospitals in Europe.

This building was founded above 1200 years ago, towards the middle of the sixth century, by Childebert, son of Clovis, and his wife, Queen of the Ostrogoths. The body of the building, which is of vast extent, is in the form of a Greek cross. The grand Infirmary is nearly 500 feet in length. In the centre of the cross a high altar is raised, commanding a view to the extremity of the most distant wards. In all the parts and offices

of this institution—in its chemical hall, laboratory, apothecary's shop, washing-houses, and refectories—in its correct division of wards for fresh wounds—in the attention and skill displayed by its surgeons and physicians—it excels everything I have ever seen. There are two large and lofty apartments, styled chambers of the convalescent, the patients of which are received at meals in the refectory. This is an admirable arrangement. An order of nuns, 150 in number, perform the duty of nurses; they watch over and tend the sick, administer the medicines, and prepare the diet. Ten surgeons and the physicians attend the hospital, accompanied by their pupils. * The space and arrangements are sufficient to receive 3000 patients; their number now exceeds 1000.

Next to the Hôtel Dieu, stands the Academy of Sciences, or Public Library; then the Bankinghouses; and lastly, the Ball-rooms; surrounded by public gardens. The quay does not resemble that of commercial towns—here are no vessels, no lading and unlading, no bustle or confusion, no stairs. Lyons is a manufacturing, not a trading city. The quay is merely a splendid stone embankment; the houses, a superb row or street—the river is a grand, wide, navigable, yet rural-looking stream; the opposite side low and beautifully green, studded with pretty villas—the mills anchored on this side are large and numerous, and give additional effect to the scene.

In 1760 the population of Lyons amounted to 160,000,

* Rabelais was one of their physicians during a period of five years.

and now there are no more than 100,000 The decrease is considerable, but the appearance of desolation is much greater than might be expected, considering that the number of inhabitants is still so respectable. Behind the splendid row of houses, which I have just described, betwixt the Quay du Rhone and the line of the Saone, lies the crowded part of the city; and here disorder and filth meet the eye in every quarter. Gloomy streets, crooked courts, ruins of monasteries, smoked walls, and patched windows, give the idea of inconceivable poverty and wretchedness. In all but its distant aspect, Lyons is a miserable place—its population, its trade, its riches, are all evidently fast declining—no chariots, no fine horses, no signs of luxury; no bustle or busy motion of carts or waggons is visible; but on every side are tokens of desolation and decay. To the thousands of sallow beings sitting at the loom, weaving silk, or drawing gold wire, nothing seemed to give animation but the suspense and agitation, awakened by the sounds of revolt.

The bridges form a considerable feature in the city—Lyons has eight bridges, six crossing the Saone, and two over the Rhone. The first is *Pont St Vincent*, a wooden bridge of three arches, built over the narrowest part of the Saone where its course was changed, and where the barracks are situated. The second, the *Pont de Pierre*, had been so named when it was the only stone bridge in the city; it has nine arches, and is nearly two hundred years older than the first bridge over the Rhone, being erected by Humbert, Archbishop

of Lyons, in the eleventh century. It is built of large coarse stones, having a most venerable aspect, and exhibiting on its surface the true green rust of antiquity. At this spot there are numerous boats, and a greater life and action than in any other portion of the city. Here, also, there is a Nautical Academy, or school for swimming, arranged according to the French manner. I attended several practical lessons, which presented the drollest sight imaginable. The boats of the school are chained to the middle arch of the bridge, under which a tumultuous stream flows with a current too rapid to be stemmed by human strength. Into this, eight or ten men, the commonest fellows in Lyons, were thrown, with ropes fastened to their bodies, and splashed and sprawled along a line of five yards, guided by the masters of the academy. The bridge is crowded at all hours with spectators to witness this scene. Many of the stones of this bridge, which had been taken from the hill above where the ancient city stood, bear Roman inscriptions.

The third bridge, *Le Pont de l'Archevêque*, which leads from the cathedral to the square, is modern and beautiful. It lies flat and even, with noble arches. The fourth, called *Pont Volant*, is a paltry wooden bridge. The fifth is *Pont Morand*, which crosses the Rhone. It is built solidly of wood, is of great length and singular beauty, with every mechanical contrivance for exposing little surface to the currents of this rapid river, and flanked at each end with two stone towers. This noble bridge terminates with the view of splendid ball-rooms,

and other elegant buildings ; partly masked by fine trees ; and leads to public gardens styled *Promenade du Petit Bois* , but more commonly *les Brotteaux*. Near these gardens, and hard by the river side, there is a green meadow, a place rendered memorable by circumstances of deep and touching interest. On this spot were massacred some of the wretched victims of the Revolution. The people of Lyons , with a just sensibility, have named it « the Field of Sorrow , » « *Champ de la douleur*. » « A body of the citizens were carried forth to this place, conducted by the gendarmerie. In crossing the bridge they were counted over, and being found to exceed the allotted number by two persons, the commanding officer, Vallot, was informed of the circumstance, and was asked, ‘whether the two should be saved?’ and in such a case which two? He replied: what matters it? who cares for two more or less? if they go to-day, they do not go to-morrow. They proceeded, therefore, and two hundred and ten men, accompanied by these two ill-fated beings, whom accident had involved in the massacre, were conducted to death. Their hands were tied behind them, and they were bound to a cable, passed from tree to tree, along a range of tall willows; the soldiers were drawn up in an opposite line, with two pieces of artillery. At the appointed signal, their limbs flew in every direction. Those whose arms were shot away fell from the cable, and rose and fled, pursued by the cavalry, who cut them down. Those who were wounded, but yet not released from the cable, cried out to their

butchers to finish their work; and they did so without delay with the bayonet and sabre. Their number was such as to render the work of butchery long and fatiguing; many were left breathing and palpitating in the agonies of death, and next morning many, still alive, were buried with the dead, by those who came out to pillage, and who threw lime upon them, still quick and alive. » Such is the narrative of a Frenchman. Alas! the French have many, very many such massacres to relate; blood which ages of peace and penitence will not wash away. We saw the spot where the trees had stood. They are now cut down, and replaced by monumental stones, to the memory of those who perished.

The sixth bridge below this, and on the opposite side of the great square, is called *Pont Guillotiere*, as conducting to a suburb of that name. It is a magnificent stone bridge of twenty arches, and two hundred and sixty toises in length. It is coarsely causewayed, and rises very high a little beyond its centre, where it forms an obtuse angle, and is so constructed as to resist the pressure of the stream. It was in this part of the Rhone, that the fishermen found the shield on which the representation of Scipio Africanus was embossed; and here also it was that a memorable and tragical scene took place, resembling that which happened at the marriage of the late King, when Dauphin. On the 21 st October, 1711, the whole people of Lyons passed over this superb bridge, on their way to a village, to celebrate *le jour de la Fête de St Denis de Bron*. The

soldiers on guard, anxious to meet the inhabitants on their return, in their eagerness for the moment of release, sounded the retreat before the appointed hour. The crowd forced its way onwards; two carriages on the bridge, one passing, and another returning, became entangled. The difficulties were only aggravated by the endeavours of the alarmed mob to separate them; and night coming on, added terror to the scene. In vain did the magistrates endeavour to appease the tumult, and restore order. Terror increased with every moment, and no less than 238 people perished. * This awful catastrophe arose solely from the carelessness of one unfortunate wretch, Belair, the serjeant of the guards, who expiated, in a dreadful manner, his involuntary offence. He was carried to the place of public execution, and broken alive upon the wheel.

The seventh bridge is named *Pont Avrarche*. The portal, which is the most modern part, was built in the reign of Louis XI.

The eighth and last bridge is *Pont Malatiere*. This is the lowest bridge. It crosses the Saone at the place of its junction with the Rhone, in a sequestered and romantic spot of ground. The banks of the river are fringed with rich wood, thickly covering the face of the hill; while the stream, gradually narrowed by the intrusion of high rocks that hang over the deep and stony current, falls with impetuosity into the basin or pool below.

A little below this point, and beyond the present

* The *Nouveau Voyage de France* (1750) says more than 400.

bounds of the city, a Roman Emperor formed the project of banking out the Rhone, with the view of extending the quay a mile and a half, by which he recovered a portion of ground, a peninsula of considerable length; and on this spot Buonaparte designed to build a palace. The inhabitants shew, with an air of triumph, the dimensions of this intended edifice, for which preparations had been made, and the ground cleared.

I have been thus particular in my description of Lyons, as it is a city so singular in itself, as powerfully to arrest the attention of the traveller, and to deserve especial notice. The interest, however, does not arise from its pictures, antiquities, or fine buildings but from the approaches to it—from its coup d'œil—its navigable river—and its importance in the internal economy of France.

In the time of the Romans, the splendour and riches of Lyons must have been very great. Of the magnificent aqueduct built by Mark Antony, there are still most interesting remains. The commerce of Lyons, while a Roman city, was very extensive; it was the centre of trade to sixty cities of Gaul, who subscribed to build a temple to Augustus. In this temple the Lyceum of Caligula was instituted, with the singular rule, that whoever had the misfortune to produce a poor composition, should be condemned to the alternative of being thrown from the highest bridge into the river, or of expunging the work with his tongue. *

* Suetonius in his account of this singular institution says Cap. 20

On the hill above the city, at a little distance from Porte St Trénée, are the remains of the aqueduct which brought water from the river Furan ; a distance of seven miles. Near the village of St Foy and Chaponot, are to be seen still standing, several arches, curiously built, according to the manner of the Romans, with rubble of stone and mortar and layers of brick. At a short distance from this ruin stands a Convent of Ursulines, formerly the site of baths, the remains of which are still very visible. From the lower cells of this Convent there are deep subterraneous vaults, the descent into which is by a long flight of dark and ruinous steps. The early Christians, in the times of persecution, had a church in this place, under the patronage of St Trénée, supposed to have been its founder. In the second century, in the reign of the Emperor Severus, there was a dreadful massacre of Christians ; and they shew a vault, walled up, which is said to contain the bones of 2000 of these martyrs.

in vita Calig.) « Edidit..... et in Gallia Lugduni miscellos, sed et » certamen quoque Grecae, Latinaeque facundiae. Quo certamine ferunt » victoribus praemia victos contulisse, eorumdem et laudes componere » coactos, eos autem qui maxime displicuissent scripta sua spongia » linguave delere jussos, nisi ferulis objurgari, aut flumine proximo » mergi maluissent ».

Juvenal tells us the members of this College (as will readily be imagined) presented themselves pale and trembling to recite their compositions.

« et sic
» Pallcat, ut nudis pressit qui calcibus anguem
» Aut Lugdunensem rethor dicturus ad aram ».

SATYRAI.

(Note of the Ital. Trans.)

Vol. I.

2

The deep gloom—the profound silence that reigned around—the humid cold, and breathless chill, that was felt in this dreary repository of the dead, combined strongly to impress the imagination, and when we arose again into the brightness of day, the sun-beams were as light and life to the renovated spirit. The more ancient edifices of Lyons create interest from the cast and character which time bestows.

L'Église du Sanctuaire, built in the time of the crusades, and seated on the brow of the hill, seems, as it were, to hang over the city; while its ornamented dome of circular form, its bold projection, its walls darkened by the hue of many ages, its Gothic windows, and conspicuous position, form a character noble and interesting. The interior is vast; the nave, the side chapels, and the cross, are in good taste; but the decorations present only the paltry finery of that period; marble and stone, chiselled with toil and care, into curious and slender work, resembling Mechlin lace. Among its curiosities, there is a wretched and ludicrous German invention, a clock which has innumerable moving figures, and a cock that claps his wings with powerful resonance. The endowments of this church were once splendid; the canons had the title of Comtes de Lyons, and ranked with princes.

In a garden near l'Eglise d'Ainey, belonging to a gentleman of the medical profession, an accidental excavation discovered several chambers with mosaic pavement. One of these, which is singularly entire and beautiful, represents, not only all the forms and

ceremoines , but the accidents of a chariot race The floor of the apartment is 14 feet long and 9 wide , edged by a rich border of the leaves of the acanthus. In the centre, in an oblong form , is represented a circus , in which are delineated the coursers , the charioteers , the attendants , the goal, and the seat of the umpires who adjudge the prize , as also various incidents inevitable in games of this nature. The ground is divided into two long courses, which are square at one end, and round at the other. At the opening of these are eight wooden barriers, from which the charioteers start ; and in the centre, under a high canopy , sit the judges. A wall , separated from the arena by a deep fosse, surrounds the circus ; and, in an amphitheatre rising from this, are placed the spectators. In the centre, between the going out and returning of the chariots, are the *Delphines et Ova*, with which they corrected the courses ; * and here, in an elevated situation , is seated the *Erector Ovorum* ; † on the opposite side , fronting this , a pillar is erected , where a person stands bearing a branch of palm , with which to adorn the victorious horse. The competitors are

* The Dolphins and Eggs , were each seven in number, and movable , and one of them was set up each time the horse passed , so as to ascertain the number of courses , which otherwise might have been disputable. They are supposed to have been made of wood.

† The *Erectores Ovorum et Delphinorum* , were the persons to whom it was intrusted to set up one of each , at every turn made by the horses or chariots , Their stations were at equal distances on each side of the centre, and as they acted separately, they were a check upon each other.

(Note of the Author.)

distinguished by their liveries, red, blue, green, and yellow. The horses have cropt tails, after the manner of the English, and are chiefly of a reddish or flesh colour; but some are white, and others grey. Each chariot has four horses. The charioteers, in their barriers, stand ready with the reins in their hands, restraining the impatience of the steeds; when, at a signal given, the chains drop, and one broad line of chariots rushes onwards to the centre, to outstrip, to head, or stop the others; and in the dexterity displayed by the charioteers to impede, entangle, or overturn their opponents, arises the interest and amusement of the spectators; and the escaping from these disasters, « *Metaque fervidis evitata rotis*, » marked the chief skill of the charioteer. The artist, in the representation of this course, has not spared to introduce many of the accidents which must occur in such a strife; the trumpets, the crash, and the spirit of the horses, maddened into fury, depict a scene of tumult, which is executed with consummate skill; and, indeed, the whole is expressed with singular effect.

In the very opening of the course, a charioteer is represented thrown to the ground, his horses falling, his chariot shattered to pieces. The charioters are in grand style, the horses spirited, and full of fire. The fourth chariot is represented as if the horses had bolted from the course, and, in an attempt to leap the barriers, the charioteer, though thrown from his seat, and on the ground, seems in the act of raising his horses. To get a-head and obstruct the others, or, if headed, to

grapple with and overturn the chariot of an adversary, was dexterous jockeyship. The pavement, though well preserved, has yet, in some few places, been destroyed. One injured part is the head of a horse, and it is remarkable that the head, with its nostrils, ears, and neck, is etched on stone, in the finest style, and with much character, on the space which was occupied by the Mosaic; from whence I conclude, that the outline was designed by a masterly hand, while the Mosaic itself, which has nothing of the spirit of this drawing, was committed to less skilful workmen. These designs are finely engraven by Monsieur Artaud, conservator of the Museum; but the pavement of Mosaic in the garden is carefully preserved. *

In an ancient royal abbey, close by the Hotel de Ville, with large and splendid courts, surrounded by colonnades, the museum of natural history is placed, where there is a small but select collection of paintings, and the colonnade below contains many singular subjects of Eastern, and European antiquities found in the Roman provinces. The exchange is daily held there, in a low-vaulted, but superb chamber, of a most antique and melancholy cast. There are many churches in Lyons, but none fine, none rich or adorned with

* Caligula, who resided long at Lyons, delighted in driving, and contended in the circus himself. It may be doubted whether this Mosaic was intended to commemorate his feats, or in compliment to Ligurius, High Priest in the Temple of Augustus, and superintendant of the games. A stone has been found with this inscription, "*Ludos circens dedit.*"

(*Note of the Author.*)

paintings. The public library is an elegant room, 150 feet long, and of beautiful proportions. Its fine range of windows commands a vast extent of prospect over the opposite coast of Dauphiny, with the two bridges of the Rhone, and the distant line of hills bounded by the snow-capt Alps.

On leaving Lyons, we passed along the Pont de la Guillotiere, and looking back from thence on this beautiful city, we beheld the finest and fairest view in France. The Rhone, with its beautiful quays, fringed with stately trees, supporting as it were, and giving relief to a line of houses seven stories high, is seen sweeping round the city, and the effect of this view is heightened by the grand façade of the Hotel Dieu, with its noble dome. The range of hills on which once stood the ancient Roman city, with its baths, aqueducts, palaces, and temples, rises behind, and the prospect terminates in the distant view of Mont d'Or.

After proceeding through suburbs like those of Paris, you look onward to the course of the river, which now hastens to join the Saone, and, as far as the eye can reach, lies a flat country, covered with foliage and low green-wood, interspersed with hamlets and country-seats. We pursued our route through rich plains, and woods, and cultivated grounds. The Rhone, united with the Saone, runs rapidly towards the ocean. Lyons is here lost sight of, and the view before you is bounded by the distant mountains of Savoy. Every foot of the road is shaded with trees, which line its edge, while, on gentle acclivities, or lying deep in the hollows of

the higher grounds , is seen the hamlet , or rural village , with the spires of churches and convents , mingling and rising from among the foliage and rich verdure , in which they are embosomed . From this high and wide-spread country , still bearing all the peculiar character of France , we descended into the small market town of Tour du Pin.



CHAPTER SECOND.

PASS OF THE ECHELLES—VALE OF THE ARCO—ASCENT OF MOUNT
CENIS—MOUNT CENIS—SUZA—RIVOLI—APPROACH TO TURIN—
TURIN—EXECUTION OF A CRIMINAL—PALACE—CHURCH OF ST
JOHN.

PASS OF THE ECHELLES.

AFTER leaving the village of Pont de Beauvoisin, we pursued our route through beautiful fields and wooded scenery, here opening into the first highland pass. On the right hand rise mountains, steep and abrupt—on the left are high rocks, presenting a fine front, to the extent of a mile and a half—and below this deep precipice, rolls the mountain stream La Guierre, foaming, and tearing its way among the rocks—its clear and sparkling waters receiving their tint and colouring from the surrounding objects. At times, the stream, sinking into deep dells, and winding amidst abrupt clefts, seemed totally lost, and then again bursting forth, hurried down in a full rapid current, along banks shaded by the richest copsewood.

We now began to ascend towards the Pass of the Echelles, formed by Charles Emanuel, Duke of Savoy, in the year 1670 perhaps one of the most singular works in the world. The village below is called the Echelles, as from thence the former pass into Savoy opened; the ascent being carried along steep and rugged

rocks, resembling an almost perpendicular stair-case, or flight of steps.

Through this pass, on mules and beasts of burden, all the commodities of Savoy were carried. The road formed by Emanuel, and substituted for this, excels in grandeur every work of art and nature combined which can be conceived. It mounts by a steep and difficult ascent: on the left, a low parapet guards it from the deep precipice which overhangs the river; while on the right, the mountain, vast and stupendous, rises straight and perpendicular as a wall. From this elevation all the wide expanse of hill and valley below is open to view—it presented a cheerful and tranquil scene of cattle, and peasants busied in all the labours of the field, while rural sounds, falling on the ear, produced a pleasing effect on the mind.

After a little space, which yet, from the labour of the mules, seems long, you strike all at once into the rock, the entrance to which gives you the impression of the gateway into some strong, and almost inaccessible fort. A few steps further in this deep pass, which lies before you in a long and gloomy line, you look back on a view truly magnificent. In the centre of the opening, and dividing the entrance, stands a huge mass of rock, as if designed for the sculptured form of a giant. On the right, but on a level considerably lower, is a portion of rock resembling a tomb-stone, bearing an inscription, in memory of the founder, Prince Emanuel. And on the left, the mountain rises in stupendous basaltic pillars, straight as the stem of a

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a cathedral column. On either side, you look down from a vast perpendicular height, as from the walls of a fortress, on a smiling country, rich, varied, and of great extent; in which the village of Echelles forms a picturesque feature. Climbing upon the natural parapet of the great central stone, and again looking down from the dizzy height, you see, far beneath, the steps of the Echelles entering the mountain, through a vast arched chasm of nearly three hundred feet in height. Turning from this prospect, and proceeding onwards, you continue to traverse a channel of more than half a mile in length, and so narrow, as to oblige the passengers, on entering, to ascertain, by loud hallooing, that no returning carriage impedes the way. This pass is styled « *Passage de la Grotte.* » It is difficult to divest yourself of the first impression received on entering it, of its being a great fortress; its causewayed path, the hollow echoes from the horses' hoofs, its walls of dark, gloomy, and dripping rocks, rising perpendicularly to such a height, as greatly to impede the light, combine to give it the aspect of an inclosed building. On the left, where the rock seems to bear an elevation of about two hundred feet, you pass the mouth of the chasm where the Echelles, or stairs, formerly opened. This stupendous and princely work, forming the entrance into Savoy, is of such a nature, that twenty valiant men might dispute the passage against a whole army. On emerging from the pass, we looked down on the Guierre, so lately seen dashing from rock to rock, now gently gliding, in a full and quiet

stream, through a rural plain, its waters urging the progress of several mills, romantically situated on its banks. We continued to travel along a beautiful road bordered by pine trees, occasionally into thick woods; and traversed a bridge which crosses the Orbanne, a broad, rapid, and powerful river. From this bridge a steep ascent leads to an elevated summit, and here the eye rests on most enchanting scenery. The mountains of the pass, which you have just left, stand high and dark in the outline, forming an imposing back-ground to the small, richly-cultivated valley, spread out below; while the bridge, far beneath, lies in one long flat line, crossing the river, which is now seen winding its way, in various bends, and gathering its tributary waters from the adjacent rocks.

After a day full of interest produced by the grand and varied scenery which had marked our progress, we descended upon Chambery, the capital of Savoy, and the ancient residence of her sovereigns.

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VALE OF THE ARCO.

Leaving St Jean, and proceeding on our journey, we perceived the plain gradually narrowing as we approached the vale of the rapid and gloomy Arco, or Arche; whose turbid waters, gathered from the snows and mountain torrents, dash and brawl down the deep ravine of the rocks. The opening into the Vale of the Arco, or of St Jean de Morienne, by which name it is also distinguished, is grand. The road, traced through

a defile of towering mountains, which present an aspect, bold, gloomy, and imposing, runs along the edge of the river, which here takes its tumultuous course over a disorderly bed of rocks and vast stones, echoing in the distance, and stunning the ear.

We now travelled on low sandy ground, picturesque, but solitary and wild : yet around the few huts, we observed every sign of industry in the poor and depressed looking inhabitants. Often on the sides of the mountains, even so high as to reach the yet unmelted snow, we discerned patches of cultivated ground ; as also by the river side, where, in some places, the peasants had trained low vines. This place bears very evident marks of the continual decomposition of the mountains. Everywhere are to be seen enormous rocks, which have tumbled from the adjacent heights ; the bed of the river is filled with them. These rocks are chiefly composed of pure limestone and chalk ; sometimes of coarse white marble, tinged with red ; as also of micaceous and calcareous substance, mixed with quartz ; or the micaceous clay-coloured schistus. Such is the character of the waters of the Arco, and of the Soligia, which it joins at Lans-le-Bourg (or Laneburg), not far from Mont Cenis.

We had enjoyed, hitherto, much serene and beautiful weather ; but now, constant drizzling rain, and heavy lowering clouds, succeeded to bright sunshine and clear atmospheres, giving a sombre and dreary aspect to our route. From time to time a sudden blast would, for a moment, remove the black curtain of impending

clouds , unfolding to the eye a scene inconceivably grand.

The mountains were seen towering in distant elevation , their summits rising in rude piles , often bearing in their aspect strange and varied forms , of castellated towers , or of the desolated remains of some ancient city ; while the sun, freed from the obstructing clouds, gleamed and sparkled, just gilding with its rays the dashing cataract , and projecting rocks. In some places, on the brow of the mountains, stood little cabins, which appeared hardly accessible but to the chamois. We understood these abodes were inhabited only three months in the year, by persons who gather the scanty vintage , fruits , or grain , produced in this region. Towards the close of this picturesque, but gloomy road that follows the course of the Arco, (which might emphatically be styled the Valley of Stones,) we looked towards a narrow pass , or gorge , of the mountain ; bounding a beautiful little plain, which lay just before us. Here was situated a small church, surrounded by hamlets, its spire backed by a round green hill , and stunted picturesque oaks and poplars ; whilst, beyond the pass, rose the Alpine mountains, forming a dark and massive back ground. This peaceful spot would make a beautiful scene for a theatre.

Leaving this village , we proceeded on our route ; and after pursuing a road, steep, and difficult of ascent, we reached, late in the evening, a lonely little inn, situated on the banks of the Arco, and not far from Lans-le-Bourg, the last town in Savoy.

Here we received the unpleasant intelligence, that on the preceding Friday, the 10th of June, 1817, the storm, which at Tour du Pin had forced us to seek for shelter, had fallen here with such fury, as to inundate the plain, and so swollen the rivers that they had burst their banks, and carried away three bridges. This plainly accounted for the singular grandeur and force of the river Arco, on whose dashing and roaring stream we had seen immense branches, and even whole trees, borne along with resistless impetuosity. At this inn we were advised to remain; for, besides the three bridges which had been undoubtedly carried off, the road was represented as so torn by the flood, as to resemble the channel of a river. Notwithstanding this intelligence, we endeavoured, to proceed, but were obliged to return.

After the delay of one day, we left the inn, and continued tracing the banks of the Arco, until we reached the little city of Lans-le-Bourg, where the stream takes a different course.

ASCENT OF MONT CENIS.

At a very early hour the next morning, we resumed our journey, though still uncertain of getting on. Leaving Lans-le-Bourg, we crossed the Soliglia on a low bridge, and now proceeded by the course of this stream, rapid and furious as the Arco. On the way we passed through a sweet and romantic village, which like the partial sunshine in a gloomy day, was rendered

still more lovely by the contrast of the stony valleys and black mountains, by which it was surrounded. We had not proceeded far, when we reached the spot where one of the bridges had been carried away, a rapid current filling the space which it had occupied. To avoid this, we were obliged to mount a precipice of nearly two hundred feet, terminating in abrupt angles, over which we had to pass. We must now have been driven back a second time, had it not been for the assistance of workmen, to the number of more than a hundred, employed in repairing the passes, who, in a manner, bore the carriage across the gulf.

Nothing can exceed the alacrity and zeal with which the lower class of people in Italy offer their aid: It is true, their poverty, which renders a small remuneration valuable to them, acts as a spur to their exertions, yet, their cheerfulness, their obliging readiness, is so pleasing, that a traveller feels relieved and happy, in being able to shew his gratitude, by paying them for their services.

Safely landed on level ground, we resumed the usual road: and passing betwixt two steep rocks, that hung over a grand and tumultuous fall of water, we travelled for several miles, accompanied by the continued roar of a cataract, till 12 o'clock, when we reached the inn where our mules were to repose, before we began the ascent of Mont Cenis. Here we entered on a magnificent road, composed of a fine gravelly soil, upon a soft limestone rock, of thirty or forty feet wide. The easy ascent by traverses up this precipitous mountain, prevents the traveller from observing its

steepness, till having proceeded about two miles, he reaches a point, where he suddenly perceives that he has ascended a complete precipice. The mountain here presents a barren aspect, and the eye rests on the country below, with a feeling of astonishment at the height already attained. The wild and broken valley seems now only as a pathway; the village, with its church and barracks, like a diminutive model; and the brawling stream, whose dashing roar no more reaches the ear, nor its foaming fury the sight, like a small rivulet. As you ascend the mountain, the parallels of the road become shorter, and the angles consequently more frequent; and at every turn you advance to the very brink of a tremendous precipice, where neither tree, nor bush, nor object intervenes, on which the eye can rest. After a continued ascent of two hours, if the traveller looks upwards to the still narrowing conical mountain, rising precipitously above him, and then turns his eye downwards to the perpendicular depth below; he feels an awful sensation, nervous, dizzy, and insecure, accompanied by a consciousness of insignificance, amidst these stupendous objects. increased by the silence and solitude, the wildness and rude magnificence, of this elevated region.

MONT CENIS.

Within a mile or more of the highest summit of the mountain, a space, covered by a dull, sickly green, expands into a plain, styled St Nicholas, where

the lake of Mont Cenis lies, deep and dark. Near the centre of this lake, we saw a little boat, with one man in it, rowing gently along. On the margin of the water are small low huts, of fifteen feet square, erected to shelter the traveller in the winter storm, when he might otherwise perish in the snows, or be driven by the furious eddying blasts into the depths below. No foliage, or bush, or tuft, or twig, or even thistle, grows on this desolate spot. Nothing is seen, save these dreary dwellings, which in this season are uninhabited.

On reaching the summit of Mont Cenis, we looked down on the plain, and on its broad flat lake, and little boat. The sun, shining over the mountain from behind, cast a deep shadow across its surface. The snow-capped Alps, spiral and pinnacled, appeared rising in the distance; whilst black and stormy clouds, curling, rolling, and streaming from below, lay beneath like a vast sea. Posts are placed at various points to indicate the path in the winter snows. These are painted red, and are in the form of crosses, to prevent their being stolen. To pass this mountain in snow, or in a winter storm, must be attended with great danger. * When the snow lies deep on the ground, the carriages are put on sledges, and conducted by guides, who, having their feet armed by crampets, are enabled to stop or moderate the rapidity of the course.

The elevation of Mont Cenis is 678 French metres

* My excellent and scientific friend, Baron Larrey, crossed this mountain in eight hours, during winter, in severe and stormy weather.

above Lans-le-Bourg, and 1077 toises above the level of the sea. The term *les Echelles*, applied to the first passes in Savoy, is also, used to designate Mont Cenis,

Having reached the summit of the mountain, and paused a moment in contemplation, we began our descent, which was every way delightful. We rolled down a smooth gravelly road, passing through a narrow gorge, or gully, resembling a quarry, backed on the left by enormous mountains, towering high and perpendicular, and terminating in many forms of fantastic grandeur; while at the angles of the road, we sometimes caught glimpses of dells far beneath, with their villages and churches; presenting, in perspective, the beautiful scenery we were soon to approach. As the road expands, the slopes of the mountains are covered with green and flourishing brushwood, interspersed with trees, and enlivened by the domestic aspect of cottages; the children of each hamlet tending their little flocks of goats, sheep, or cows, formed a picturesque and rustic scene, which contrasted pleasingly with the dreary grandeur of the country we had left. The descent of this rapid precipice, in which the most faint-hearted lady feels no insecurity, gives great delight. The interest still increases as you advance; for although equally smooth and safe, it is more perpendicular; and at each turning you see, at a vast distance below, the little villages, churches, and spires. As you descend from the mountain, the prospect becomes comparatively bounded. Hills, with sweet valleys between; streams, with their indented banks; tufted trees, raised into

groups by the shape of the ground, form a pleasing landscape; while the mountains rising behind in boundless majesty, and the light passing clouds coursing along the horizon, or streaming from the lesser hills, add greatly to the picturesque effect. From hence we looked up to the singular pass above Suza, a gully, whence the waters of the Doria Riparia pour with the impetuous fury of vast cataract, into the stream below. This pass was formerly styled Fort de la Brunette. It was in failing to attain this post that the celebrated Mareschal de Belleille, in 1747, met with so many disasters.

SUZA.

On the approach to Suza, and the ascent of the hill, the road is lined with fine aged trees; while at every turn, this little city, with its surrounding rocks, and romantic castle, is presented anew, through arches of far-spreading boughs. In our descent, we could not but be conscious of a milder atmosphere, and of all that intimates to the senses the approach to a new and more pleasing region. We looked forward with sensations of composure and delight, to the prospect of travelling through the great and fertile valley of Piedmont; and felt pleasure in being relieved from difficulties, trivial, but vexatious. The Doria Riparia, a beautiful mountain stream, which owes its source to the lake on Mont Cenis, comes dashing and foaming amongst the rocks, and, passing through Suza, seeks its way along the

plains below, The approach to this little city is by a narrow gorge. Upon a hill, which commands the city, stands an ancient castle, of a grand and imposing aspect; and below this, through an opening in the rocks, you enter by a military gate, where your passport is required, and your baggage searched; regulations by which the traveller is continually tormented.

In passing vast boundaries, seemingly planted by nature as barriers between nations, the mind is powerfully awakened to expectation. Every object in a new country, whether in the scenery, or in the customs and manners of the people, excites fresh animation in the traveller. The eye wanders abroad, eager in search of novelty; and the excitement of the mind gives additional charms to the surrounding objects, and new zeal to the spirit of inquiry. We did not therefore enter Suza without experiencing such emotion;—we were treading, for the first time; on Italian ground, and were prepared to behold every object with feelings of curiosity and interest. The first view of the inhabitants of this little city, gave us the impression of an amiable and gentle people. It was evening; and the citizens, priests, and soldiers, were sauntering through the dusty streets, in little friendly groups, looking upon the strangers, not with the stare of stupid curiosity, or the smile of self-complacency, but with a modest, kind, and benignant aspect; all ranks usually touching, or taking off their hats, in reply to the slightest symptom of courtesy. The town of Suza is small, and was for—

merly fortified, of which there are some remains, although the citadel is demolished. The church, which is respectable, and well decorated, is built upon the ruins of some vast Roman edifice. There is a fine triumphal arch, still entire, to be seen in a garden.

RIVOLI.

Early on a beautiful morning we left Suza, travelling through narrow roads, little stony vineyards, and pigmy inclosures of wheat and rye; we began to traverse the banks of the Doria, turbid as its fellow, the Arco, which runs down the opposite and western side of the Alps. Its frequent breaches over the fields, its wide-spread stony channel, its yellow waters, and roaring din, give it all the character of an Alpine stream, which, though pure at its source, becomes muddy here, from the clay of the mountains. At the narrowest point of the valley, it flows by a little fortress; and we crossed it on a bridge defended by the fort. Here the stream bursts out into a broad and pebbly strand; and the prospect begins to widen, gradually spreading out into the grand valley of Piedmont, or of the Po. On the very pinnacle of a high hill, rising in the narrowest point of the valley, stands the magnificent and antique monastery of St Michael. This superb and singular hill, with its monastery, constitutes a striking feature in the landscape, from the pass above Suza down to Florence.

Rivoli, which we reached early in the afternoon, is finely situated on a hill, at the opening of the great

valley of the Po ; commanding a most beautiful and magnificent prospect. The eye runs along the vast range of Alps, forming a long blue line in the distance; and the gigantic mountains you have just passed, where Mont Cenis presides, are seen towering, dark and massive, against the light. From the gulley above Suza, you see the Doria bursting forth, and trace its resplendent waters, pursuing their course through the arches of the long and slender bridges which span its tide; while the evening sun flames over the mountains, shooting down through the narrow valley, and touching with vivid tints the great monastery of St Michael, which stands solitary and majestic on its lofty hill. Leaving these sublime objects, and looking in the opposite direction, we distinguished the highest points of the numerous steeples and spires of Turin, tipped with the reddening rays of the setting sun. No smoke ascends, as in northern countries, indicating the spot on which the city stands; but a light transparent haze seemed to hang over it in the pure still air; while magnificent and lofty trees marked its boundaries with a dusky line. The whole of this fine scenery receives an added charm in the softening features of the rich fields, and woody plains, which, reaching far to the west, spread out below, enlivened by innumerable white dwellings, giving life and animation to the picture. While thus, after a sultry day, inhaling the refreshing breeze of the evening, and contemplating the varied beauty of the surrounding landscape, we were naturally led to compare it with the climate and aspect of the country

we had left; and could not hesitate to prefer Italy, with its splendid sun, its soft, balmy, and clear atmosphere; vast mountains, and noble rivers.

France is like a maritime country, broad, flat; and unprotected; the soil is comparatively barren, the sky cloudless; and there are no mountains to have effect on the landscape, or influence on the air. Susceptible as I have ever been of tranquil or perturbed landscape, of the beauties of opening or declining day, I never remember, during my residence in France, to have been charmed with the morning or evening sun—I never recollect any difference of light, but in intensity—the sky is ever uniform, like that of Coleridge, in his enchanted ship—the sun rises in the east, mounts to noontide, and descends in the west, without producing any other variation, than that of length of shadow. That which has been praised by the ignorant, a sky ever clear and transparent, distinctly marking the outline of every building, is to the painter's eye, destructive of all richness and grandeur.

The splendid edifices which adorn Paris, the Louvre, the bridges, Notre Dame, are ever seen clear and well defined, presenting the same uniform aspect. From Cambray to Paris, from Paris to Lyons, from Lyons to the western side of the Alps, I never saw a sky in which the beholder could take delight, or which an artist would wish to copy. Their finest weather offers a clear, spotless, burning atmosphere, and in a bird's-eye view of the country, each city, spire, or tree, is seen distinct as in a map. The storm rises with no

portentous point, to which you can, trace the coming mischief; no vast clouds appear bursting over the scene; but a uniform and dusky atmosphere covers the whole hemisphere, down to the horizon. There are no mountains to attract clouds; no valleys to give currents of air, and changeful variety, to enliven the landscape. No one who has not passed the Alps can know how precious variety is, or how great a share it has in forming pleasing impressions on the mind. I speak of the north of France, the middle and south; the department of the Rhone, from Grenoble to Nice, and Marseilles, must of course partake of the atmosphere of Italy.

The magnificence of the castle of Rivoli, arises rather from the grandeur of its situation than from its intrinsic beauty. It is a coarse, bulky, brick house; and whatever the artist might have designed it to be, it is as like a cotton-mill as a palace.

APPROACH TO TURIN.

Turin is situated at the distance of nine miles from Rivoli; the road, which is broad and fine, is lined on either side with a double row of magnificent trees, and bears rather the aspect of a splendid royal avenue, than a high-way. It lies in a direct line, straight as an arrow, which occasions a singular optical deception.

On first setting out, you imagine Turin to be just at hand; insomuch, that the way literally seems lengthening as you go; for, after after an hour's driving,

you hardly appear to be nearer than when you set out; which, to a traveller, eager to behold this beautiful city, is very tantalizing. At length we reached the desired object; the approach to which was enlivened by the appearance of a number of well-dressed pedestrians, moving along, in small parties, or family groups; some sauntering, others sitting on benches under the shade of the trees; but no carriages or post-chaises, no young men on horseback, gave gaiety to the scene, or presented any of that bustle and business which usually mark the approach to a capital; on the contrary, a certain quietness and soberness of aspect seemed to prevail. We noticed that priests bore a great preponderance amongst the numbers that formed the parties. We had seen little of this in France; and were struck with the difference. A mild and grave demeanour, pale, and rather sallow complexions, indications of labour and study, according well with the priestly garb, characterized the general appearance of the men, and inspired a feeling of respect and interest towards them. Such is the aspect that suits holy men; and on such, were it even delusive, the mind loves to dwell. An air of quiet, combined with the simplicity of the dresses of the women, (most of whom wore black,) gives a certain sombreness to the scene; singularly contrasting, in our minds, with the bustle, gay colours, and gaudy dresses, observable in the public walks of a French city. We entered Turin without passing through any military gate or ordnance; but gave our passport at the opening of a broad street, which runs (as you at once perceive

all the streets to do) into the centre of the city, or great square, where the royal palace stands. On this spot, before the fortifications were demolished, stood Porta di Suza; and from this point the two channels of the aqueduct diverge. This aqueduct was constructed 300 years ago, by Emanuel Philibert. It encircles the city; carries water into all the streets, flooding them daily; and waters its gardens.

TURIN—EXECUTION.

Before I write anything of this charming little city, I cannot refrain from unburdening my mind, by writing down a few notes of the melancholy scene I witnessed this morning. I had heard, the night of my arrival, that an unhappy wretch was to be beheaded,—I little imagined, broke on the wheel. In my morning walk, I read on the corners of the streets, the affiche, stating his accusation, conviction, and sentence, accompanied with a most useful warning to the people; a call to mark the justice of his execution, and a notice of the place in which he was to be put to death. He was one of those hardened villains, who had watched his victim to the turning of a street, and suddenly stabbed him with a stiletto. One feels little compassion for a wretch who, not content with robbing, strikes from behind, and pillages the victim while weltering in his blood. I thought I could bring myself to witness the execution of so hardened a villain; and continued to walk along the great street which leads directly to the square, still

undecided and hesitating ; when , all at once , I found myself in the midst of a tumultuous crowd , by which I was carried along , without the power of resistance. The streets of Turin are intersected at right angles , and are almost all equally broad and straight. On a sudden , the crossings were filled with a prodigious mob , hurrying from every quarter—sounds of deep and solemn music were heard ; and I beheld the flags and insignia of a processions , which I imagined to be purely religious ; when , to my surprise and horror , I found myself exactly opposite to the distracted criminal , whom they were conducting to execution , in all the agonies of terror and despair. He was seated in a black car , preceded by arquebusiers on horseback , carrying their carabines pointed forward. These were followed by a band of priests , clothed in long black robes , singing , in deep and solemn tones , a slow mournful dirge ; part of the service for the dead. A hot burning sun shone with a flood of light ; and though it was mid-day , such was the silence , and such the power and effect of this solemn chant , that its sound was re-echoed from every distant street. The brothers of the Misericordia , clothed in black , and masked , walked by the side of the car , and joined in the chant. On the steps of the car sat a man bearing a flag , on which death was represented in the usual forms , and on which was inscribed in Latin , (if I read it rightly,) « Death has touched me with his fingers ; » or , « Death has laid his hands on me. » On each side of the car , the officiating priests were seated ; and in the centre sat the criminal himself. It

was impossible to witness the condition of this unhappy wretch without terror, and yet, as if impelled by some strange infatuation, it was equally impossible not to gaze upon an object so wild, so full of horror. He seemed about thirty five years of age; of large and muscular form; his countenance marked by strong and savage features; half naked, pale as death, agonized with terror, every limb strained in anguish, his hands clenched convulsively, the sweat breaking out on his bent and contracted brow, he kissed incessantly the figure of our Saviour, painted on the flag which was suspended before him; but with an agony of wildness and despair, of which nothing ever exhibited on the stage can give the slightest conception. I could not refrain from moralizing upon the scene here presented. The horror that the priest had excited in the soul of this savage, was greater than the fear of the most cruel death could ever have produced. But the terrors thus raised, were the superstitions of an ignorant and bewildered mind, bereft of animal courage, and impressed with some confused belief, that eternal safety was to be instantly secured by external marks of homage to the image. There was here none of the composed, conscious, awful penitence of a Christian; and it was evident, that the priest was anxious only to produce a being in the near prospect of death, whose condition should alarm all that looked on him. The attempt was successful. But I could not help feeling, that this procession, so like an auto-da-fe, had more the character of revenge than of the salutary justice of the law. The inscription over

the bloody hand painted on the the flag, should have been one to teach the people, that murder was doomed to meet with an awful retribution — « Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by m^rn shall his blood be shed. »

The procession, winding through deep and narrow streets under a burning sun, while every avenue became more and more choked by an increasing crowd, moved slowly on to the place of execution, which was situated in a solitary piece of waste ground behind the great Church. The punishment had been mitigated at the earnest solicitation of the Brothers of the Misericordia. The *coup de grace* was immediately, inflicted, and the head of the criminal nearly severed from his body at one stroke. * When the execution was over, the body was thrown carelessly over the wheel, (seemingly a common chariot wheel,) and a priest, in an impressive manner, addressed the mob from the scaffold, and then retired. The body continued thus exposed for some hours. I could not help feeling that if the sentence had been carried into full effect, it would have been too sanguinary to suit the ends of public justice. Although it must be confessed, that if cruelty in punishment could ever be justified, it would be so when its object was to prevent the dreadful crime of assassinations.

* The *coup de grace* was not usually given until every limb of the person condemned had been broken. He then received a violent blow, from the instrument used in breaking the limbs, upon the chest, which generally put an end to his sufferings. This was called the *coup de grace*, and the head was afterwards severed from the body. When the sentence was remitted, the *coup de grace* was given at first, which appears to have been the case in the present instance.—Ed.

Of 10,000 persons who were present, I do not believe there were twenty women, and those of the lowest description.

Turin, though a very small city, considered as a capital, is yet a most princely place. It is much more regular than the Italian cities are in general: it is, however, modern, and retains none of those features of antiquity, which are to a city what nobility is to a family, an honour that casts a veil over many defects. Towards the centre, a noble square is formed by the Royal Palace, Government House, and other public edifices. From this square run, in straight lines, broad and handsome streets of from eighty to one hundred feet wide, and of simple but fine architecture.

The windows of the houses are large, and the frequent balconies of the second story give a lively and splendid appearance to the whole. Workmen are now busily employed in converting the space, formerly occupied by the fortifications, into gardens, and public walks; which will prove a great embellishment, by opening, in every direction, the pleasing view of rich verdure and fine trees. The broadest and finest street of Turin lies in a direct line from the square, and terminates in a view of a handsome bridge, called the Bridge of the Po, which here passes the city. Turin is exactly what a child would design for the model of a city, having the King's Palace in the centre, with large and wide streets running towards it.

The Court is now at Genoa, which gives a greater appearance of stillness to this city, through the absence

of the bustle, gaiety, and noise, in some measure inseparable from a royal residence.

The King's Palace has no mark of distinction except a royal guard. The apartments are splendidly furnished; but a palace, unless full of gay and gallant company, is always tame and dull. I know not whether the imagination was impressed by the recollection of past revolutionary scenes, or by the gloom arising from the absence of the royal inmates of the palace; but neither its rich and handsome decorations, nor its innumerable paintings, could inspire my mind with any cheerful ideas: a sombre stillness seemed to prevail throughout, giving to the whole an expression of melancholy.

On the first landing-place of the palace stairs, there is an equestrian statue of Victor Amadeus, the horse trampling over slaves, who are beaten down under his hoofs—a barbarous conception! The figures of the slaves are well executed, but the statue itself is contemptible.

The artist Trisian was a pupil of John of Bologna.—The Palace of the Dukes of Savoy, situated in the same square, was erected in the year 1416: It received, in 1720, a new front by Juvara which has been much admired; but chiefly, I suppose, because it is the only work of his, not altogether contemptible. It presents a Corinthian peristyle with pilasters, but the shafts are too long, the capitals too heavy and the cornice too ponderous for the building. Each « coigne of vantage » is surmounted and defended by figures of armed men. The Duke of Northumberland has not a more numerous array of plastered figures on the ramparts of Alnwick

Castle, than the King of Sardinia on this Palace. Juvara, who was a Sicilian, studied at Rome under the best masters; but they all failed in teaching him simplicity. There is nothing in this city from which the traveller can derive much interest or pleasure. It can be regarded only as an elegant place of repose for a few days. To the antiquary it presents no objects of inquiry; to the artist, no pictures, statues, or buildings, worthy of particular notice. The Royal Palace, that of the Prince di Carignano now presumptive heir to the crown, the Government House, Theatre, Town Hall, and Market Place, are the chief public edifices.

The number of Churches in Turin is remarkable, amounting, it is said, to at least a hundred and twenty, including chapels and convents. Many of them are distinguished by richness of ornament and good architecture. I was especially struck with the noble aspect of the Church of St John, situated immediately behind the palace; a flight of marble steps leads to the western front, which is very fine; the entrance is wide, and the doorway richly ornamented with well-executed basso-relievos, and supported on each side by marble pilasters. On entering the church, the first object which invites attention, is a beautiful circular font of white marble, festooned in curious workmanship. At each side are finely ornamented chapels, and at the farther end of the church are planted the King's seat, and the organ gallery, both very splendidly adorned: One of the chapels (that of St Michael) is truly superb, and well deserves a particular description. It stands

high, like a gallery, above the level of the church, of which it forms a part, opening from its centre by a handsome flight of steps, and separated only by a fine marble balustrade, which, as well as two superb columns on either side, are of black marble. The form of the chapel is circular, and the architecture very fine. The cupola is supported by pillars of black marble, grouped two and two; the bases and capitals bronze, richly gilt, producing an admirable contrast to the black marble. The ceiling, formed of trellis work, is whimsical; but the dark colouring, and sedate grounds correspond with the richness of the whole. The space, betwixt the columns are filled with oval medallions, painted sky-blue, and filled with « *ex-votos*, » * some, they say, of a singular kind; for, besides noses, arms, eyes, and fingers, they omit no part of the human body that has received a cure, or been preserved from peril. Thus, we find Benvenuto Cellini on the door of Santa Lucia, offering up a golden eye, of curious workmanship, in thankfulness to God and that saint, for having been relieved from a splinter, which had entered so deeply, as to threaten the loss of sight. These *ex-votos*, of every form and material, may be purchased. The effect of the whole chapel is grand, solemn, and imposing, without being gloomy. The altar is magnificent, although it was pillaged by the

* These « *ex-votos* » are derived from heathen practice. The first instance of such offerings on record, is found in the first book of Samuel, chap. vi. v. 3, 5, etc.—Ed.

French of many valuable, and precious gems. I am told that, among, other valuables, this chapel once possessed a very miraculous figure of the Virgin, *la Madonna della Consolazione*, the size of life, composed of solid silver, and bearing on her head a crown of diamonds of the finest water. This statue disappeared, but not miraculously. Had this chapel been stripped by the French, even to the walls, its intrinsic beauty would have made it still striking. In the centre of the chapel and in just proportion to its size, stands the altar—a low railing in white marble, surrounded with little seraphim, ten or twelve in number, marks the outer circle, and within, at the four corners, stand four angels, executed in a very good style. Hung round the altar are lamps, which burn continually, night and day. The whole is surmounted by a gilded glory, which, by rendering the height disproportioned, much injures the effect. This altar is not one of the least important in the world, since it is reputed to contain the * Sindone of our Saviour. While other churches had only the holy handkerchiefs, it was a proud triumph to possess a treasure so much more glorious. The history of the sindone is long, and perhaps it is not very interesting; but in the time of Calvin, who denied its authenticity, it was the cause of many controversial writings, some

* Sindone Greek word signifying fine Egyptian linen. « Et accepto » corpore Joseph involvit illud in sindone munda; and posuit illud » in monumento suo novo. (S. Matth. Cap. XXVII. »

(Note of the Ital. Trans.)

of which are still extant. It was a gift from Geoffroi, on his return from the Holy Land, to Amadée the First. His grand-daughter, into whose hands it naturally devolved, had the ill-fortune, when going on a visit to Chambery, to meet Louis of France, and his royal consort, to be attacked on the road by a band of robbers, who, overcoming her guards and attendants, began forthwith to pillage the baggage. The sindone was preserved in a beautiful silver box, and no sooner had the banditti touched it, than they suddenly became impressed with such awe and terror, that they at once suffered the princess to continue her journey, replacing and restoring every thing. Margaret was filled with amazement and joy, which she expressed so forcibly, that the king and his queen naturally felt a strong desire to possess that sindone; and when she was about to take leave of them, these good people thought it a propitious moment to beg it of her; Margaret flatly refused to part with it; but, when she re-commenced her journey, the mules who carried the holy treasure could not be persuaded to stir a foot, and, as Sterne says, « there is no arguing with any of their family. » Margaret, therefore, taking the hint, regarded this as an intimation from Heaven, and left the relic at Chambery, where it was placed in a church. Some time after, during a terrible conflagration which happened in the city, the church which held the relic was burnt to the ground; the silver box was also consumed, but the sindone was only just singed sufficiently to give evidence of the miracle. All

approach Turin , the eye rests on the magnificent mausoleum ; on leaving the city you still see it ; and as you travel down the valley , it is again beheld with interest and admiration. Filippo Juvara was the architect of this memorable edifice.



CHAPTER THIRD.

APPROACH TO MILAN—MILAN—CATHEDRAL—LEONARDO DA VINCI—
 AMEROSIAN LIBRARY—PUBLIC WORKS—CERTOSA—PAVIA—
 BOROMEAN COLLEGE—PAPAL COLLEGE—THUNDER STORM.

APPROACH TO MILAN.

AFTER three days spent at Turin, we proceeded towards Milan, travelling along a fine road, and through a beautiful country, rich in the vine and olive, and enlivened by innumerable little white dwellings, that gave the pleasing impression of a busy and crowded population. At the distance of about twenty-five or thirty miles from Milan, you enter Vercelli, a fine city of considerable extent, seated on the confluence of the Sesia with the Po. From this point the face of the country takes a different aspect; the culture of rice, which begins here, wearies the eye with its unvaried green, covering a long and wide-spread tract of flat ground. On reaching Novare, a pretty small fortified town, and nearly sixteen or eighteen miles from Milan, the prospect again assumes a lively appearance; the rich foliage and fine verdure of the wooded banks of the Tesino, or Ticino, and as you approach the city, the elegant villas by which it is surrounded, give great beauty to the whole scene. In these climates, the purity of the air enables the eye, even in flat grounds, to discern distant objects, and to scan long

spaces, and the flood of light and sunshine gives an inconceivable splendour to every scene examined through this gay medium. The landscape seems more beautiful; the cities more splendid; every spire, or tower, which in gloomy sombre skies, takes the cast of the atmosphere, and is little observed, here glitters in the sunbeams, and bears its part in the general effect.

MILAN.

Milan is finely situated, in the centre of Lombardy, between the Ticino and the Adda, on the same plains with Pavia, Placentia, Parma, and Bologna; Florence being on a lower level, beyond a range of the Appenines, deep in the valley of the Arno.

My short stay in Milan circumscribes my notices on this city, confining them merely to a few observations on some of its most striking features. With its general aspect I have been greatly pleased, and I am aware that the resources it presents in science are of the highest class.

Including the suburbs and gardens, I am told Milan covers a space of ten miles. Some of the streets are wide, especially the main street, forming the centre of the city, although they are generally narrow; but the effect produced by the foliage of the fine trees, that relieve the eye in every direction, is very delightful. The Corso, or public walk, is beautiful, running along a space which opens to enchanting prospects in every

direction. The impressions excited on entering Milan are very pleasing. In the evening or morning hours the shops are filled, the streets frequented, the corso covered by numbers of well appointed carriages, and the whole presenting that busy, cheerful, crowded population, which gives the idea of a fine capital.

Milan has no foreign trade; but the canals connecting it on one side with the Adda, and on the other with the Ticino, supply vast facilities and sources of interior commerce.

Although I reached Milan at an early hour in the afternoon, yet I was so delayed by some necessary arrangements, that it was late, and night had nearly closed in, before I was at liberty to walk out. I then hurried forth in eager haste to view the Cathedral, that celebrated monument of antiquity. Acquainted with its site only from the general impression received on approaching the city, I passed on hastily, without knowing exactly how to direct my steps: when, entering from a narrow street into a great square, I suddenly and unexpectedly turned upon this noble edifice, which, in this my first view, I beheld, not in the usual form, standing flat and monotonous, with a broad and wide-spread front; but presenting itself obliquely, its pure white marble, its dazzling spiry fret-work, rising high and bright, in light, elegant, and indistinct forms.

In the shade of night the effect was superb, and for a moment I was indeed astonished. The vivid and powerful sensations; arising from first impressions, on beholding a building so beautiful and singular, cannot

return a second time. There are moments when recollections of past ages crowd upon the mind—Gothic structures forcibly bring to memory images of holy rites, recalling the period when crusades and pilgrimages animated the spirit, and filled the souls of kings, warriors, and priests—when to offer relics at the sacred shrine, to adorn altars with the gorgeous spoil taken in war, was at once the means to make peace with Heaven, and obtain power over man. I stood long gazing on this splendid edifice, which, as night closed in, I distinguished only by the lustre of its own white marble.

This Cathedral, admired through long ages, termed in its own city, whose artists bear no mean name, the eighth wonder of the world, is described by a modern critic as exhibiting nothing better than a heap of unmeaning ornaments. It is easy to use this general censure, and call this wonderful structure a « Gothic chaos ; » but the expression is ill applied—it is a noble remnant of Gothic splendour, and well worthy the expense and pains which Buonaparte bestowed upon it. The square in which it stands is partly occupied by a splendid official house, built of brick and stucco, with Doric columns, and of good architecture; but yet ill suited to the Cathedral, to which all should be made subservient. The other sides of the square are at least such as do not distract the eye. They consist of a line of ancient buildings, supported upon slender ill-fashioned Gothic pillars, under the arcades of which run a range of poor-looking shops.

The meanness of the adjacent buildings, their antique form, the extreme narrowness of the streets, correspond with the antiquity, and, in the contrast, give splendour to the structure of the great Cathedral, whose central spire, towering high in rich and fantastic Gothic, is seen from the moment you approach the city, rising beautiful and gay, over the bright green foliage of the fine trees that adorn the public walks.

At the first building of this Cathedral, there was no want of prayers, provisions, miracles, and donations; but, great as these were, the work at this hour is unfinished. Like the city, it has had its revolutions. St Ambrose was its first bishop, Attila its first destroyer; and after being rebuilt, at vast expense, by the citizens, it was again destroyed by fire. After this, Frederic the First, afraid lest the Milanese should possess themselves of the belfry, one of the most superb in Italy, threw it down, and nearly buried the church under its ruins. It was partially rebuilt, by Lanfranc, in the year 1170. who excited such enthusiasm in this most popular enterprize, (it being then styled, a church for the Mother of God,) that valuable donations poured in from every quarter, the poorest inhabitant contributing his mite; while the high born, the noble ladies, and matrons, brought their jewels and richest ornaments as offerings. In the fourteenth century, John Galeazzo Visconti, first Duke of Milan, who had poisoned his uncle, and his wife's father, began with zeal to rebuild the Cathedral, as a sacrifice for sin, and a peace-offering to Heaven for his crimes. Quarries of marble, and stores

of riches, were prepared for the accomplishment of this holy work; which was begun after designs given by Campiglione, Nugaut, and other French as well as Italian artists. At a later period, this great work devolved on Pellegrini, an architect who, in many other undertakings, evinced taste and skill; but, on this occasion, by changing the original plan, and casting the great front with modern doors and windows, he destroyed the unity of character in the exterior of the edifice, without improving the aspect within, which is dark, mean, and paltry.

A private individual, to make peace with Heaven on his death-bed, left a donation of 250,000 crowns to finish Pellegrini's plan; but this great bequest was wasted, and the work still unaccomplished; insomuch, that before the French Revolution, there remained, of all the riches devoted to it, only the inadequate sum of 60,000 francs. Buonaparte, ever delighted with any project which might bring celebrity to his name, furnished the necessary funds, to build the portal, and supply the ornaments which were wanting; and thus the edifice is nearly completed.

Let others say what they will, of the innumerable ornaments, the fantastic pinnacles, the whole army, as one critic terms them, of saints and martyrs, (and the host is respectable, amounting, it is said, to much more than four thousand,) I cannot but admire this building, not merely as the finest piece extant of ancient architecture, in a style now abandoned; but as in itself truly magnificent.

The side of this immense temple, the largest in Europe, except St Peter's and St Sophia, presents itself obliquely as you enter the square; the great western front being seen in fine perspective. A broad flight of steps leads up to the front portals, and fine gates open, on either side, to the five parts (*i. e.* the nave and four aisles,) into which the body of the church is divided. From the sides of the gates run up a sort of columns, like buttresses, terminating in the most beautiful pinnacles, richly decorated with statues, placed not only along their whole length, but upon the top of each spiry point. Rich, curious, antique, and splendid, are the appropriate terms to be used in describing them; although, were it not for the respect inspired for ancient times, and some mixture of reverence for the religious feelings which guided the founders of this Cathedral, this profusion of ornament might certainly be condemned as childish. The effect, however, is gorgeous; but nothing can be truly grand, or noble, that is not simple; and we contemplate the rich and varied embellishments before us, with feelings somewhat akin to those with which we admire the beauty of a curious antique cabinet. The pedestals of these Gothic pillars are enriched with basso relievo, as are also the doors: the consoles are supported by Caryatides of the size of life; and the pillars are adorned with statues in the niches. Many of these basso relievos and statues are in the finest style; and were executed by various Italian masters.

The whole beauty of this edifice may be said to be

external ; its interior being sombre , cheerless , and vast , without grandeur. As the pillars , terminating in needlelike points, are numerous , the spaces allotted to the windows are very small , and , consequently , the stream of light within falls obliquely and scantily. The lights admitted betwixt the five external columns of the nave , are thin small stripes , rising high and narrow , and the great window , unlike those of Westminster , York , and Salisbury , which are of grand and noble expanse , has a mean appearance. The broad refulgent light , which should have poured in from the great gate , on the sanctuary , is intercepted by the high altar , while a Gothic screen , covered with every species of ornament , ever carved in stone , or wood , shuts up entirely the further prospect , and thus conceals what ought to be the most beautiful and attractive part of every Cathedral.

The sanctuary , which is done after a design of Pellegrini , is the only truly fine and simple piece of architecture in the interior of the building. It forms a semicircular dome , supported by four pilasters , having enrichments corresponding with those of the rest of the Church ; a unity very important in producing general effect , the want of which is particularly felt in the construction of the columns , supporting the five great parallel divisions , which are of Grecian architecture , harmonizing little with the general character of the edifice , and of such incredible height , that , as you survey them , you despair that the eye will ever reach to the capitals.

At the first view of this vast edifice, the mind feels a sort of impatience and confusion of thought, from not being able to catch at once the great architectural lines, so as to conceive the whole composition—a sensation arising from the characteristic features that distinguish Greek and Saracenic architecture. In the first, with the exception of the supporting columns and pillars, the whole lies in great conspicuous horizontal lines, as the beams, friezes, cornices, ceilings, etc.—in the latter all stands vertically, the terminations and ornaments spiral and upright; the frieze, cornice, or beams, which compose the uniting lines in the Grecian, being fremed, in the Saracenic, by the union and junction of closing arches; hence the lines of the Gothic are vertical, those of the Grecian horizontal. Any one slightly surveying the front of a Gothic Church must make this observation. Therefore the great question of taste on this subject seems to be, whether thin spiral, and perpendicular, or solid square, horizontal lines, are to be preferred. The former, perhaps, are the more pleasing for rich and splendid ornaments, the latter for the grand and imposing.

The Black Chapel or Crypt of this Cathedral is very grand; the stairs leading to it truly, superb. The small under-ground Church below the great altar, is often, as in this edifice, the most impressive, as it is always the most melancholy, part of the building; here it was that, in the times of persecution and danger, the Christians assembled to seek safety, or to pray for their murdered or martyred saints. Its low arched roof, and

ancient thick square pillars, are fine. I found the priests performing morning service.

San Carlo Borromeo lies here enrobed in rich silks, and placed in a splendid silver sarcophagus. They were employed in preparing a new set of tombs, or rather in embellishing those of a long line of bishops. How silent and still this house of death, and how impressive! It has light, but it is one of their religious ordinances that lamps should be kept burning perpetually.

There is certainly something impressive in this symbol, supposed to represent purity. Often, in vast and splendid churches, my eye has been insensibly attracted to some distant corner, by the small clear flame of a solitary lamp. Unnoticed, yet continual, in the glare of day, at midnight, or the early dawn, still it burns, an emblem of time and eternity.

It was in the Cathedral of Milan, that the service, according to the rites of St Ambrose, was first performed; the chief peculiarity of which seems to be, that while in other churches the priests alone sing; in those of this city, the priests and the people sing alternately: and this is done with the professed design of interesting the congregation in the service, and of keeping them attentive.

In baptism they quite immerse the head; and at the administration of the Holy Communion, the elements are carried by ten old men and ten old women, clothed in black, the head covered with white linnen, reaching to the girdle.

In the sanctuary of this Cathedral there are four

statues, one of which, that of St Bartolomeo, never fails to attract attention, and obtain for the statuary that praise, which his modest, or perhaps, rather vain, inscription affects to disclaim. « Non me Praxiteles, sed Marcus fecit Agrates, » the usual rejoinder to which is, « Although not surpassing the Greek artist, it is very fine! » Nevertheless the work is altogether ludicrous, the composition base, and the execution wretched. The figure is not represented as if prepared for martyrdom, nor agitated as if touched with the sacrilegious knife: it stands already flayed, a complete upright statue, a great staring form, with the hands and fingers spread abroad, the eyeballs strained, and the features and muscles of the face in strings. The whole anatomy, or what this Praxiteles was pleased to imagine anatomy, of the human body, from the shoulders to the finger points, is displayed by removing the skin, which is left hanging in shreds; the skin of the head hanging behind the head, the skin of the arm and leg hanging in like manner from each limb. Such is the odious and ridiculous figure, which stands in the sanctuary of the church, exhibiting itself in the tripping posture of a dancing-master, as if demanding praise from the strangers who are carried to view it. I declare, on the faith of one not unacquainted with art, nor with anatomy, that there is nothing of real anatomy, no not the slightest representation of it, in this grotesque figure; and unless strangers are to admire the graceful attitude and composed manner of a being under circumstances so excruciating, they can see nothing to cause admiration.

LEONARDO DA VINCI'S LAST SUPPER.

Nothing is more interesting than this far-famed picture, and nothing, I will venture to say, so striking to one who visits this relic of ancient art, as the condition in which he finds it. It is in a monastery, built in the year 1464, by Francis Sforza, Duke of Milan, erected for a fraternity of Dominican friars, belonging to a church dedicated to the Virgin Mary, styled Delle Grazie.

The monastery is destroyed; the church is nothing; you pass it by; the refectory, or dining-hall, where the picture is, is nothing; the painting itself would not attract the attention of any ignorant of the art. I do not wonder that the French soldiery selected the place for a stable; nor that they promoted it, in process of time, to the rank of a barrack for foot soldiers. Imagine yourself led into a large apartment with lofty plastered walls; the door in the centre, like a parish school; the windows high, and irregularly placed, but pretty large; the flat walls painted of grey colour; the ceiling whitewashed; the floor of the roughest flags; the place too small for barracks, of which it has greatly the aspect and too vast and chilly for a school. At one end you find this picture, painted high upon these rude walls in fresco, the figures of the size of life, injured and discoloured, and the walls much damaged. Perhaps it will be expected that, in the next paragraph, I shall say, « yet, even in circumstances so unpropitious, the Last Supper shone with splendour; » but no, it is

like every spoiled fresco, a poor washy-looking thing, and I impartially declare, that I should hardly have discovered its beauties, and was forced to bring to recollection Morghen's superb engraving, not without some wonder in what state the painting could then have been, what copies he consulted, or by what means he made good his design.

The conception of the artist is the finest, the most awful and grand imaginable; and the moment he has chosen, the most interesting, the most calculated to excite all the various sensations of curiosity, pain; wonder, and horror; it is when our Saviour says, « One among you shall betray me. »

The picture is now nearly lost, and all its beauty gone; and this is principally owing to the whimsical theories Leonardo had conceived in the composition, and manner of laying on his colours. He is reported to have been occupied sixteen years in this painting; the chief part of which time was, I doubt not, employed in experiments more properly chemical; and, after having tried and rejected many materials, he at last finished the picture in oil, on a ground composed of pitch, mastic, and plaster, combined with some fourth ingredient, and wrought with heated iron; an invention probably altogether his own, but which was afterwards used by Sebastiano del Piombo. Over this preparation he laid his fresco, a cement of burnt clay and ochre, which, being mixed up with varnish, formed a colouring of great beauty, but short duration.

The precise period when Leonardo commenced this

great work is not correctly ascertained; but it is supposed to have been towards the year 1495. He began by forming a general plan of the whole, which (with many other valuable productions of his) is unfortunately lost. He next proceeded to make separate sketches of the heads, of which two are still in existence, one in the possession of Prince Lichtenstein, and the other purchased, a century ago, by an Englishman. A painting on a subject of such deep interest, and by an artist so eminent, could not fail to inspire the liveliest feelings among his friends and contemporaries; but curiosity and enthusiasm, to whatever height they might have arisen, had no remedy but patience; for though this object constantly held the first place in the thoughts of Da Vinci, sixteen years elapsed before it was finally accomplished. Bernardo Zenale, on his expressing the difficulty of giving to the countenance of our Saviour a divine beauty and excellence, superior to that which he had already attained in those of some of the Apostles, particularly of St John, recommended him to follow the example of the celebrated Grecian artist, and leave the work unfinished; with which advice, according to one author (Lomazzo), he complied; but this statement is entirely contradicted by every other writer. *

The description of the whole composition, given by Cardinal Frederic Borromeo, breathes all the fervour of a

* Armenini says: The head of the Saviour did not remain imperfect, but on the contrary was exquisitely finished. See Armenini: *Veri precetti della Pittura*. Ravenna 1587.

(Note of the Ital. Trans.)

feeling mind, warmed to enthusiasm by admiration; and this is the language which is held by all the professors and authors of the day.

In a public recitation, held by Antonio Massi, at Pavia, rather more than a hundred years since, he says, « Inimitable beauty shone in the Saviour's countenance, blended with a character of deep and touching melancholy, expressive of celestial pity; a countenance on which the eye rested with awe, love, and admiration; while all the emotions of the mind, tenderness, anxiety, suspense, or fear, might be read in the varied aspects of the Apostles. The mild and effulgent beauty of St John was relieved by the stronger and more dignified physiognomy of St Peter, whose features, on which truth and zeal were portrayed, were finely contrasted by the haggard visage, dark scowling eye, wild disordered looks, and sunk cheek of Judas Iscariot, who is represented, with the jealous suspicion characteristic of guilt, to be listening to the discourse of St Peter. » During the progress of the work, the artist, as may easily be imagined, was assailed by the curiosity, or annoyed by the impatience, of those who surrounded him. It is reported, in particular, that the Prior, worn out with expectation, at length complained to the Duke, who, inquiring into the matter from Leonardo himself, was assured by him, that he devoted two hours daily to the painting; and this answer being satisfactory, the Prior was dismissed. But returning to the Duke some months after, and with additional ill humour, he protested, that during the intervening period, not

a line had been added, or brush applied; upon which assertion, Ludovico again had recourse to Da Vinci, who explained, in language so eloquent and clear, the necessity of study and contemplation to mature his ideas on a subject so august, that the Duke was not only convinced, but charmed with the powers of mind displayed in his discourse; and from that time none dared to interfere. Leonardo was said to have revenged himself on the Prior, by making use of his countenance to represent Judas.

It would be a long matter to enumerate the variety of accidents that have combined to ruin this celebrated picture, and those occurring at a period so shortly following its completion, as to render it a subject of wonder, as a proof of the exquisite beauty it had once possessed, that its fame has been carried through so many ages. Two circumstances have especially contributed to preserve it to posterity; the admiration of contemporaries, who delighted in copying a favourite subject, and the diligence, taste, and talents of Morghen; and to these may be added, in the third place, the order, in the year 1797, by which Buonaparte prohibited the use of the hall any longer as a barrack.

In little more than fifty years after this painting was finished, it was found to be almost wholly destroyed. In the year 1726, it was repaired by Michael Angelo Bellotti, a presumptuous, but a good artist; and although, according to the assertion of some, his success was owing to a secret skill in renewing the colours, I should rather conjecture, that his art was that of re-

painting. At a later period, Giorgione was solicited to re-touch the picture, a task which he modestly declined. In the year 1772, they found a painter less diffident, Muzza, who nearly accomplished the utter destruction of this admirable piece. He boldly brushed off the surface of the painting wherever it interrupted his progress, laying a new ground of paste, mustic, burnt umber, and ochre, on the parts which he meant to repair. He had nearly finished the whole; St Thomas, Matthias, and Simon, alone were left untouched; and they were in the course of execution, when a new Prior (Paul Galloni) saved them from his barbarous hands. In the year 1808, Beauharnois, at that time Viceroy of Milan, ordered the refectory to be repaired, and defended the picture, by the erection of a low wooden gallery, on which the spectator is placed to view it.

AMBROSIAN LIBRARY.

One of my first objects, on the morning after my arrival at Milan, was to visit the Ambrosian Library, which is esteemed one of the most valuable and extensive in Italy, being said to contain 60,000 volumes, and 16,000 MSS. It is impossible to visit objects of this nature without a feeling of regret, in being obliged to take only a passing glance; yet, in merely surveying such institutions, something may be gained, were it only gleaned from the conversation of the learned professors; the politeness and courtesy of their general

manner was such as to lead them to take not merely pleasure, but apparently, even a pride, in attending to the visitors; evincing every solicitude to shorten their labours, and to give them every information in their power.

. This tribute is well due to the learned institutions which I have visited in this elegant metropolis. The descriptions I had read of the college, its galleries, sculpture, and paintings, had given me a high idea of the edifice itself. I was, however, disappointed in the expectations I had formed. I looked for magnificent apartments, and princely halls; but I found them gloomy, the arches low and heavy, and the whole having a monastic cloistered aspect, somewhat depressing, yet not unsuitable to a seminary of science.

In this short summary of the many interesting objects which are presented to the traveller in Milan, I must not omit the triumphal arch begun by Buonaparte, situated on the road leading to the Simplon, which is finely imagined. It is almost as colossal as the barriers of Neuilli, and infinitely more elegant than the Arch of the Carrousel, the effect of which is much injured by its various colours, while this is composed of the purest white marble. The design, however, much exceeds the execution; the sculpture is indifferent, and the academic figures incorrect; some conspicuous defect being perceptible in each, either from the too great length of arms, flatness of chest, or disproportioned size of the head, but yet, although critically imperfect, the effect of the whole is very striking. None of the

figures are grouped ; they stand singly, and their forms are generally elegant. For the embellishments in the finishing of the structure, viz. friezes, cornices, capitals, and enrichments, there is a most splendid collection. But, like the Elephant at Paris, the whole stands encircled by a wooden railing, and its greatest use, probably, will be the producing a few francs a day to the custode who shows it.

The Amphitheatre in the Piazza del Castello, another work erected by Buonaparte, is also a splendid undertaking. It is capable of containing 30,000 spectators and although the whole is in an unfinished state, naumachiæ or naval conflicts have been represented, and, upon two occasions, witnessed by himself. I am told, that it was his intention to renew the exhibition of gymnastic exercises, for which preparations had already been made, in the training of youths for the games of the Circus and Arena.

Among the many public institutions in Milan, the Brera, a university originally instituted under the superintendence of the Jesuits, and bearing the name of Santa Maria in Brera, may be distinguished as an object of high interest, embracing an extensive circle in the arts, and in the various branches of knowledge. The whole plan is established on such a system of liberality, as must, when accomplished, do great honour to the city ; but, as yet, a considerable part of the arrangements are only in progress. The apartments forming the gallery of pictures are large and beautiful, and the collection valuable. Of these, however, I shall

mention only two or three, which seem to me the most interesting. Abraham sending away Hagar, by Guercino, a composition of much expression. I stood long gazing on this very beautiful picture, full of nature and feeling. The piece is composed of the Patriarch, Sarah, Hagar, and Ishmael, whom she is leading towards the desert; she has left her home, and is on her way, but looking back to Abraham. Her eyes, reddened by the traces of tears, are fixed upon him with a sadness so deep, an expression so mournful, of silent anguish, as is inexpressibly touching. In Abraham's countenance may be read a manly sorrow, suffering, enduring, yet submitting. In the further end of the picture, Sarah is seen watching the lingering steps of Hagar with a look of malignant joy. I shall mention also three exquisite paintings which particularly attracted my notice; a Crucifixion, by Scarpaccia the imitator of Giorgione; the same subject, by Girolamo; and a Holy Family, by Batoni. The two first are executed in the finest style and manner, distinguished by a character grand, touching, and dignified, combined with the most affecting simplicity. A Holy Family by Batoni, I should rank next to these in merit. I must not omit a very fine painting by Vandyke; as also some beautiful pieces of game, by Frith.

CERTOSA.

We left Milan on the morning of the 5th of July, in weather hot, but not breathless, with a sweet

refreshing breeze ; and , passing through the gate of Paxia , by a barrier of singularly beautiful architecture , proceeded towards that city , through a country rich , luxuriant beyond imagination . The fertility of the ground , watered by three fine rivers , the Ticino , the Po , and the Olona can hardly be exceeded by that of Egypt itself ; and its vast produce may be said to owe its source to the same cause , irrigation being here regarded as an object of such importance , that the practice of it is enforced by law . The canal , along the side of which our road lay , was begun as early as the year 1400 , by John Visconti , first Duke of Milan , but was completed only in 1816 . It now reaches to the very gates of Pavia , forming at once a feature of great beauty in the landscape , and a source of vast riches to the country , affording the means of immediate conveyance for its produce . At the distance of five miles from Milan , leaving the direct road , we struck into an avenue , shaded by stately trees , leading to the Certosa , supposed to be at once the largest and the most magnificent of the Carthusian monasteries in Italy . This edifice was built by Galeazzo Visconti , Duke of Milan , being an *ex-voto* , erected in fulfilment of a vow made by his wife . In the year 1476 , he laid the first stone , accompanied by a gallant train of nobles and citizens , and with no less than twenty-five architects , and an equal number of statuary . The building , however , notwithstanding the ardour thus displayed in its commencement , was not completed till after the lapse of 200 years . The length of the church is 200 paces , the width 100 , and

the whole presents a rich and magnificent exterior. Above the great gate, which is ornamented by basso relievos, executed in curious marbles, stand the statues of the Angel Gabriel and the Virgin Mary, and in a higher circle, that of the Heavenly Father, with those of the Prophets, enriched by beautiful arabesques, solely the invention of Bernardino di Lanino, or Lupino, a Milanese artist. The basso relievos, the busts statues, and enrichments of the front, are all of the 15th century, and fine. On first entering this edifice, the eye rests on the high altar, which, supported by pillars, and ascended by a flight of marble steps, is placed in the great *duomo* of the church, screened by a splendid bronze railing, the choir, supported by marble statues, closing the view; the whole effect of which is truly magnificent. There are seventeen chapels, each having a superb brazen gate; and the walls are painted in fresco, with altar pieces, many of which are good, executed in oil. The basements and pavement are formed of curious marbles, many portions being exquisitely finished in *pietra dura*, and even precious stones, formed into mosaic festoons and wreaths, imitative of fruits and flowers, and finished with great beauty and elegance. Over the gate, in the interior, the Assumption, a painting by Procacci, is well executed; and on each side, eight pillars support as many colossal statues, projecting into the body of the church. This I mention,

* Stated by Lomazzo to be a Milanese artist, but by some others, particularly Gaudenzio Terrase di Valduggio, a native of Vercelle, in Piedmont.

as giving some idea of the spaciousness of the building, and the richness of its ornaments. The treasures carried off during the Revolution are said to be almost beyond belief. Statues, crucifixes, chalices, etc. etc., in massive gold and silver, besides gems and precious stones of great value.

It was here, in the month of February, in the year 1525, that Francis the First was received after the disastrous battle of Pavia. He entered the church, and found the priests singing a portion of the Psalms, which described, it is said, his own lost condition. He repaired to the convent, attended by the monks, and there, soon after, yielded himself prisoner to the Connétable de Bourbon, who commanded for Charles the Fifth. The park which surrounded the Certosa, divided from it by a court, was at that period, of vast extent, reaching nearly to the walls of Pavia, and devoted by the Visconti to the hunting of the wild boar; and there it was that this memorable battle was fought.

PAVIA.

Pavia, which we did not reach till towards the close of evening, is pleasantly situated on the banks of the Ticino, and in the centre of all that is most rich and luxuriant in nature. The fields are often seen bearing three crops at once: the mulberry, affording sustenance to the silk-worm, is thickly planted in equal rows; the vine, trained along, and borne up by the despoiled

tree, spreads its shivering branches with thick leaves and clustering grapes, which form rich festoons, carried from space to space, while the whole ground below is covered with the finest grain. The approach to the city, in particular, is fine, the road spacious, well causewayed, and shaded on either side by large and spreading trees, the whole, as you advance, seeming to announce the entrance into some great city. But here the deception ceases, Pavia, once the seat of learning, the first among the cities of Italy for her schools and universities, as much distinguished for her population as for the revelries and courtly festivals held within her walls, now appears silent and deserted. You survey her decayed fortifications and fallen battlements, look on the boding aspect of her gloomy Gothic towers, crumbling into ruins,—all present signals of desolation, most painful and depressing. The city is of considerable extent; but the population is scanty, the shops mean, many houses unoccupied, the doors of some of the churches nailed up, while portions of buildings and porticos, formerly belonging to them, are converted into barracks for cavarly. The university of Pavia is supposed to have existed as early as the year 794, having owed its first establishment to Charlemagne. It is amazing how soon a college may rise to distinction, and in how short a period it may fall into decay; only thirty years since, Pavia was the first school for law and physic. This may be said to be the sort of body politic which the soonest rises, and soonest perishes, since its fame often depends upon the life of one man, and dies with him.

Perhaps Pavia herself may shortly give proofs of the truth of this observation. I have reason to believe that she may again, in no long period, rise to her former celebrity. Such, at least, is the language held by the scientific men of this city, with whom I enjoyed a short conversation, while in the company of the venerable and distinguished man, (Scarpa) who has such claims to admiration, not only from his brethren of the same profession, but from all who value science; nor shall I easily forget the feelings of gratification which my interview with him left on my mind.*

Impatient to form a distinct idea of this ancient city, and to prepare for my morning's observations, I sauntered forth, partly leaving my course to chance. In entering Pavia, I had observed a ruined, although modern gate, situated close to a castle of great extent, with four vast brick towers, once guarding the ramparts. I had marked the solitude and melancholy aspect of the spot, and wishing to view it more nearly, proceeded

* In the anatomical school of Pavia I remarked a singular circumstance, and one which very much excited my attention: I saw four or five skulls belonging to that unfortunate race of beings denominated Cretins, the idiots of the Savoyard mountains. On examination of these skulls, I found them to be wonderfully thick, and all of them depressed at the great occipital hole, as if the head, being too heavy, had pressed too hard upon the *alba*; the skulls are, at the same time, extremely large, and the whole head and bone have this most unusual thickness. On careful inquiry, I found that these symptoms constantly prevailed, never failing to appear the same in every particular. In so much, therefore, as regards the Cretins being idiots, the cause is explained, although I have never, upon any occasion, heard of this circumstance being noticed.

(Note by the Author.)

now, in the decline of day, through the dusky and dismal streets of the city, in pursuit of this object. It was gowing dark, the shops were shut, no light appeared in any quarter, nor was any footstep heard save that of the sentinel. I perceived that I had missed my way to the old castle, but I found myself opposite to a structure, which (at least when seen in this dim light) seemed worthy of examination. The effect presented was that of the entrance into a deep cave; on proceeding a few steps, however, into the interior, I perceived, from the rushing sound of water underneath, that I was traversing a covered bridgeway, the canopy overhead being supported by low pillars, placed at distant intervals. Through these arches I paused to view a prospect in itself most striking, but rendered still more so from the obscurity of the spot on which I stood. Several vessels lay in deep shade, dark and gloomy below; the moon was just risen so as to throw a soft tempered light over the landscape, yet leaving the heavens and the milky way in all their starry splendour; not a breath was stirring, the heat was intense, and from time to time the forked lightning coursed along the horizon, passing from one light cloud to another, without approaching the earth; while in its short transit the electric fluid for a moment dimmed the stars, leaving them again glowing and bright. The broad river, pure and lucid as a mirror, lay stretched out as far as the eye could reach, and the rush of its deep waters added to the grandeur and solitude of a scene, the beauty of which I shall never forget. This

bridge, styled the bridge of Pavia, serves as a public walk, and is roofed over, to protect the passenger, from the mid-day sun. It was erected in the fourteenth century, to connect the city with the suburbs on the opposite side. It is constructed partly of marble but chiefly of brick; and is long, straggling, and most inelegant. But the Ticino, which it crosses, is truly grand, rapid as the Rhone, and green as the sea, with beautiful banks, and interspersed with little islands.

The general aspect of Pavia is desolate and mean; but some of its public edifices are well deserving of notice. The Borromean College, founded by St Charles Borromeo, is a superb institution. It is situated on an acclivity, the front rising conspicuous above a mass of wretched brick buildings. The entrance is by a gate, through which you pass into a court of about 15 feet square, encircled with arches supported by pillars, and on a second set of arches and pillars rising above these, the gallery is built. The refectories and dormitories occupy the ground-floor, while the great hall of the college is on the second. This apartment, which is 80 feet in length, with a well-proportioned width, and 20 feet in height, is particularly distinguished by a ceiling of fine architecture, adorned with beautiful emblematical paintings in fresco. The figures of Zeal, Labour, Silence, Prayer, Religion, Piety, and Perseverance, are finely conceived, and the tone of colouring deep, rich, and effective. They are the work of Cesare Nebbia, and are said to be all that remains of his painting; which, from the beauty of these specimens,

is to be regretted. In one of the squares of the roof, the birth of St Charles Borromeo is represented, and in another, the same saint carrying the holy nail on occasion of the great plague at Milan. This last painting, in particular, is very fine. The long-drawn procession of priests, penitents, halbert-bearers, etc. forms the centre of the back ground, while the pale the sickly, the dead, and dying, occupy the front, presenting a touching and mournful picture of suffering and death. Both of these pieces are by Lucchese. But in my review of this apartment, perhaps my most pleasing sensations arose from the contemplation of the beautiful prospect presented from its noble windows. The distant view is bounded by the green hills of Savoy, while the eye rests with inconceivable delight on the cool refreshing aspect of the waters of the Ticino, which almost wash the walls of the College, and are seen spread below, and coursing through the richly-wooded grounds which cover the banks of the river.

From this I proceeded to take a view of the Papal College, founded by Pope Pius the Fifth, a structure of much grandeur. The court is spacious, and the arcades, supported in the usual style by columns, are wide and lofty. In the centre of this court stands a colossal statue of the founder, in bronze, a work of considerable merit. The posture and action of the Pontiff, who is represented with his hand raised in the act of blessing the establishment he has founded for high and holy purposes, is most dignified. I have always thought the sacerdotal habit, when finely treated,

peculiarly propitious to grandeur of effect. The toga of the Roman Lawgiver is too spare to be graceful; the round form that marks the costume of the Roman General is too formal, cutting the figure across at the knee; while the cap, the crozier, the square sandal, the flowing robe, and the rich and belted fringe of the scarf, or scapula, offer materials for the finest composition.

At the left hand, in the entrance of the great staircase, there is another statue of the founder. This is in marble, and the Pontiff is here seated, and still expanding his right hand, as in the act of benediction. The figure is fine, and the accompaniments beautifully executed. The cushion on which the feet rest is well expressed, and the base of the pedestal, surrounded by cherubs' heads, produces a singular and rich effect. But the beauty of this fine statue is greatly injured, if not totally destroyed, by the very unfavourable situation in which it is displayed.

We left Pavia at an early morning hour, in the midst of a thunder-storm, often so beautiful and so grand in these countries. Our road, lined by large and spreading trees, which almost meet over the traveller's head, lay through a finely-wooded country, luxuriant and picturesque at every turn. The storm, as we proceeded, continued to rage with increased violence; high in the horizon the sky might be seen clear and blue, but overhead rolled dark muddy clouds, opening at sudden intervals, with flashes of lurid clear white lightning; the thunder broke in tremendous peals, and the boughs of the tall trees bent and cracked under

the fury of the blast; when, suddenly, through the arches formed by their branches, we beheld spread out before us, the noble stream of the Po. At this point the river is crossed by a long bridge of boats, and being darkened by the green of the rich wood hanging on its banks, lay so flat below the end from which we entered, that as we sat, under torrents of rain, in the carriage, we seemed to tower over a wide expanse of water, so deep, so broad, that it could hardly be distinguished from a great lake; while the bridge, which shook under the dashing of the storm, appeared as if it moved along. The whole effect was most singular and striking. The Po, as we now beheld it, agitated by the influence of the elements, was inexpressibly grand.

On leaving Pavia we had formed the resolution of changing the direction of our course, in order to visit Genoa, a city I had passionately longed to see; but considerations of health rendered it necessary to avoid delay.—We went as far as Voghera, travelling through beautiful mountain scenery, near the hills on which the lightning had fallen in the late storm; after which, with only the advantage of having seen a little more of the country, (and not much, for our mules seldom forsook a walking pace,) partly retracing our steps, we proceeded towards Placentia, which we reached at a late hour in a beautiful evening.



CHAPTER FOURTH.

PLACENTIA—CATHEDRAL—PARMA—PAINTINGS IN THE ACADEMY—
ROUTE TO BOLOGNA—MODENA—BOLOGNA—ACADEMY—PALACES—
CATHEDRAL—CHURCH OF ST DOMINICK—APPROACH TO FLORENCE.

PLACENTIA.

A REFRESHING breeze had succeeded to the oppressive heat of an intensely warm day; the low declining sun, now setting behind the hills, cast a lengthened shadow over the landscape, and gave a pleasing variety to unwooded but rural and richly-cultivated scenery. It was Sunday, and the streets of the city were filled with well-dressed people, most of whom, especially the women, were tall and handsome. There were no carriages; no crowding or bustling in the streets; the whole presenting a character of quiet serenity, which pleasingly reminded me of the Sabbath of a long summer day in a country town of Scotland. Placentia, or Piacenza, is finely situated on a great plain, between the Po and the Trebia, not far from the junction of these two rivers, having received this appellation from the Romans, on account of its delicious situation.

Placentia has nothing of the grandeur of an ancient city; neither does it offer any of the finer features of modern structures; but may be described as presenting a pretty and cleanly aspect, giving the idea of a small town, in which nothing of the bustle of trade appears;

and where much of simplicity and equality in manner and station is to be found. On entering it, we are particularly struck with the fresco paintings displayed on its walls, but are more frequently to be seen under the arcades. They immediately attract the attention, more especially because it is in Placentia that we first view works in this style, executed by masters of note. Those adorning the outside of the houses are the labours of Frari, Campi, Camillo, and Alonzo. The houses are chiefly built with brick, and the streets narrow, but not irregular.

In one of the squares, styled Piazza del Castello, there are two equestrian statues of bronze, by some attributed to John Bologna Fiammingo, but rather believed to be the work of his pupil, Moca. One of the statues represents Alexander Farnese, the other is that of his son, Ranuccio. On the pedestal of this last, there is an inscription, in which he is styled the just, the renowned, and the patron of arts, and of industry—high-sounding claims to distinction, which are, however, singularly contradicted by historical facts. This prince, avaricious and cruel by nature, became, it is said, gloomy and ferocious, through remorse for having murdered his grandfather, Louis Farnese. He sheltered himself from the consequences of this act by a successful crimination of many great lords of the state, seven of whom suffered in consequence of his pretended charges. He pursued his victims with such severity, that, not content with depriving the children of these nobles of their inheritance, he threatened their lives, and they

were saved only by the humanity of the priests, who secretly conveyed them beyond the reach of his power, Such is the violation of truth in the virtues we here find proclaimed.

These equestrian statues, as works of art, are mentioned in terms of the highest praise. I am tempted, however, to observe, that the strength and power exhibited in the form of the neck, with the fire expressed in the head and eye of Ranuccio's courser, are sadly counteracted by the mountain of flesh on the shoulders and hips of the animal. The artist seems to have believed, that bulk and grandeur were synonymous; or, guided by the sublime figurative expression, his « neck is clothed with thunder, » he has given the starting eye-ball, nostrils breathing fire, and flying mane; but loaded the hinder parts with sides and haunches of unmeaning weight and dimensions, All that is good in these works, the head, ear, eye, and neck, possess those obvious characters of beauty, which are always in evidence, and therefore easily represented; but we find no swell in the muscle of the thigh; the feet are flat, and motionless; no setting off of the heel; none of the indications of the strength of muscle requisite to motion. The spine, the hip, and hinder limbs, have a claim on the study of the artist, less apparent, indeed, and less imposing, but, nevertheless, equally essential to the formation of a noble war-horse.

CATHEDRAL.

The cathedral of Placentia, after being destroyed by fire, was rebuilt in the twelfth century, and is in an antique style. The interior possesses all the imposing solemn effect arising from space; it is more than usually lofty, and the duomo, in particular, is very grand.

This church is more especially interesting from the fresco paintings of Guercino, Caracci, and other masters, with which it is enriched, and which are in general highly esteemed. Placentia, as I have already noticed, is the first place where this style of painting is presented to the traveller who enters Italy from the north; which, together with the high name of the masters, whose works these frescoes are, has no doubt had considerable effect in influencing opinion. Such artists have indeed great claims to our deference, yet I can praise only what I feel to possess merit; and I own I experienced a sensation of disappointment in viewing these paintings, in the general effect of which my expectations were by no means realized. Among the excellencies of which fresco painting is peculiarly susceptible, the facilities it presents of giving an easy flow, a freedom of hand, and roundness of contour, together with a richness and brilliancy of colouring, are chiefly remarkable. * The

* This style of painting, observes Milizia, is particularly propitious in giving grace and beauty to the form, and likewise effect and animation to action and it is one, in which the artist instead of aiming to excel by delicacy of penciling, shines in the display of ingenuity and expression. Michael Angelo, he adds, ordered away all the preparations made in

larger portion, however, of this collection, is totally wanting in these points, the outline being frequently harsh, the draperies voluminous, and the tone of colouring sombre, without any of that freshness or beauty of tint, which forms the best character of this style of painting. The ceiling of the cupola, by Guercino, is divided into compartments, in each of which is an evangelist with angels hovering round him. These groups are finely executed, and the tone of colouring is good. Below this the space is occupied by lesser angels forming the frieze; and still lower are figures representing sibyls. The symbolical representations of Virtue, Modesty, Humility, and Charity, occupy the groins, or corners, from which rises the great cupola.

These are the paintings of Franceschini; their heavy forms rise to a gigantic height, and carry a due proportion of voluminous drapery to cover this expanse of body and limb. Near to these, are Moses and Aaron, by Caracci, also coarse and ungraceful figures, incorrect in drawing, and without dignity.—There are also three paintings by Procaccini, the Assumption of the Virgin, David playing on the harp, and St Cecilia on the violoncello, which are generally mentioned with distinction.

The great altar-piece of the Cathedral, an oil painting by Procaccini, representing the death of the Virgin,

the Sistina Chapel by Sebastiano del Piombo for painting in oil, saying:
 « Le pitture a olio sono per le dame, e gli zerbini che si peccano
 d'eleganza di mano. »

(*Note of the Ital. Trans.*)

is fine, but so dark and dingy as to render the figures almost invisible, and having been carried away in the time of the revolution, it suffered so much, and is altogether so dirty, and even torn, that it is difficult to judge of its merits. In one of the chapels there is an excellent picture by the same artist, representing St Martin giving his cloak to the beggar; the figures of the saint and the beggar are finely executed, and the horse is admirable, a Vandyke horse. But in this composition we find the same style of colouring prevail, a cindery, dull red, mixed with black; the whole so dark as to render the objects almost unintelligible. In another of these chapels there is a very fine picture, representing St Catherine, the child, and St Girolamo, a copy from Parmigiano; the original, brought back from Paris. being in Parma. In a small side chapel I found a Holy Family, an admirable picture, believed to be by Caracci, although this is uncertain. The child is represented asleep, Mary putting her finger on her lip, as a token of silence to John the Baptist, while Joseph is seen in the back ground reading. This subject, so often repeated, and treated with such various degrees of excellence, ever possesses a singular charm, presenting a character of domestic simplicity infinitely touching. The journey, or flight,—the care of Joseph, Mary's gentle aspect, her maternal solicitude, the Ass, and all the combining circumstances indicating flight and banishment,—have always produced in my mind a peculiar feeling of tenderness and softened melancholy.

On the opposite side to this there is a painting

representing St Francis after death ; he is lying surrounded by angels, ready to receive his soul ; a mournful and fine picture, the foreshortening of the hand of the saint, in particular is admirable.

In a side altar there is an oil painting, by Sacchi, representing our Saviour appearing to the two disciples, also good ; but the hand of our Saviour, forming a sort of triangle with those of the disciples, comes so near as seemingly to join them, and occasion a confusion very injurious to the effect of the picture. The fresco painting of the ceiling of this chapel, by Caracci, of the resurrection, is beautifully composed, and finely executed. In the choir of the Cathedral there are two paintings ; one on either side, of 20 feet in height, the work of Landi, a young artist of Placentia, who had studied long in Rome. These spaces were formerly occupied by superb paintings, by Caracci, carried to Paris during the revolution, and now in Parma. Landi was permitted to select for this work any scriptural subject most pleasing to himself, or best suited to his talents ; but probably his mind, fixed by the recollections of the exquisite beauty of the pictures of Caracci, boldly resolved on repeating the same. Like Phaeton, he was nothing doubting ; and, although his end was not as tragical, his defeat (if he were conscious of it) must have been as mortifying. The subject of the first of these pictures, is the death of the Virgin ; angels are strewing flowers over her body, while the apostles are seen weeping and mourning. The other represents the approach of the apostles to the tomb of Christ after the

resurrection. There is in these works both a bulkiness of drawing, and a power of composition, which is imposing, but with this great fault, that there is no pencilling. In order to preserve the general effect, the colours are left broad, flat, and unwrought. The Virgin is finely drawn, and the grouping of the angels beautiful; but the other figures reminded me of Gil Blas's robbers in the cave,—dark, grim, and ferocious. The other picture has still less merit; the figures of the apostles are old and mean. In both pieces, with much inaccuracy of drawing, there is a total absence of dignity or grandeur. But, nevertheless, such is the effect produced by the mass of colours, the size, and the subjects, that on a cursory view they seem to have possessed sufficient merit to obtain considerable reputation, as well as the praise of several writers, in particular of Mons. Millin, whose eulogium pronounces, that for grandeur of style, and beauty of design, the artist of these works deserves to rank high in the schools of Lombardy.

The walks round Placentia are very interesting; its rivers, in particular, are very fine: the Trebia sometimes covers a space of no less than five miles, as may be seen from the immense width of the channel bottom, exposed to view, in the summer season, when its waters are reduced to a narrow stream. At no great distance from the city there is a narrow mountain, three hundred feet high, curious for the fossils found in it.

PARMA.

After passing one whole day at Placentia , we proceeded on our journey, and travelling through the same luxuriant and lovely country, reached Parma at an early hour.

This city, receiving the name of Parma from the Romans, either because its form resembled that of a shield, or, perhaps, because it had served as a protection to them, was, together with Placentia, among the cities left by Charlemagne to his son Pepin. The distance of these towns from the seat of government rendered revolt easy, and they soon erected themselves into independent republics. After this period, they belonged sometimes to the Duke of Milan, sometimes to the Pope; then becoming the property of the Farnesi, this family long reigned over them with the title of Dukes of Parma. Parma was next possessed by the French, in their revolutionary conquests; and, finally, at the Congress of Vienna, was assigned to the Arch-Duchess Maria Louisa, wife of Buonaparte. In contemplating Italy, its beautiful cities, valleys, and rich plains, we cannot wonder that it has so often been an object of contention, and an alluring prize to the conqueror's arm. But it must excite astonishment, that a country having sea-ports to favour trade, vast rivers to open canals, a climate so beautiful, so temperate, possessing the sources of all that is most valued, as well as most refined, in life, presenting at once all the luxuries of

art and nature, with such means to obtain power, and such objects to stimulate exertion, should so long have suffered itself to be the sport of contending and conflicting nations. The French overran all Italy so easily, that they believed and styled themselves invincible; but they did not reflect, that their arms were directed against those who had a long time forgotten to contend for their rights, a nation become more zealous to preserve tranquillity than to assert independence.

Parma is finely situated on the banks of the small river of the same name, that falls into the Po, at the distance of eight or ten miles below. The streets, which are in various places connected by bridges crossing the stream are wide and regular for an Italian city. The approach is picturesque and pretty; as you advance along the public road, you distinguish, as in a lengthened vista, the turrets and steeples of the city, connected by low, square, flat-roofed buildings, the intervals between being filled up by the rich dark green foliage of fine full-leaved trees, yielding a pleasing and refreshing relief to the eye. Entering by one of the gates, you cross the river passing along an antique stone bridge, and proceed through cleanly, solitary streets, towards the principal square of the city, which is large and handsome. Parma is said to contain 28,000 souls, but neither its magnitude, nor its apparent population, gives this impression. There is no attempt at courtly grandeur, as at Turin; none of the stir and busy bustle of Milan; nor any thing of the filth, meanness, and confusion of Pavia; but simply a beautiful little city, the general

aspect of which is striking; the public walks, lying on the ramparts high above the town, are pleasant, as well as the roads around, which are lined with fine trees. One great and very handsome street extends from the square; there are others broad, but not continuous, and without any attraction of architecture. The ancient palace, a very extensive building, now forms a superb Library, an Academy of Arts, Sciences, and Gallery of Paintings. The theatre is vast, too vast for so small a place, as it would seem large even in Paris or London. The chief interest in this city, however, arises from the fine paintings it contains; Parma being more especially styled the city of Correggio, from the celebrated works of that great master, with which it is richly adorned. This artist, whose family name was Allegri, styled Laeti in the Latin epitaph inscribed on his tomb-stone,*

* Mengs. who had seen and studied many of Correggio's pictures (*Memor. concer. la vita e le opere del Correggio*). says: he latinized his name signing himself Laeti at the foot of his pictures. At that period the affectation, especially among the letterati, of classic terminations was so much in vogue as even to induce them to translate their names, which in their native tongue seemed vulgar, into greek or latin, lengthening or shortning them as suited their fancy. Ariosto in the VI of his *Satyr*s playfully laughs at this conceit, which he condemns as being rather unorthodox.

- » Il nome che d'Apostolo ti denno,
- » O d'alcun minor Santo i padri, quando
- » Cristiano d'acqua e non d'altro ti fenno;
- » In Cosmico, in Pomponio vai mutando;
- » Altri Piero in Pierio, altri Giovanni
- » In Jano e in Jovian va racconciando:
- » Quasi che il nome i buon giudici inganni;
- » E che quel meglio t'abbia a far Poeta,
- » Che non farà lo studio di molt' anni. »

was born in the year 1494, and closed his life shortly after attaining his fortieth year. He is reported to have been of a melancholy temperament, laborious in study, modest even to humility, and of so mild a nature that while his contemporaries were writhing under the feelings of envy excited by his fine talents, his spirit was undisturbed, their enmity towards him having no power to move his placid and unassuming nature. It is positively asserted that he never visited Rome, and consequently did not enjoy the advantage of drawing from the antique statues. This seems, however, almost impossible; for at that period we find this study regarded as indispensable, and as forming the only pathway to excellence. Correggio directed his attention particularly to the art of foreshortening, in which he was singularly successful. It was his particular care always to draw from nature.

Of the many fine paintings executed by this great master, esteemed the inventor of his style, so remarkable for his foreshortenings, the bold relief in his drawing, and the easy flow of his draperies, the work which first raised his name to distinction is the fresco painting of the cupola, or dome, of the Cathedral of Parma. The subject is the Assumption of the Virgin Mary, who is seen ascending into Heaven, surrounded by innumerable angels; the foreground being occupied by the Apostles

This weakness still prevailed at a much later period; the celebrated Gravina styling himself Janus, instead of Johannes. He also translated into greek the name of his much famed scholar Trapassi calling him *Metastasio*.

(Note of the Ital. Trans)

and Saints. This celebrated work, which raised Correggio's fame so high, was finished in his thirty-second year. In the churches of this city, there are many fine fresco paintings by this artist, as well as by other masters; but in the few hasty remarks which my short stay enabled me to make, my observations were more particularly directed to the works contained in the Gallery and Academy of Sculpture and Painting, which, with the Library, are under one roof. In the last mentioned, we find Correggio's fine painting, representing the Coronation of the Virgin by St John.

Leaving this, I proceeded to the Academy of Arts and Sciences; and now propose merely to point out a few of the most striking or interesting pictures it contains. On entering this apartment, one of my first objects was to obtain a view of Hannibal Caracci's two celebrated paintings, from which Landi's pictures in the Cathedral of Placentia had been designed, the recollection of which, as might easily be imagined, only served to heighten the beauty of the originals. There is in the composition and execution of these, a character of grandeur, mingled with a tone of deep and solemn melancholy, inexpressibly touching. The figures are gigantic; but here we find size without coarseness, giving only greater nobleness to the form. The Virgin lies on a bier borne by the Apostles, and carried so high as partly to conceal their grief; the cloaks of whom cover her form; her eyes are closed, while her matron-like countenance is seen pale and still, yet beautiful even in death. Angels, hovering

over her, are represented scattering flowers, and waving censers. The whole beauty and interest of the piece; however, rests in the main subject, in the Virgin's countenance, in her form, as she lies on the bier, in the fine representation of death, and in the solemn grandeur expressed in the manner and attitude of the Apostles;—the forms of the angels are wanting in aerial transparency; the figures also are too distinct; no bright halo illumines to give distance, no light clouds produce that softening hazy medium, so beautiful in the representation of the ascending and disappearing of angels, as they rise into Heaven.

The piece, however, as a whole, is very fine. The companion to this painting, which represents, as I mentioned in describing the copy, the approach of the Apostles to the tomb of Christ, and their dismay on finding it unoccupied, is not so good: in this there is no story distinctly told, an object of the first importance in composition; nor any point sufficiently prominent to excite or fill the mind. The figures of the Apostles are of gigantic size, and possess a considerable character of grandeur; but this does not produce such an effect as to compensate for the general want of interest in the design. This portion of Scripture is a history rather to be told, than represented; because you do not on the first view immediately understand the subject, nor clearly comprehend the nature of the object engaging the attention of the Apostles. The figure of St John, who touches the linen partly hanging over the tomb, is by much the finest.

A picture by Correggio, a striking and beautiful piece. The Mother and Child are represented seated on the altar, and at their feet a St Cecilia with a violoncello; while St Peter, St John, and St Catherine, stand on either side of Mary. The composition and grouping is very masterly; the feelings and intentions of the surrounding figures being so finely expressed, that each bears a proportionate part; it is a tale told, not an unmeaning collection of figures, such as often fill the foregrounds of paintings in other respects good. The figure of St Cecilia, especially, is finely drawn, and the colouring of the whole rich and beautiful.

The Espousals of the Virgin, by Procaccini. This painting is executed in a most superb style. The canvass is filled, yet not crowded; the disposition of the groups, and the keeping of the whole, is admirable. The youthful but manly figure of Joseph, is contrasted by the softest expression of feminine beauty in Mary; while the characteristic simplicity of both is a fine relief to the gorgeous costume, and the dignified aspect and demeanour, of the high priest. The countenance of a young woman, who is seen just behind the Virgin, is distinguished by a most touching sweetness, mingled with a grandeur of expression very striking; one of the group, standing behind Joseph, having his hands poised on his two thumbs, as he seems lost in the intensity from the fixed attention with which he regards the ceremony, although the posture is vulgar, it is represented with a truth to nature singularly effective. In one corner of the painting, a child is seen playing with his

mother's hand, and pushing it back while she smiles upon him with an expression of the greatest tenderness.

The three Maries at the Sepulchre, a picture by Schidone; in a style so grand, so deep-toned, the figures so noble, the drapery so simple, and the expression so powerful, as to seize singularly on the imagination, producing an effect at once commanding and impressive, combining the highest elevation of sentiment with the most touching sorrow. The figure also of the angel sitting on the tomb, is very fine; but the countenance is rather deficient in character.

La Madonna della Scala, a noble fresco painting, by Correggio, now framed, and carefully preserved.

The Descent from the Cross, by Hannibal Caracci; a celebrated and very fine picture. Our Saviour, taken down from the cross, is laid out in a reclining posture, while Mary is seen in the back-ground, fainting, and sinking, surrounded by a group of angels; St Francis is standing a little below the body of our Saviour, with both his hands extended, pointing wildly and energetically towards his dead master; while Mary Magdalene is kneeling on the opposite side, with hands uplifted, and clasped in an agony of grief. The composition and execution of this piece are both in the first style of excellence. The drawing of the figure of our Saviour is at once the most learned in point of anatomy, and the truest to nature I have ever seen; the figures of the Virgin, and the angels in the back ground, are in such keeping, as not in any degree to intrude on the picture, but are beautiful, and very natural.

Another Descent from the Cross, by Schidone : superb indeed. Our Saviour, with the head turned towards the sepulchre, is laid and supported on the knee of St John; St Peter, bending over the body, is drawing the linen across to bind the wound; Mary, partly kneeling, is looking, with uplifted hands, from under the cloth; and Joseph, standing a little lower, with extended hand and finger, as if pointing towards the sepulchre, seen in the darker part of the picture, which presents a gloomy wild sky, and an undefined landscape. The earnestness and interest of St Peter, while in the act of drawing the linen, with the mild and touching grief of Mary, are inexpressibly fine, as is the grand and prophetic figure of St John: while the deepened tone of the horizon, its sombre hue, the indistinctness of the distance in the back ground, in which all seems silent and desolate, are very affecting. This, in my opinion, is the finest piece in the collection; the most powerful in expression, and the most agitating in its effects on the mind.

Proceeding in my review of the paintings in the Academy of Science, I entered into what is styled the Chamber of Correggio, containing four of his most celebrated paintings.

The first, named *la Madonna della Scodella*, from the vessel which she holds in her hand for drawing water, is one of the finest of all his compositions. The scene is the journey into Egypt; Mary is represented sitting with the child, her countenance bearing all that character of feminine loveliness, which Correggio so

well knew how to display. Her drapery is of a yellowish pale colour, light and graceful; and the action of Joseph, who, with an extended arm, is taking hold of the child's hand, finely expressed.

The second is *la Madonna di San Girolamo*; and also most beautiful. The painting represents the Virgin sitting with the child on her knee, and Mary Magdalene at his feet, her countenance being raised towards him with an expression of lowliness, of love, and adoration, most forcibly and tenderly expressed; his hand is thrust into her hair with playful infantine grace, while an angel on his left hand seems endeavouring to attract his attention. St Jerome forming the balance of the group, stands on the other side. The colouring of this picture is very rich. *

The third is the martyrdom of Santa Placida, and her sister Santa Flavia. The colouring and painting of this piece are much finer than the composition. The whole is so ill conceived, and ill managed, and the subject of such a nature, you cannot look on it with pleasure.

The fourth, the Descent from the Cross. The form of our Saviour, who lies supported on the lap of the Virgin, is very fine; the marble stillness, and silent resignation painted in Mary's countenance, over whose features the paleness of death seems fast approaching,

* The original sketch of this painting, executed in the year 1524 is, in the possession of an individual. It has been engraved by three artists, viz. Villamone, in the year 1586; by a Bolognese and lastly, by Agostino Caracci.

is inexpressibly touching; and the figure of Mary Magdalene, who is kneeling, with clasped hands, in an agony of despair, at our Saviour's feet, is exquisitely drawn. The composition and expression of this group are, perhaps, among Correggio's finest works, but the other departments of the painting by no means equal these. The two other Maries are vulgar ordinary figures; while the person who is coming down from the ladder does not seem to belong to the awful scene, and is in every respect quite out of keeping. I must observe also, that even in the figure of our Saviour, the whole is not perfect, the wound not being well represented, and one of the hands seeming contracted, as if to imitate a spasm; this effect, although not very prominent, must, nevertheless, be regarded as a fault, and at variance with the general character of such a representation.

In this room, we find a small picture, representing the Ascension, finely executed. Our Saviour is seated in the Heavens, with the Virgin and St John, one on either side; and St Paul and St Catherine in adoration below. The figure of St Paul is peculiarly majestic; the drapery richly coloured, and very beautiful; while the countenance of St Catherine is truly heavenly, painted with all that expression of sweetness and simplicity which characterizes true holiness.

The apartment more especially termed Correggio's chamber, is that of the Lady Abbess in the Abbey of St Paolo, which he painted in his twenty-fourth year. The subjects present a strange mixture of profane and

sacred history, which at that period we find very common. The whole is in perfect preservation, and some portions very beautiful, especially the Diana, forming the ornament of the chimney-piece; but there is nothing masterly, with the exception of the figures of the angels, which are well drawn, full, fleshy, and sweetly coloured.

Many of the paintings now filling this Academy and Gallery were, before the Revolution, to be found in the churches of the city. * Such of the paintings restored by France to Italy, as were not private property, are now chiefly to be found in the halls of public edifices, a measure of great importance, as tending to guard them against the danger of mouldering on dark damp walls, and to render them more useful as public property.

But as they have not been restored to their original destination, some time must elapse before a traveller can describe with certainty the position of the paintings now in Italy. Private collections, in consequence of a very general sale, must constantly be changing; in public halls, their final place is as yet hardly determined; and even where it is, these are frequently undergoing such repairs as to render their present habitation merely temporary. This last being the case in Parma, I have almost feared to give even these slight

* The French did not enter into this city as conquerors; for where blood is risked in conquest, booty is thought to be fairly won. In peace with the Duke of Parma, they entered his capital, laid the city under contribution, and carried off the pictures, with the science of picture-dealers, and all the deliberation of fair trade.

(*Note of the Author.*)

notices of the works I have visited ; the paintings themselves , however wherever found , must possess the same interest ; many among them , as I have already mentioned , being very fine , especially the two superb paintings by Schidone , which for expression and grandeur are such as I hardly ever expect to see surpassed.

Correggio was esteemed the first great master of the school of Parma of that period. Francesco Mazzuola, styled Parmigianino the second ; but the sweetness and grace of that artist is ascribed more to his study of Raffaello, than to his imitations of Correggio. His famous work of the Adoration of the Magi , is held to be the finest of his pictures.

Among the works of art in this city , the fresco paintings by Hannibal Caracci, in the Palazzo del Giardino , excite great interest. This residence, which is beautifully situated just beyond the walls of the city, was entirely pillaged during the period of the Revolution , and as we ascended fine stair-cases, and passed through noble apartments, we could only perceive how delightful it had been. Here we may say Caracci died, for here his labours ended ; he was busied with these chambers, had finished all the designs, and had executed four superb frescos, when he was taken ill and died , leaving what was yet unfinished to be completed by his pupils.

Of all the apartments that were adorned by this great master , that styled Caracci's Chamber , has alone entirely escaped the depredations of time and accident.

ROUTE TO BOLOGNA.

We left this pretty little city of Parma, with considerable regret, as there were many objects of interest, especially many fine paintings, which we had not visited. The early fall of night in the southern climates greatly adds to the difficulties of a traveller whose time is limited. We began our journey before the dawn, experiencing, just before daybreak, an unpleasant sharpness in the air. This I have observed invariably to be the case, whatever may have been the temperature of the preceding day, or the warmth of the earlier part of the night. It soon, however, passes away, to be succeeded by extreme heat, and vivid sunshine. In lower Italy, and in the broader parts of the great valley of Lombardy, the evening closes soft and still; the setting sun leaves a rich clear atmosphere, with low, bright, streaky clouds; no breath is stirring; but as you drive along, the effect of your own motion causes a balmy cool air to play around you, which is sweetly refreshing; while the city, village, church, or convent, as they may chance to appear in view, are seen picturesquely contrasted with the rich flashes of purple in the fine yellow of the sky.

The road, in leaving Parma, composed of gravel, (as they generally are throughout all Lombardy, and this part of Italy,) is very fine. Rich as the country had hitherto appeared to us, it becomes here still more so; the stems of the vines are thicker, the grapes larger,

and a character of stronger growth, and mere luxuriant vegetation, is strikingly perceptible. The cities, villages, and small dwellings, are also much more numerous; the whole scenery presenting a most cheerful and populous aspect. At every short distance you may discern the turrets, or steeples, of the city, or village, rising from among the trees; while the face of the country is thickly covered with little dwellings, their white walls brightly reflected through the rich verdure, in which they seem to be embosomed. The habitations of the poorer class are pretty; and the farm-houses, with their small paddocks and enclosures, so cleanly, that an Englishman might imagine each to be an English cottage. The farms are so small as seldom to require more assistance than the labour of the farmer, his wife, and son, with one or two yoke of oxen. The cattle are not large; sometimes we see some stubborn-looking mules; few asses, and no farm-horses. The grounds present little variety of culture; much black wheat; but no potatoes, or turnip; the aspect of the whole landscape resembling that of a finely-cultivated garden. The fields are prettily set with ranges of mulberry trees, planted in long rows, richly hung with the vine, the foliage of which is thickly gathered on the top; while festoons, extending from twelve to fifteen feet in length, hang from tree to tree, with heavy bunches of grapes, clustering in the centre, forming the festoons represented in ornamental paintings. I have observed the practice of treading out the corn by oxen to be universal in Italy: it is the mode least

approved of, I believe; but, seen in the evening hour, when the heat of noon is past, and when, renovated by the freshened air, the spirit gives spring to thought and action, the little groups presented in this occupation have a singularly cheerful and primitive aspect. The serenity of the approach of night in these fine climates is most soothing; yet, so sudden is the fall of evening, that while we are just beginning to trace the rising stars, day is gone. But how beautiful, how grand, is the contemplation of nature at this hour! how splendid the splangled sky, how soft the milky way, clearly defined in its long course, as it lies spread out in the heavens! while, perhaps, from light clouds in the distant horizon, the harmless lightning plays, as if to mock the fire-fly, which, rising from every spot deepened by foliage, soars and plies its busy wings, filling the air with incessant bright alternations of light and shade, and seeming to give life to the silence and stillness of night.

Another peculiarity in these plains is the prodigiously wide channels of the rivers formed by the winter torrents, presenting, at this season, an arid space, to the extent of many miles; of flat, broad, stony ground. Such is the Trebia as you approach Placentia; also the Taro, rising in Piedmont, and falling into the Po at Toricelli, the waters of which, sometimes filling a bed nearly six miles in width, are now reduced to a stream of a few yards.

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MODENA.

In the prosecution of our journey, towards midday, we reached Reggio, the birth-place of Ariosto, a small fortified city, lying on the Tessone: and from thence, passing through Rubiera, arrived at Modena early in the evening. The entrance into this city, the capital of the Duchy of Modena, is beautiful; the streets, lined with open arcades; are broad, elegant, and clean, especially the Strada Maestra, which is very striking; the general character of the architecture good; and many of the palaces and public buildings very handsome. Modena has always been distinguished as the peculiar home and residence of princes of a domestic character, who loved and cherished the arts: of their taste in this respect, the Ducal Palace bears proof, being adorned by the works of the first masters, Tintoretto, Guido, Guercino, Andrea Sacchi, etc. etc.; and the Gallery of Paintings, although not equal to what it once was, still presents many works of great merit. Correggio's celebrated Nativity, generally styled *la Notte del Correggio*; * a beautiful piece by Paul

* There is a very interesting account of this picture in the *Viaggio Pittorico*, by which we find the work was originally designed for the church of San Prospero, in Reggio, where an acknowledgment by the artist, under the signature of Antonio Liceto da Correggio, for the sum, amounting to something less than L. 16 of our money, is carefully preserved. The chiaroscuro of this painting is pronounced, by Richardson, to be in the first class of excellence; and Lomazzo, in the fourth chapter of his *Treatise on Paintings*, mentions it as being one of the finest and most singular works in the world. Of two original designs of the subject,

Veronese, so remarkable for the richness and power of his composition ; with some other fine, through less distinguished paintings, formed a part of it. * This charming little city, which is sufficiently large to be elegant, and yet small enough to have the delights of village walks near home, is finely situated, lying between the rivers Panaro and Secchia ; while the innumerable brooks which water the ground, produce a remarkable freshness and richness in the verdure. The multiplicity of these springs and rivulets probably arises from the geological condition of the country, which appears to have been a vast lake, connected

not, however, exactly alike, one is said to be in the possession of the Earl of Pembroke. This painting was first removed from the church of San Prospero to the gallery of the Duke of Modena, and from thence to Dresden.

(Note of the Author.)

* Rather before the middle of the last century Francis the 1st sold to Augustus the 3^d king of Poland and Elector of Saxony one hundred of the most beautiful and valuable pictures of his Gallery for a hundred and thirty thousand sequins which were coined expressly for that occasion at Venice. Among these were six of Correggio's finest productions including in the number, his two celebrated « Capi d' Opera » the Penitent Magdalen, and the Nativity of Christ, known by the appellation « Notte del Correggio ». The Magdelene is a little more than a palm in height and something less in width and it alone was valued at twenty seven thousand Roman scudi. Mengs assures us, that if the other pictures of Correggio are considered fine this one may be regarded as being marvellous. The Nativity is notwithstanding esteemed the most celebrated production of this great master.

The sale of these fine works of art, although at the moment useful to the Duke was in the end highly injurious to the Modenese, as they were now no longer as heretofore, visited by amateurs and artists, who flocked to their city to admire and copy these exquisite productions.

(Note of the Ital. Trans.)

with the Mediterranean, of which the Lake of Mantua forms the only remains.

My short stay in this little city, which is interesting on so many accounts, afforded an opportunity for little more than a local view of surrounding objects. While thus engaged, I could not help remarking the uncommon beauty of the people; the women, in particular, seemed to possess a natural elegance of figure, combined with much flexibility of limb, and gracefulness of action. The artists of this city, I am told, take their designs from their fellow-citizens; and people, quite unconscious of any personal merit, often find themselves introduced into fine pictures. I have observed, that in each little district of Italy, in cities, perhaps divided only by thirty or forty miles, some little variation in expression, or in features, may be traced, although much of this is lost from the general uniformity of dress: I had looked to find, in different costumes, some mark of being in a foreign country; but, in this point, the French mode of dress is almost universal through all Northern Italy.

BOLOGNA.

Profiting by the freshness of morning, we left Modena early. As you approach nearer to the hills, the country becomes finely varied; and now, at the distance of six miles from the city, nothing can surpass the fertility and beauty of the surrounding scenery. Bologna is situated in a fertile valley, near the foot of the

Apennines, and watered by the rivers Savenna and Rheno, which last joins the Po by a canal; and thus it possesses at once all that is most luxuriant in nature, combined with all the facilities of trade. It is the second city in the Ecclesiastical State, and particularly distinguished by the honours conferred on its citizens, of whom no less than one hundred have been elevated to the purple, and ten to the tiara.

In the early struggles for liberty, it was the last that submitted to the Papal dominion, and yielded even then only a kind of feudal submission; the people still retaining the power of being governed by their own laws, levying their own taxes, electing their magistrates, and enjoying the privileges of republican independance, claims which, to this day, are fully secured to them. The approach to Bologna, which is peculiarly picturesque, differs in one respect from the more usual character of foreign cities, the great roads of which, in every approach to a town, are uniformly lined with trees, generally forming a splendid avenue. Here, especially on the right hand, there are meadows of rich pasturegrounds; and the hills, exquisitely cultivated to the very top, are seen rising beyond the city; the intermediate country, finely wooded, is open; while the Rheno, crossed by a long flat stone bridge, is seen skirting the town, whose walls it encircles on the west. The ancient part of the city of Bologna is of considerable extent, and its streets narrow and tortuous; the buildings heavy and antique, without grandeur; the shops mean, and the arcades low. The

whole impresses the traveller unfavorably; its aspect is gloomy; nor does it become more cheerful, when, passing through the principal square of that portion of the city, (where the statues by John Bologna are placed,) he finds himself at the public prison; from the grated windows of which, long-bearded, dark-visaged prisoners are suffered to assail the passengers with the most clamorous outcries for charity. As you proceed, you are struck with the appearance of two isolated and shapeless brick towers, connected with no building, and without any apparent purpose. They are styled *Asinelli* and *Garisenda*; * and are valued by the inhabitants for their antiquity, as giving effect in the distant view of the city, and from their hanging position, which is very singular. The first rises to more than three hundred feet, and inclines nearly four from the perpendicular line; the diameter of the second is much the greater, to which, probably, it once bore a proportionate height, but now it stands rather as a foil to its neighbour, being greatly thicker, and much lower; the inclination, however, is very remarkable, a stone dropt from the summit of this last falling nine feet beyond the base.

On forsaking this ancient portion of the city a very different scene is opened: broad streets, lined with

* These towers were erected in the year 1109, the name of the architect being preserved at the base of the one more entire. The inhabitants hold these ancient relics in great veneration; and they are at present undergoing a general repair.

(*Note of the Author.*)

magnificent arcades, noble palaces, monasteries, public halls, churches, the academy of painting, and houses of individuals. In the architecture of the colonnades, which offer so delightful a shade to the passenger, we may occasionally observe a whimsical indulgence of fancy, displaying capitals in every variety of form, with a studious endeavour that each should differ from the other; but the prevailing taste is chaste and good. Brick is much used in the buildings of this city; and in such climates it wears well, affording a fine quality of surface to receive the plaster, which in the preparation for fresco-painting is very important. The bricks for the pillars are cast in moulds, so that each forms a segment of a circle, and several compose the shaft of the pillar. The floors of the arcades are paved either with flag-stone nicely prepared, or smoothly laid with brick. Some of the arcades (especially those leading from the theatre) are so broad, as easily to admit of ten or twelve persons walking abreast.

Many of the arches, as also the interior of the colonnades, are painted in fresco, some of which, executed in a most masterly style, are in the highest preservation. The custom of employing artists to paint the outside of buildings is very singular. How strange it seems to us, to imagine Procaccini, Guido, Caracci, etc., standing on a scaffold to ornament the house of perhaps the most ordinary individual!

The front of the ancient palace, in which the courts of justice are held, was once adorned by the most exquisite designs, in fresco, of the two last-mentioned

artists, who on this occasion are said to have laboured to excel each other.

The possessions of this city (the school and birthplace of the Caracci, of Domenichino, Guido, and Albano,) in paintings of public and private property, are incalculable. Of late the latter has been considerably diminished by very extensive sales, but the public collection contained in the Gallery of the Institute, may be regarded as being one of the finest in Europe. I shall shortly notice those which appeared most deserving of attention.

THE ACADEMY OF PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

A very fine Descent from the Cross, by Cignani, by some attributed to Tiarini. The figures are considerably smaller than life, which might be supposed to hurt the general effect, but the composition is so perfect as to leave no feeling on the mind but that of admiration. The drawing and colouring of our Saviour's body are in such a style of excellence, as to give the most affecting expression to a representation generally so painful: his figure, forming the great central light of this touching picture, is stretched out with the finest truth of nature. It is the silent motionless rigidity of death, yet bearing a character full of interest, having nothing of the tame flat drawing and cadaverous colouring so frequently seen in this subject. The head and left hand are supported; while the right, which is drawn with exquisite skill, hangs down lifeless and stiff.

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The Madonna del Rosario, by Domenichino. A very superb picture. The subject represented is that of St Gregory, the Pope, praying to the Virgin Mary in the Heavens to liberate the faithful from trouble and persecution on earth. The beseeching attitude of the saint, a grand expanded melancholy figure with extended arms, as in a prayer that embraced all the world, is powerfully expressed, while the various sufferings of the Christian church are finely personified, and the figures composing the lower part of the painting admirably executed. The whole composition and expression of this picture may be ranked as standing in the first class.

In the hall of the Academy, a painting of Parmigiano, Guido's master, representing the Virgin in Heaven, surrounded by innumerable heads of angels, and below, St Michael, St John, Santa Catherina, and Apollinare, in adoration. The colouring is fresh, beautiful, and deep-toned, and the shades of the drapery and dark sides of the figures finely wrought, but the composition is in a stiff elementary style, which, although admired by connoisseurs, is, in my opinion, wanting in grace and expression. The heads of the angels around the Virgin are as regular as a circle of a Gothic fringe above an arched door, and the figures below painted in the same spirit of strict uniformity.

The Adoration, by Innocenzo da Imola, the great imitator of Raphael. The Virgin and child in Heaven, St Michael, with the Dragon under his feet, St Peter, and St Domenic, on either side in adoration. This artist

is considered as being most happy in his attempts after the celebrated master, whose manner he avowedly copies; but say what they will of Imola and his imitations, when I see a picture such as this I must take the liberty of expressing my sentiments, and to my conception the character of the whole is wanting in harmony, the colouring, composed of untempered green and yellow, is glaring, the sky a uniform blue, and the figures red and gaudy; St Dominic being, in my opinion, the only dignified and well-drawn figure in the piece.

The Martyrdom of St Agnes, formerly belonging to the church of that name, and ranked among the finest productions of Domenichino. A deep-toned, grand, and richly painted picture, crowded with figures, and a back ground of fine action. The serene and beautiful countenance of the saint is irradiated by an expression of rapt holiness and heavenly resignation, infinitely touching, and finely contrasting with the terror and amazement described with admirable skill and effect in the attitudes of the surrounding multitude. The episode of the two women forming the foreground of one corner of the picture, who are represented as hiding the face, and stilling the screams, of a terrified child, affords a scene of fine action very admirably delineated. But yet the act of the martyrdom is too deliberate. The murderer, plunging the dagger into her bosom, should turn off with something of horror from a deed committed in cold blood, unexcited by any principle of fury or revenge.

God the Father, by Guercino, formerly belonging to the church of Jesus and Maria. The Almighty is represented with the left hand resting on the globe, the right being raised in the clouds, and the Holy Spirit seen hovering over his head. The countenance is that of an old man, having a long beard and grey hairs; the figure is enveloped in the folds of a rich Cardinal's cloak, while on his brow an expression of anxious thought is seated, wrinkling the forehead with deep lines of care, as if meditating with perplexity on the world he had created. The circumstance of Guercino's having executed this picture in one night by the light of flambeaus, seems to be perfectly ascertained; but it is difficult not to regret that the artist had chosen for proof of his celebrity a task so difficult, or, I ought rather to say, impossible, as that of representing the Eternal Father.

The superb picture of the Murder of the Innocents, by Guido Reni. A most powerful piece, and composed with wonderful effect and skill. The figures are of the full size of life; the terror, dismay, and wildness of the different groups, are admirably portrayed, and, notwithstanding the violence of the action, each head is beautiful as that of an angel; the naked ruffians, with their uplifted daggers and sacrilegious hands stained with blood, are drawn in the finest style, and with all the energy of pitiless soldiers inured to such deeds. The outcry of one mother, dragged by her scarf and hair, and held by one of these men till he reaches her child; the pale dishevelled aspect of another,

breathless with terror, fainting, and delayed in her flight from agitation; the despair and agony of a third beyond these, who sits wringing her hands over her slaughtered babes; the touch of madness pictured on the fine countenance, which is uplifted with an indescribable expression of the utmost agony; the murdered babes filling the lower corner of the picture, lying on the blood-stained marble, so pale, so huddled together, so lifeless, yet so lovely and innocent in death, present an historical picture, perhaps the most domestic and touching that was ever painted. The broad shadows, the correctness, roundness, and simplicity of drawing in the whole, are inconceivably striking, the colour consistent and harmonious, no one point overlaboured, yet no effect neglected.

An Adoration by Ludovico Caracci. An inimitable painting, in which the artist has displayed the richest stores of genius. The countenance of the Virgin is exquisitely beautiful; a veil, touched with great skill, covers her head, falling in light folds over the bosom and shoulders; and the child, presenting all the animated graces of infantine loveliness, is full of life and nature. St Francis in adoration, and kissing the child's hand, is painted in a dark tone, not to interfere with the principal figures, and is yet finely made out, as are the angels and the other accompaniments of the picture; the colouring soft and sweetly tinted; the whole being, with wonderful art and keeping, entirely subordinate to the great object of the composition.

The much celebrated Santa Cecilia of Raffaello; a

work esteemed to be among the first productions of this great master. Santa Cecilia is represented with a lyre, held by both hands, carelessly dropped; the head turned up towards Heaven, with a beautiful pensive countenance, having an expression of concentrated and exalted feeling, as if devoting the best faculties and gifts of God to God, is deeply and touchingly impressive; her drapery is of finely enriched yellow, thrown over a close-drawn tunic; St Paul, a superb dignified figure, fills one corner; St John, drawn with a greater expression of simplicity and delicacy of form, is next to him; St Augustine, another grand figure; and Mary Magdalene, like a sister of the Heaven-devoted Cecilia, stands close by her. All the figures are in a line, but so finely composed, and the disposition of the lights and shades such, as to produce the effect of a beautiful central group, consisting of Santa Cecilia, Mary Magdalene, and St Peter. Musical instruments scattered on the fore-ground fill it up, but without attracting the eye; a pure blue element forms the horizon, while high in the Heavens a choir of angels, touched with the softest tints, is indistinctly seen. The Martyrdom of St Peter, by Domenichino, from a church at some distance from Bologna; a very fine picture, but containing all the puerile absurdities so often characterizing compositions on these subjects. St Peter is a large solitary figure, living alone in a wilderness, with a poniard standing upright in his breast, and a hatchet cleaving his head in twain, the hatchet sticking in his skull like a woodman's axe driven home in a log. What can an

artist be thinking of who composes such a scene? not of truth or nature. Perhaps the Monks, who employed him, required that the hatchet and poniard should be left in this manner to prevent mistakes. From the wound inflicted by the hatchet, the blood is seen streaming down the temples, and gushing with still greater force around the poniard. Yet, incredible as it may seem, all this does not destroy the powerful expression of the picture. The elevated and exalted resignation painted on the features of a noble countenance, the effect of the black drapery cast around the kneeling figure, and held in one large majestic fold by the left hand, has a combined effect of grandeur and chaste simplicity, which is inexpressibly fine.

A St Sebastian, by Guido Reni; a wonderful sketch in a very simple style. St Sebastian, youthful and beautiful, with the most manly, yet slender form, is represented with the left foot firmly planted, the right standing a little higher, raised on a stone, the knee slightly bent, the hands tied behind and fastened to a tree, from which the figure seems bursting away, not with an action of violence or of despair, but as if in youthful strength. The head of the young enthusiast, passionately turned up to Heaven, is exquisitely foreshortened, and shaded with black hair, curling almost in a circle round his fine open forehead. The rounding and display of the shoulder and its parts, the expansion of the flat wide chest, the Apollo-like slenderness, yet manliness of the limbs, the negligent flow of the slight drapery thrown round the middle, the effect

of the light, falling down almost perpendicularly on the head and shoulder, the just proportion of the figure to the canvass, with the low unfinished tint of the distant landscape, render this the finest sketch perhaps in existence.

The Flagellation of our Saviour, by Ludovico Caracci; a wild and savage production, portraying a scene totally unsuitable to the dignity of the Saviour of mankind. Characters of touching sublimity, of pity, of submission, or resignation, are consistent with the Godhead on earth, as an atonement, or an example, for all the human race; but a representation so revolting, as is here delineated, is at once a violation of good taste and good feeling. Two red dark-coloured ruffians, resembling figures in Vulcan's cave, are busied, one barbarously pulling up the wrist and right arm of our Saviour to a pillar, while the other holds his head by the hair, almost down to the ground, in a prostrate and ignominious posture, too degrading to be seen in connexion with religious feelings, or in reference to the sacred record. Our Saviour's subjugated figure is so bent down, that the countenance is nearly hidden. The tone of colouring is of a dull red tint; but the drawing of the whole is good, and the foreshortening of the figures finely managed.

A printing by Innocenzo da Imola; free from the faults noticed in his last-mentioned composition, but formal, hard, and far from pleasing.

Samson resting after slaying the Philistines, by Guido Reni; a most superb picture. Samson may be styled a

magnificent representation of youthful strength; and the large manly figures of the Philistines lying upon each other, worthy of being so slain, by miraculous power. The Jewish hero, resting one foot upon the piled bodies of the dead, has his head turned up to heaven, not in triumph, but in thankfulness. The low lying landscape, rising into brightness in the soft tints of early dawn; the distant view of the camp of the Philistines; the grandeur and noble elevation of mind delineated in the form, contour, and action of the conqueror, thus represented alone in the midst of death; the admirable drawing and foreshortening of the bodies heaped on each other; and the deep solitude and silence that seem to pervade the whole, are inexpressibly fine. Nothing barbarous or brutal is represented; no blood is seen. It is one great simple epic story. A fine and solemn scene, forming a very inestimable picture.

The Crucifixion, by Guido, from the suppressed church of the Capuchines. The agony of our Saviour; the gentle love and adoration of St John the fervour with which Mary Magdalene, kneeling, embraces the lower part of the cross; the last drooping of Mary; the mournful solemnity, the sombre tint of the landscape, are very striking. It is, perhaps, the finest and most finished picture in existence. The magnificent size of the figures, the fulness without heaviness of the drapery, the deep fine tone of the colouring, with the impression excited from the awful stillness of the scene, are wonderful.

The Annunciation, by Tiarini; a singularly beautiful, delicate, and elegant picture; if it has a fault, it is that of being too beautiful; the Virgin too familiar; I would almost say, too naïve; but still an exquisite, deep-toned, and precious work.

There are many other paintings in the Academy well worthy of attention.

I shall now mention a few of the most remarkable contained in the churches and palaces of the city.

PALAZZO SAMPIERE.

The ceiling of the first hall of this palace is by Ludovico Caracci, in which Jupiter with the Eagle, and Hercules, are represented, and are in form, dignity of feature, and magnificence of character finely suited to harmonize as a group. The muscular figure and gigantic bulk of Hercules is imposing, without extravagance; a perfect acquaintance with the human figure is displayed, with admirable foreshortening, and great skill and boldness in composition and execution. The artist's knowledge of anatomy is discoverable from his correct proportions and fine bendings, but is not obtruded on the eye by caricatured or forced lines. On the chimney-piece of the same room there is a piece by Augustine Caracci, representing Ceres with her torch in search of Proserpine; and in the back ground, the figures of the Rape of Proserpine by Pluto. This is not so fine a work. The story is not well told. The figures in the back ground are straggling, and too

distinctly seen in the clear yellow of a pale sky. The ceiling of the second hall is by Hannibal Caracci, representing the Apotheosis of Hercules, received, after the end of his labours, into Heaven, and conducted by Virtue, who is leading the way. But here we find Hercules become much older, and without any portion of the dignity which characterized his features and aspect in the first painting, by the brother of this artist; the figure of Virtue is heavy; and her action, which seems to be that of pushing up with both hands a small round dark cloud, as if to gain admittance to Heaven, is ungraceful. Neither the invention nor composition of this piece is good: there is no aerial lightness, no delusion in the perspective; and the colouring is as flaming as if fresh from a brass-founders's shop, the figures and sky having throughout a bright brazen tint. This painting is, however, mentioned as being a fine work; but (as I have already said) I have often had occasion to observe the imposing effect produced by a great name. The ceiling of the third hall, by Augustino Caracci, represents Hercules and Atlas supporting the globe. The two figures are not well grouped, but are standing opposed to each other in a sort of discontented humour, rather like rivals than mutual labourers. As academic figures, and as evincing skill in difficult foreshortening, the piece has great merit, although even this portion is not quite faultless, as the right limb of Atlas is bad, and the left thigh which is raised in the air too long. The painting on the chimney-piece, by the same master,

in which Hercules is represented holding down Cacus, and ready to pierce him with the sharp edge of his club, is rather a feeble production. The ceiling of the fourth hall is by Guercino. The subject represents Hercules strangling Antaeus. A superb piece, with fine deep-toned colouring, and wonderful power of *chiaroscuro*. The figure of Hercules is very grand, but seems to have occupied rather too much of the artist's care. It is undoubtedly necessary to keep down the subordinate characters in a piece, but hardly so much as we find it in this group. Antaeus is wanting in vigour; the resisting arm is not drawn with force or bulk corresponding to the action; neither are the figures sufficiently connected. The subject being to exhibit the choking of Antaeus by Hercules, the effect would have been heightened, and the act of struggling more powerfully expressed, had he been pressed home to the body of Hercules, and had the arms of the subdued figure been clasped in agony, in the tight grasp of his adversary. But the whole piece, although liable to these criticisms, is a work of great vigour, and unquestionable merit.

In one of the accompanying ornaments of the ceiling there is a beautiful little painting by Guercino, of Love (I think it should have been Ganymede) carrying off the spoils of Hercules, the skin of the Nemean lion, and the club. The motto under it is « *haec ad superos gloria pandit* ».

There is also a very fine collection of pictures in the Marescalchi.

CATHEDRAL.

I shall now proceed to take a slight view of the paintings of the churches of Bologna, beginning with the Cathedral. The exterior of this edifice, which is not of ancient date, is not recommended by any particular merit, and has a dome according to the French manner, to me most offensive; but the architecture within, of Corinthian pilasters, with a frieze and deep cornice, is good, and the whole rich, light, and elegant. In the sanctuary, there is an Annunciation, a fresco painting by L. Caracci; interesting only as being his last work, this having been finished immediately before his death. Nothing is more remarkable than the various degrees of merit exhibited at different times in the works of the same master. The artist has his happy moments of inspiration, exciting the mind to the highest excellence; but these, even in the first class of talent, must have their ebb and flow.

The Repentance of St Peter, by Aretino, of the Florentine school;—the colouring of this painting is bad, but the drawing very fine. Peter is represented amidst the twelve Apostles, receiving the keys; the composition good, and colouring powerful, but the draperies rather heavy and ungraceful, and the sky cold. In one of the side chapels there is a very excellent picture by Graziani. The subject, the Baptism of St John. The composition is well conceived, and the colouring beautiful: but the expression of the whole

is injured by a certain mythological cast, observable in many of the works of the period. The Evangelist is surrounded by innumerable little fluttering angels, which greatly spoil the dignity and solemnity of a christian scene. Such representations should be distinguished by a noble chaste simplicity, true to feeling and to nature.

THE CHURCH OF ST DOMINIC.

The dome of the sixth chapel of this church, executed in fresco by Guido, is esteemed one of the finest works of this celebrated master. The roof forms a semicircular arch, in the centre of which St Dominic is represented ascending into paradise, received by our Saviour on the one hand, by the Virgin Mary on the other. In the highest circle of the dome, a soft radiance, emanating from the Holy Spirit, illuminates the picture, touching, with partial lights, the heads of our Saviour, of Mary, and the Saint, who are placed at equal distances; while a choir of angels, exquisitely designed, and finely coloured, fills the space below; the foreground being occupied by a number of musical instruments, violoncellos, guitars, violins and harps, which are arranged with wondrous skill and effect. The composition of the whole rises in a fine pyramidal form, harmonizing at once with the subject, and the proportions of the dome.

The Altar Piece of the Chapel, by Lombardi is well

worthy of notice. * There is also a very excellent picture, a work of much expression and detail, by Lionello Spada, the subject of which is the burning of some books, probably on the doctrines of the Albigeni, after having been converted by St Domenic. One person is seen holding the chafing dish, while another is lying down and blowing; while one of the aged spectators is seen putting on his spectacles to read the title of a book held by one of the followers of the Saint. The picture is fourteen feet high, but although the width is not in just proportion, being too narrow it is nevertheless good. Opposite to this painting there is a fine Nativity, by Alexander Casini, a pupil of Caracci. The Church of St Bartolomeo.—In the fifth chapel of this church, we find Guido's celebrated picture of the Virgin and Child, a most exquisite composition, simple and touching.

* This altar is adorned by two small statues sculptured by Michael Angelo in early youth. At a later period by order of Pope Julius the Second, on his taking possession of Bologna, he executed a work in bronze of exquisite merit, representing his Holiness. The statue measured nine feet and a half in height, and weighed 17300 p. Julius it appears like some other critics of Buonarrotti, who were unable to appreciate the power and energy which so peculiarly characterised the productions of this great master, on seeing the model of the intended work, and observing the right hand stretched forth as in the act of blessing, he laughingly inquired: Do I bless or curse! Holy Father, answered Michael Angelo, you menace in case your people are not wise. The artist then asked his Holiness, if he should not place a book in the left hand of the statue: A book! exclaimed the Pope, no; let me grasp a sword, I know nothing of letters. This fine work only survived five years; at the end of which period in the year 1511 Bologna being repossessed by Bentivoglio, it was destroyed by his partisans, the bronze sold to Duke Alphonso of Ferrara, and by him converted into a canon denominated the Julian.

(Note of the Ital. Trans.)

It is held so precious that they have very properly framed and glazed it. The history of the preservation of this little valuable work, when the French were in this city, is told here with great interest. During their stay in Bologna it was carefully concealed in what was styled the Madonna's Chamber, and is now again replaced upon the altar.

The altar Piece by Franceschini, on the Martyrdom of St Bartolomeo; a grand but horrible picture, yet less savage than the statue of Milan on the same subject, as here at least the actual representation of torture is spared. The saint is tied and drawn up high on a tree ready for sacrifice; two ferocious figures are seen tightening the ropes, while a third is deliberately preparing to excoriate one of his legs, where a little blood appears, but there, and there only. This church is in a very chaste and good style of ornament. Corinthian pilasters with deep capitals, the pannelling prettily painted, relieved by slight and delicate gilding, and the whole simple and elegant.

The Church of St Petronius, the patron saint of Bologna, (in which the meridian executed by the celebrated Cassini, is preserved,) is a fine Gothic edifice. Among the paintings in this church, the picture contained in the last chapel, executed by Guercino, may be esteemed one of the finest. The subject represents St Thomas composing on the subject of the Eucharist, with two inspiring angels. Their wings are perhaps rather heavy, and their limbs a little straggling, but the design and manner of the whole is very superior

ST LUKE.

The Church of the Madonna of St Luke; so named, as being the repository of the painting representing the Virgin and Child, said to be executed by that Apostle. The church is situated on the summit of Monte Guardi, commanding a most extensive and beautiful prospect. In one direction the view is bounded by the long range of Appenines, seen rising dark and green in the distance. Far towards the east, the Adriatic, or Gulf of Venice, opens to the view, while, in rich and varied grandeur, spread out in the plains below, the eye distinguishes innumerable fine cities, Ferrara, Modena, Mantua, and part of Tuscany, with villages, convents, and churches interspersed, the whole relieved by the brightest verdure, gay and sparkling under the influence of the clear blue of a serene sky. A portico, composed of more than seven hundred arcades, forms a noble covered gallery, reaching from the walls of the city to the church, a distance of three miles, renders the ascent towards it every way delightful. The singular erection, the enchanting prospect, and fresh breeze, inhaled on reaching the summit of Monte Guardi, is, however, the chief reward offered to the traveller for visiting the church of the Madonna of St Luke. The painting, which is carefully locked up in a recess above the great altar, was shown with much appearance of mystery, and such haste, as to have caused some difficulty in discovering either the beauty

of the Madonna, or value of the case in which she was enclosed, which (we were told) was of gold set with diamonds. A painting, in another part of the church, represents this picture when on its journey here in a large wooden box, as flying self impelled.

The most splendid procession of Bologna is that held in honour of this Madonna, the miracles performed by her having been very surprising, and more so than those imputed to any other in the city.

In this slight survey of works of art in Bologna, I must not omit mentioning the statues of the celebrated artist of that name, preserved in this city as a memorial of him, although I must acknowledge that on this their chief claim to notice rests. Neptune, who presides over the fountain, is a colossal heavy figure in the attitude of preaching, and wondering at, rather than commanding, the waves of the ocean; boys in the four corners are represented as having bathed small dolphins, which they are holding by the tail to make them spout water, while four female Tritons fill the space beneath; these fold their marine extremities between their limbs, and press their bosom with their hands, to cause the water to flow. The whole composition and manner is quaint, somewhat in the French style, and such as I should have been less surprised to find at Versailles than at Bologna. The principle of thus adorning the squares or public edifices of a city is good, but the accomplishment offers many difficulties. The designs being necessarily colossal, faults, whether in general composition or in anatomical accuracy, are easily de-

tected, while, at the same time, the facility of viewing the work from every direction, calls for a double portion of knowledge and attention from the artist. A statue, opposite to this fountain, of Pope Gregory the XIII, is good but strangely disfigured from a whimsical accident: his crozier is like a Goliath's spear or a weaver's beam; and on inquiring into the cause of this inconsistency, I was informed that the French, offended with the pastoral shaft, had taken it and the cap away, and now the municipality thought they could not do too much to restore him, and so gave him one as thick as his leg. They took down the old inscription, substituting this, « Divus, Papa, Patronus. »

APPROACH TO FLORENCE.

After a residence of a few days we left Bologna, which we did not forsake without regret. Many circumstances in a peculiar manner tend to awaken attention in the traveller who visits this city. The singular beauty of the surrounding country, the high cultivation of science, its valuable possessions in the arts, as also the courtesy and amenity which so entirely characterize the manners and tone of society, powerfully combine to excite the most lively interest, and to leave impressions on the mind not easily forgotten.

The road from this city to Florence is through valleys and over mountains. Passing by the Porta Fiorentina, we first coursed a Highland valley by the side of a beautiful stream, where a mill is seated, in a most

picturesque spot, with mountain scenery, rising in fine perspective from behind, and in front, up to the summit of the Alps, across which our road lay. After passing the village of Pianoro, we proceeded to ascend the great chain of the Appenines, separating the plains of Lombardy from Tuscany; winding our way along a narrow road, sometimes bordering the edge of a precipice on one side, while on the other the mountains, clothed with fine trees, growing in every wild and fantastic form, rise precipitously; at other times, our path lay inclosed by rocks, which, occasionally opened by chasms, suddenly offered to our view the distant perspective of the country we had passed.

At Lojano the first stage from Pianoro the prospect becomes more extensive; here the eye may trace the chain of mountains from Turin, Milan, Verona, the plains of Padua, and Lombardy, through which the majestic Po, with its tributary streams course onwards to the sea. We passed the night in this place, at a little inn, situated in a sequestered romantic spot, from which, at the distance of eleven miles, there is a volcano, called Pietra Mala, the stones of which are said to be almost always red. I wished much to visit this phenomenon, interesting to me, as being the first volcanic matter which I had any opportunity of examining; but I was forced to leave my curiosity ungratified. Next morning, after a very steep ascent of about two hours, we reached Covigliaio, and here we had our first distinct view of the Adriatic.

From this spot the road becomes less precipitous,

and after a most pleasing and winding drive, we reached the Maschere, the first stage from Lojano, being about eighteen miles from Florence. This house, which formerly belonged to a nobleman, and is now converted into an inn, offers nothing peculiar in its aspect, presenting only a tame flat style of architecture; but its site is the most singular, commanding, and beautiful, imaginable. Seated on the highest summit of the Appenines, it overlooks the brow of a mountain, which, although covered with trees, is almost perpendicular; while on the plain far below lies the beautiful vale of Arno, bound by a circle of magnificent hills, sometimes rising in acclivities, sometimes in polished knolls or bold promontories, cultivated to the very summit with the vine and olive, interspersed with fruit and forest trees, and thickly studded with villas, convents, and churches, presenting an aspect of extraordinary animation and beauty. Turning from the contemplation of this rich, lively, and cultivated landscape to the bold country spread abroad among the Appenines behind the Maschere, you behold a prospect finely contrasting nature in all its most polished splendour, with the wild and majestic grandeur of mountain scenery. The singular and striking beauty of this spot often arrests the steps of the traveller journeying towards Florence, or returning thence, insomuch that many meaning to pass on, have been induced to remain, even for weeks, at the Maschere. We also stopped a short time, but impatient to reach the termination of our journey, health alone caused the delay. After reposing two days,

we once more set forth, and bowling lightly along a fine road; running in a rapid descent, reached the gates of Florence early in the morning of a beautiful day, and drove at full speed to the Hotel di York, in the centre of the city.

I shall now suspend my journal, and confine myself to such general remarks as may arise from surrounding objects, describing the most distinguished specimens in the arts, comprising the several branches of architecture, statuary, and painting, as a source of relaxation and relief from my more serious labours, as also with the view of assisting the researches of the young traveller, by directing his attention to those works which are more especially worthy of notice.



CHAPTER FIFTH.

FLORENCE — TUSCAN ARCHITECTURE — PUBLIC BUILDINGS —
 PODESTA' — PALAZZO VECCHIO — DUOMO — ST MICHAEL'S TOWER —
 PALACES — LOGGIA DEI LANZI — STATUES IN THE SQUARE.

FLORENCE.

WHILE the eye rests on this far-famed and beautiful city, its magnificent edifices, fine architecture, and antique buildings, rising in dark and imposing majesty, its bridges, and its noble river, watering, far as the eye can reach, the vale of the lovely Arno, the mind insensibly wanders back, and recalls the days when turbulence and bloody feuds raged within the walls; when on the surrounding amphitheatre of hills, now luxuriant with the olive and vine, and richly studded with peaceful dwellings, stood, proudly frowning, the castellated towers of the feudal chief, at once a terror and protection to the city. Of these towers scarcely a trace remains.

The imagination unconsciously embodies the aspect of Florence with its history, and the recollection of what it has been, seems to form an integral part with its present appearance. The mind dwells on the days of other times, their troubles, horrors, and glories; and the fancy not unwillingly rests on the early pictures of a city, whose ardent spirit, ambition, and genius, thus produced an eventful and ever-changing scene.

We behold them in fearful and rapid alternation, now with the noble spirit of equitable patriotism, encouraging the arts, and balancing power; and now, suddenly plunged into anarchy, with all its dismal train of horrors.

We find, in tracing the earlier periods of Florentine history, a wide field for speculation, where, though much is left to conjecture, there is likewise much to interest the philosopher, and to excite the imagination. The Florentines appear to have been a bold and ingenious race; and we are led to attribute the fearful feuds which convulsed the city, staining her streets with blood, and darkening the pages of her annalists, no less to the result of national character, than to the effect of moral causes bearing upon a high-minded people, fighting for renown and independence.

The love of science and the arts, for which they have been so peculiarly distinguished, and which was constantly found mingling with all their warlike habits and passions, bespeaks a high strain of genius, which still serves to ennoble and adorn their eventful history.

Florence should be the very school of the fine arts. Even in the period when Italy shone brightest in mental powers—when science and learned men enlighrened the rest of Europe, Florence, high in the scale of recorded merit, enjoyed pre-eminence. To the distinctions of splendid talent she added a sedulous application to the sources of wealth. While she fought for independence, and protected science, she enriched her people by widely extended commerce. A merchant was

there a proud appellation, and constantly found among her nobles and her rulers. The elevated station which this republic attained, and which, for a season, shed such lustre on her name, had its birth in the combined influence of the talent, wisdom, wealth, and magnificent spirit, which adorned the House of Medici. Yet it was by slow stages that she rose to such distinction: centuries of devastation, turbulence, and bloodshed, preceded this luminous era. †

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TUSCAN ARCHITECTURE.

The Tuscan architecture may be described as presenting the image of simple grandeur. Strength and power have been considered as the sole guides on which the Etruscan architect founded his principles; but if force, security, and the means of defence, were originally his only objects, these soon gave place to a higher sentiment, combining nobleness with strength.

The great masters who flourished in the time of Cosmo de Medici, could not be ignorant of Grecian architecture; but, while introducing Grecian ornaments, it is evident they acted on the principle of perpetuating the Etruscan style, the most prominent features of which, I should say, were the vast stones, the noble square forms of their edifices, and their deep, heavy, projecting cornices.

† The Author had made notes for a sketch of the history of Florence, but as these had not undergone any revision by himself, the Editor has not published them.

The great Michael Angelo had peculiarly the talent of combining in architecture the rustic with the polished, the Etruscan with the Roman, and the ancient with the modern style. The masters of that period retained the bases of the Etruscan, varied by the Roman and Grecian; but still the original style is to be traced in all their most finished buildings, a style powerful, and peculiarly marked by strength. It was hereditary, and they were fond of it; it was grand, and it pleased them; it suited the warm climate in its courts and halls, and was adapted to warlike times, from the depth and strength of its walls.

Strabo says, the most ancient Tuscan buildings were great masses of hewn stones, built without cement, such as neither weather nor time could destroy.

In the noble edifices and palaces erected in the first ages of restored art, the Florentines have maintained the simple square forms, and grand models of earlier times. They have retained the ground stone line, the coarse rustic base, the large stones, the iron rings, the stone seat, the massiveness, squareness, and the grand projecting cornice above, giving shelter from the glowing light of the mid-day sun.

Every house was a garrison; and the city had that gloomy cast, which all the splendour of the Ducal court, and of the embassies of foreign powers, and her excellence in art, have not entirely changed.

The walls round Florence form a circumference of five miles, and, in ancient times, were guarded by sixteen towers, having an equal number of gates. In

the year 1455, Cosmo de Medici caused the circle of the wall to be extended, at which period the towers were either entirely demolished, or cut down, their existence being now only to be traced where their foundations were left to strengthen the walls. The passage across each bridge was defended by similar edifices; so as were many of the palaces and houses of individuals. The effect of these towers must indeed have been singularly striking and grand; an observation we find made in the *Viaggio Pittorico*, where the destruction of these ancient monuments, which guarded the walls of Florence, is mentioned with much regret. Their removal, or at least the diminishing of their number, in the interior of the city, which took place at the same period, Machiavelli mentions as having been a most salutary measure, not only as it lessened the temptation to civil broils, but also rendered the air more salubrious; the ravages of the plague, with which the city had been so often afflicted, being supposed to arise from the obstruction to ventilation which they occasioned. *

* The only vestiges of these antique buildings are to be found on Mount San Miniato, which bears on Porta San Niccolò. In the year 1525, this tower, even then partly in ruins, was converted into a regular fort by Michael Angelo Buonarroti. The moment was most interesting. The people, willing to regain that liberty which they thought had been invaded by some of the measures of Alexander, one of the descendants of the Medici, had dispossessed him of his authority, and banished him the city. Charles the Fifth of Germany, and Pope Clement the Seventh, espousing his cause advanced with their united force against Florence. The despair and consternation was general, when the singular talents and promptitude of this great master rescued the people (at least for

In the earlier periods preceding these events, the possession of a tower was the great distinction of every Florentine noble. It served as a castle for him and for his faction; it was a protection to his palace, to which it was attached, and rose in grandeur above the walls of the city. Within the ponderous jaws of the narrow portal of this fort, a stout man in armour was a defence against a thousand. Beneath the tower was a strongly vaulted portico, and through the roof of this, by a small square opening, was a passage into the tower, which was ascended by means of a rope.

When Totila spoiled the city, there were sixty-two towers defended by gentlemen of Florence. These arched porticos were the places of resort for the Guelph and Ghibelline factions.

But whatever might be the state of confusion into which the inhabitants of Florence were thrown by internal commotions, or the aggressions of foreign states,

the time) from the impending danger, he having raised fortifications with such skill as entirely to defend the city. The number of gates was at this time reduced to seven, each of which he guarded by new erections, the most distinguished of which were those planted on Mont San Miniato. The citizens, elated by the means of resisting the united power of two great potentates, maintained a dignified and fearless demeanour. The magistrates fulfilled their accustomed formulæ; justice was administered, shops frequented, and public games held as usual. One only change was observed, no bells were sounded in the night. But all proved vain; a scarcity of provisions compelling them, after a long resistance, at length to yield. A short time after this event, in the year 1531, Alexander obtained from Clement the Seventh the title of Duke, to which distinction his relation, Cosmo, received the added honour of being styled Grand Duke, conferred upon him in the year 1569 by Pope Pius the Fifth.

(Note by the Author.)

still, in the midst of every turmoil, they were careful to open every avenue by which their city might be enriched.

The merchants were engaged in wide-extended commerce, bringing wealth from distant shores, and bearing their proud state with Popes and Kings. Ambassadors from Florence graced every court in Europe—their relations were spread far abroad, and their influence had a powerful effect on public opinion; their houses were at once warehouses and palaces, the arcades, under which their midnight factions met, were by day the Exchange and the place of their trade. The very form of the palaces marks at once the Tuscan origin of the city and her feudal state.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

The architecture of Florence is grand and gloomy beyond that of all the other cities in Italy. Were these singular buildings displayed by greater breadth of street, or if these imposing fabrics could be translated to other cities, the vast and magnificent character which distinguishes the Tuscan style would then be seen. To this hour Florence bears the aspect of a city filled with nobles and their domestics,—a city of bridges, churches, and palaces. Each building has a superb and architectural form; the streets are short, narrow, and angular, and each angle presents an architectural view, fit to be drawn for a scene in a theatre; each house is a palace, and a palace in Florence is a magnificent pile of a

square and bulky form, of a grand and gloomy aspect, with a plain front, extending from two to three hundred feet, built of huge dark grey stone, each measuring three or four feet. A coarse rubble work rises in a solid form to twenty or thirty feet in height. A great grooved stone, or stybolate, sets off the building from the street, forming a seat which runs the whole length of the front; and which, in feudal times, was occupied by the dependants of the family: who there loitering in the sultry hours of the day, lay asleep under the shelter of the broad deep cornice, which projecting from the roof threw a wide shade below. The immense stones of this course front bear huge iron rings in capacious circles, in which sometimes were planted the banners of the family; at others they were filled with enormous torches, which, in times of rejoicing, burned and glared, throwing a lengthened mass of light along the walls. Not unfrequently merchandise was displayed, drawn through these rings, and sometimes also they served for tying up the horses of the guests.

The first range of windows, which are ten feet from the ground, are grated and barred with massive frames of iron, resembling those of a prison, and producing an effect singularly sombre and melancholy. The front of this building has on the second floor, styled *piano nobile*, a plain and simple architrave. The windows are high and arched, placed at a considerable distance from each other, and are ten or fifteen in number, according to the extent of the front. They were often so high from the floor within, that in turbulent times,

when the house was itself a fortress, the besieged, leaping up three or four steps to the window, would from thence view and annoy the enemy. The third story is like the second in plainness, and in the size of the windows. The roof is of a flat form, with a deep cornice and bold projected soffits, which gives a grand, square, and magnificent effect, to the whole edifice. The chimneys are grouped into stacks: the tops of which, increasing in bulk as they rise in height, resemble a crown; the slates with which they are constructed, are placed in such a manner as to produce the effect of ventilation, having a pliated form, resembling the fan heads of the inside of a mushroom. This gives a rich and finished aspect to the most trivial or most undignified part of the building. Immense leaden spouts, that project three or four feet, collect the waters, which, in the great rains of these countries, fall with extreme violence, descending with the rush and noise of torrents from the roof.

Two or three long flat steps lead to the porch of the palace; and the entrance is by a high arched massive iron gate, the doors of which are cross-barred, studded with iron and bronze nails, and the ornaments of the pannels are richly covered and embossed. The effect of these gates is very splendid. They open into a cortile or court, the base of which is encircled by a high arched colonnade, supported by marble columns. Beautiful gardens often adjoin the palace, and through a corresponding gate or iron-railings, the eye rests on the luxuriant verdure of rich foliage.

It was under these arcades, shaded from the noontide, and cooled by the waters of the fountain which occupy the centre of the court, that the rich merchandise of the east, and the rich silks and shawls and fine linen, and all the valuable manufactures of Tuscany, lay spread out, as in a place of exchange; while under vast, arched, and vaulted chambers, was stored the wealth which was there brought for sale. Entering from this court, a great stair-case leads to a suite of noble chambers, halls, and saloons, hung with silks, and richly adorned. The lofty ceilings are finely painted; the beams are always displayed, but are carved, ornamented, and gilded, so as to form a splendid part of the whole. The arcades of the court support the galleries, which, in former times, were generally filled with fine paintings, statues, vases, and precious relics of antiquity.

In such palaces, the rulers, the magistrate, the noble, and the merchant, dined, surrounded by their family and adherents. The manner of the times bore a character of manly simplicity, which singularly contrasted with the splendour of the rich possessions, and the importance of their political sway among nations,

The guests were seated not by rule, rank, or birth, but in the order in which they happened to arrive.

At the board of Lorenzo the Magnificent, whose court was adorned by the most distinguished men of the age, as well in letters and science as in rank, Michael Angelo and other celebrated artists were often seated next to himself; nor did these habits lessen the respect

or defence of the dependents, as we may judge by the picture given by Cellini and other writers of those days. From this combination of princely power and pristine simplicity, inducing that familiar intercourse of lord and dependents, of rich and poor, arose those friendly greetings, those salutations in the streets, which to this day excite the admiration of strangers. Such were the palaces of the Medici, the Ricardi, and the Strozzi; but they are now gloomy and silent. Their chambers no longer are filled with the elegant works of art, paintings, statues, and rich ornaments; the magnificence which marked the splendour of their name and state is no more seen, nor is the ear arrested by the merry sound of voices, or of people hurrying in the noisy busy throng of commercial bustle. Her palaces are solitary; a sabbath-like silence reigns in the streets, and the princes and merchants, the proud, the generous, the noble Florentines, who gave aid to kings, and succoured popes, are now a poor, subdued submissive race.

The Florentine artists did not rise into notice till towards the beginning of the thirteenth century. Arnolfo di Lapo, and Cinabue, are the first who find a place in the records of the annalists. These were followed by a succession of great artists, whose works and talents have stamped a name and character on their city.

Florence, like Athens, rose to power and splendour in fifty years. Her most celebrated men, whether distinguished in science and enterprize, or in deep and laborious researches in literature, flourished almost at

the same period. Learned institutions were formed : schools for the study of the Greek language revived ; and public discussions were held by different sects of philosophers, at which Cosmo and his grandson Lorenzo used to assist. The minds of the people, thus awakened to knowledge, acquired brilliancy, and refinement in taste and in science. One pursuit created another ; excellence produced excellence ; and ambition and rivalry begot talent.

We find the simple and majestic style of Arnolphi giving a severe and dignified aspect to Florence. It is a peculiar and integral style, different from every other that is derived from earlier times, and of which, Arnolphi, if he did not find it in Fiesole, must be considered the inventor. It is a style in which the master studied to produce one simple expression ;—that of grace and majesty, which is singularly calculated to give a character of dignity to a city. Florence is a school where every variety of architecture may be studied. There are distinguished three characters — the severe and imposing of Arnolfo di Lapo ; the refined Tuscan of Brunelleschi ; and the decorous and magnificent of Michael Angelo.

The genius of this last great master was peculiarly suited to the vast and noble Tuscan structure, which he combined with some of the finer Grecian proportions, and beautiful fantastic forms of the Gothic. The simplicity of earlier times was corrected by these bearing on the natural Tuscan bases, and the style was improved and enriched without its character being lost. To an

alliance of the Grecian architecture, with the simple majesty of the Tuscan, Michael Angelo added the well-spread out balcony, the noble window, the rich friezes, and the trellis work. If pilastres and columns in front had been also added, the Tuscan would have been entirely changed to the Grecian order.

One thing is peculiarly worthy of notice—the divisions and coarse chisellings of the rubble-work, with which the bases of these great edifices are ornamented, are essential to the effect and composition. It is like a wash in drawing, which, however slight, takes off the cold white glare, and gives a colour such as etching does in engraving. The gravity and solemnity of the stately masses is thus ensured, and the glare of an ardent sun, which often proves injuriously dazzling, is corrected. Were it not owing to this, such vast edifices as the palaces of the Strozzi or Ricardi, smooth and fair as a villa, would present a tame and insipid front, vast without grandeur, and requiring columns or other massive enrichments to give relief. These etchings contribute to gravity as well as ornament, uniting the whole, and giving the bases apparent strength to support the weight above.

Men of talents different from those of St Gallo, or Michael Angelo, attempted to amend and refine, by polishing and smoothing a grave and magnificent front, which derived grandeur from its dimensions. To this professional discovery, they gave the dignified name of *Pietra Serena*; and this, which suited well with small houses, or rich and delicate ornaments, they

extended over fronts that were consistent only with rude masonry and stones of great embossment, such as mark the antique and majestic style.

Cimabue, born in the year 1240, is the first who, in those early times of restored art, is supposed to have thrown expression into the human countenance. Arnolpho di Lapo, * born in 1232, was his pupil for design; for Cimabue, contrary to the usual practice, did not unite with his knowledge in painting, that of architecture and sculpture. The masters who followed him, generally combined these three arts, and were often also poets and men of great learning. Alberti, who flourished early in the fifteenth century, was one of the first scholars of his age; Orgagna, by whose name the Loggia de' Lanzi is generally distinguished, used to inscribe on his statues; « fece il Pittore, » and on his paintings, « lo Scultore. »

The ancients esteemed knowledge in almost every science essential to form a good architect. Vitruvius, whose elevated mind and disinterested spirit took the noblest view of his profession, enumerates the various branches of knowledge requisite, to which he gives an extension somewhat appalling to the young student. He requires that he should be master of design, have an acquaintance with geometry, optics, history, arithmetic,

* The father of this artist was also an architect, which has occasioned considerable confusion in respect to the dates of such edifices as were commenced by the father, and finished by his son, having only been distinguished by the general appellation of Arnolpho di Lapo, or sometimes Lapi.

(*Note of the Ital. Travels.*)



FIG. 1. THE PALAZZO VECCHIO, FLORENCE. (From the engraving by J. G. B. de Piles, 1788.)

and the principles of philosophy ; that he should not be ignorant of medicine , music, jurisprudence , or astrology, summing up the whole by an injunction to combine perseverance with ingenuity, and so produce excellence.

PUBLIC EDIFICES.

Hitherto I have confined my remarks to a general picture of the city. I now propose to make some observations on its architecture in different styles. The following list contains a few notes relative to the finer works, in the Gothic and Grecian manner, to be found in Florence.

The Podestà, now styled *il Bargello*, Palazzo Vecchio, the Duomo, St Michael's Tower, denominated *Or San Michele*, form the most remarkable examples of the earlier manner ; while along the Arno, and in the extremities of the city, are to be found noble specimens by Michael Angelo, of the rich and more finished style of modern times ; for in this small city, architecture may be studied in all its stages.

PALAZZO DEL PODESTÀ', OR IL BARGELLO.

Toward the year 1251, this edifice, originally called Palazzo Degli Anziani, or Podestà, was erected by Arnolfo di Lapo, and intended for the council and courts of justice, as also for the residence of three of

chief magistrates. These were the Gonfaloniere, * whose special duty was to administer justice; l'Esecutore, to preside over criminal causes; and il Capitano, to protect and support these in the administration of their several departments. The office of Esecutore was a new charge, having effect for the first time at the period of the erection of the Podestà, and was filled by Matteo dei Terribili d'Amelia. We are told that this palace was the first whose decorations displayed a rising taste for the arts; but its magnificence was not of long duration. Towards the year 1299, the seat of government was removed to Palazzo Vecchio, at which time this edifice was converted into a prison, and took the appellation of Il Bargello.

The severe and gloomy grandeur peculiar to the style of Arnolfo accorded well with the disorderly times of the republic. The Podestà stands up, a vast and stern monument of the character of these days, in its huge bulk, and deep impenetrable walls, within whose centre, silence, solitude, and secrecy, seem to reign; whilst its ponderous tower, crowned with embrasures, frowns in sullen and proud defiance of the lapse of time. Ages may roll in vain over its heavy and massive bulwarks. It is not built according to the architecture of the rude and barbarous nations of the north, nor of the Saracen, Gothic, or Greek; but as if it had been conceived in some feverish dream, and were meant by

* We learn from Villani that the office of Gonfaloniere, or Podesta, was first created in the year 1207,

(*Note of the Author.*)

its dismal aspect to terrify into subjection the spirit of a savage people.

This edifice was reared in times full of danger; when the state was divided by factions, assailed by secret conspiracies, or threatened by popular tumult. The magistrates and rulers, often the victims of these discontents, found safety only in vigilance and cruelty, and sought to supply by secret measures their defect of power.

At the portal of the palace gate was placed a silent monitor, termed *Tamburazione*, * through whose medium, as in the horrible era of revolutionary France, secret communications were conveyed to the state. The denunciation of the noble, or the citizen, was a safe and simple process. The anonymous informations being lodged in this receptacle, led to speedy and sure detection, the accused person being often hurried to prison without being aware that he was even suspected.

In the palace of the Podestà the judges sat in council, the affairs of state were deliberated upon, embassies received; and in days of revelry and public rejoicings, the festive board was here spread out for the illustrious stranger and royal guest, who not unfrequently graced their feasts; while far below, the prisoner, condemned on proof, or suspected of guilt, was thrust into secret cells, to suffer in silence. Dismal and full of danger as was the situation of the political offender thus delivered to the power of his enemies, his name might yet be

* This system was abolished in the year 1436.

remembered, and an account of his disappearance demanded. But a reign of mysterious terror more fearful followed this period; for here, leading from the collateral and subterraneous passages of Santa Croce, the Inquisition was established, the secrets of which dread tribunal none might reveal; and which, even to this day, is spoken of with a sort of mysterious horror. Communications on the subject are uttered in a suppressed tone of voice, and with an anxious eye, glancing round with suspicious care, as if walls might report tales and reveal secrets. The proceedings of this institution, conducted in silence and mystery, were of a nature to strike terror into the most manly and resolute heart. From the moment of accusation and conviction, nearly synonymous terms, it was death to hold any communication with the prisoner, or to give him food or consolation during the last moments of life, or even the sacred aids of religion; * none were suffered to approach him but his dark-minded tormentors. It is not long since the power of committing these legal crimes, as they may be truly styled, still existed; and a circumstance, which brought to light some of the horrors of this institution, occurred at a period not very remote.

A young man, convicted of the crime of eating meat on Friday, had been dragged from his native city, and lodged in the prisons of the Inquisition. In the

* This excessive rigour after the year 1345 was limited by government within certain restrictions and greatly modified.

(*Note of the Ital. Trans.*)

interval of his tortures he found means to pass to his prince's hands a letter and a sign. This prince, like Haroun Alraschid, was wont to sally forth, and to walk unattended and unknown through the streets of the city. At midnight he knocked at the gate; the priests of these mysterious cells recognised the voice of their prince with consternation; he forced his way, and found them at their dreadful work, with instruments of torture, and their victims pale, and wild with terror.

Within these cells, now emptied of their wretched inmates, these frightful engines of cruelty are still to be seen, hung up in triumph, as a tribute to injured humanity.

These times of religious persecution, and their attendant terrors, are gone by; but many are the forms in which suffering is found still to exist. He who visits this prison, even in these days, may approach it with feelings burning from recollections of the times, when scenes of tumult and violence were found within its walls; yet soon will he cease to meditate on what is past, and turn to the present picture of misery, which in this prison is displayed in every form of wretchedness.

It is difficult now to retrace in this dismal abode the spacious chambers and splendid galleries which once made it a palace. You pass through a square court of an antique gloomy cast; an arcade, which runs along the base, is supported by short thick columns, over which there is a second range of the same coarse form, with capitals of a mixed order; the whole of a dark grey stone, discoloured by time.

On the gate are two lions sitting on their haunches, the supporters of the arms of Florence ; while the walls of the court within are covered with monumental stones, on which the names of the nobles and citizens who held the offices of Podestà, captain, or judge, are inscribed, and on which are carved dragons, bears, and chained dogs, the arms of the palace. The staircase rises in flights, defended on one side by a coarse bulky railing of stone-work. Still as you advance in this dismal mansion, you behold, with increased pain, marks of desolation, and proofs of unnecessary severity in securing the wretched prisoners. The arched and grooved ceilings, and the ranges of magnificent pillars which once adorned this ancient edifice, are now intersected by strong masonry, dividing the cells, which are constructed by perforations in these deep and everlasting walls. A square aperture of three feet high forms the entrance into each of these dim abodes, each cell seeming rather a den than a chamber. The prisoner, forced to bend almost double, passes in, when a strong door, secured with bolts and bars of massive iron, closes on him, excluding all sound, except, perhaps, reverberation of the closing of another and another heavy door. The windows that run along this stupendous building are oblong, and from eight to twelve feet high. In these divisions are openings of the size of two feet, grated in double rows, with the addition of three strong bars across ; through which light and air are admitted to the cells ; and as you pass along, you behold a range of grim faces, some

pale, and worn by the ravages of disease, others presenting an aspect of sullen and remorseless gloom, without hope or care of life, fit for the axe or guillotine, the mode adopted in this country to inflict death on the criminal. From stage to stage, as you ascend from one narrow staircase to another, you find the same kind of prison, the same horrid visages meet your eye, fixing on your mind, and painfully haunting the imagination. Whatever offences may have been committed, whether robbery, murder, petty larceny, or prostitution, to which the wretched female is too often driven by beggary and famine, the mode of confinement is the same; and there seems to be no gradation in punishment. The solitary prisoner is not more guilty than another, who, perhaps, forms a group with his family. All appears to be directed by chance: there is no order or regulation; no jailor guards the court or the stairs; each cell is a prison, deep and fast. As I proceeded along, my conductors led me through a dismal gallery, appointed for the receptacle of the dead; three men lay extended in this loathsome place. Arrested by a sight so piteous, I gazed with sorrow on the wretches, whose crimes, whatever they had been, seemed expiated by death under an imprisonment so merciless. Two melancholy simple men who attended me, perhaps mistaking the source of my reflections, and believing us acquainted with the secrets and mysteries of the prison, shaking their heads emphatically, answered (as it were to the supposed subject of my thoughts) sorrowfully, they believed it was very true that these

men had indeed died of very want, « Sono spenti dalla fame. » The start of horror they observed in me alarmed them, as fearful of having betrayed an undivulged tale; and when pressed again simply to avow their personal opinion, they shrugged up their shoulders, declaring that they had eat very little, adding « ma che vuole, o signore, pazienza, » an expression often used to imply consolation, or resignation to what cannot be remedied. We enter an abode like this with terror, and leave it under a despondency that does not soon subside. « I'll go no farther, » I said, and left the place.

PALAZZO VECCHIO.

It is impossible to view this edifice without strong sensations; the imposing bulk, the gloomy grandeur of the architecture, with the noble antique tower, singularly combining to impress the imagination.

In the year 1298, this palace, then styled the National Palace, was erected by Arnolfo di Lapo, and intended for the double purpose of a residence for the presiding magistrates, and a place of assembly for public deliberation. At this period the number in the magisterial department was augmented, being formed of a Gonfaloniere and eight Priori, to each of whom two attendants, or secretaries, were assigned, besides one notary, who assisted them all.

These ministers of state were elected every two months, during which period they shared the same table, which was served at the public expense; nor

were they suffered to absent themselves, even for a single day, on any pretext whatsoever. It appears that the original plan designed by Arnolfo for this building was finer than that finally adopted. It united symmetry with grandeur, and would have enabled him to plant the building, which now stands obliquely, in fair and just proportion. But he met with insurmountable obstacles. Among the buildings to be thrown down to clear a sufficient space for this great fabric, the habitations of the Uberti, attached to the Ghibellini faction, were designated, and it was in vain that the architect reasoned or entreated; he could not prevail with the people to suffer that any part or portion of the National Palace should touch the ground which these habitations had occupied; and while thus obstinate in their antipathies, their prediction in favour of the antique tower of the Tiraboschi della Vacca led them to insist on it being incorporated in the buildings. It may easily be imagined how vexatious such trammelling must have proved to the architect; but though his plans in other respects were injured the decisions of the people, their interference in the preservation of this fine antique tower, constituting one of the grandest features in the general aspect of Florence, must be regarded as fortunate.

The entrance into the palace is through a superb but gloomy court, of an oblong form, supported on massive columns. These pillars, were, with singular skill and science, substituted by Michelozzo for those originally planted by Arnolfo. They are eight feet in circumfe-

rence, of admirable proportions, with plain but varied capitals.

Two figures, or Termini of Marble one by Bandinelli, and the other by his pupil Vincenzo Rossi are planted in the entrance of the court, which is adorned by a number of statues of gigantic proportions. — Among these, a Hercules slaying Casus, by V. Rossi of Fiesole, a scholar of Bandinelli, is considered fine, and in many points certainly it may be regarded as having merit. But the Florentine school had fallen into the bad taste of representing strength by mere bulkiness, (witness their statues in the hall of this palace.) This is evidently an error; heroic strength does not consist in vulgar squareness, but in grandeur of form, in energy, in fine well-pronounced muscles, in putting the face in its right place, (especially when displayed in the action;) a dignity of attitude, a consciousness, as it were, of irresistible power, should be discernible in the posture and form of every part and portion of the figure. Square forms and limbs, muscles crowded and knotted together, with a flat coarse face, and rough hair, go but a little way in expressing strength.

Passing along a gloomy staircase, leading to the great hall of this palace, you enter an apartment of vast and magnificent dimensions, of beautiful proportions, and fine architecture. The windows are noble, the light splendid, the walls richly painted, and lined with marble statues. A great platform crosses the apartment, occupying nearly a sixth part of the whole floor, from which you look down on the great part below.

The general effect is singularly striking and grand. The mind involuntarily figures the vast space spread out before you, filled, as in the times when it was erected, with contentious nobles and turbulent citizens, each girded with his sword, and bearing his spear and shield; you imagine them in all the perturbation and fury of a revolutionary throng, rising into some deed of passion, and filling the city with tumult and slaughter. From this platform, which runs along the whole width of the room, you descend into the hall below, which is about 150 feet in length, and 60 in width, with a most magnificent height of ceiling.

The fresco painting on the walls of the hall are by Vasari, and produce a showy effect, although defective in composition as well as in design. The groups chiefly consist of ill-fashioned men, and of large horses, with vast white round hips. The artist probably thought that what might be wanting in beauty would be made up in interest, as they represent the battles and victories of the Florentines. *

The ceiling is painted in oil by the same artist, but with more success; the colouring good, and the whole effect rich, from the gilding of the frames, beams, and joists. The chief talent possessed by Vasari seems to

* This nation was less generous than the Greeks, who, unwilling to perpetuate the memory of bloody contests, never suffered their trophies to be made of any materials more durable than baked clay, while the Florentines are so zealous to preserve the memory of their conquests, that to this day are to be seen in entering the city, the massive chains that guarded the gates of conquered Pisa.

(*Note of the Author.*)

have been that of singular expedition in his work. He gives an account himself of six figures, the size of life, in fresco, which he finished in two days. †

The statues, which are ranged along the walls of this palace, being all of tolerable composition, and when seen at a distance appearing without fault, produce a fine effect. Of these I shall select only a few for criticism.

On the platform opposite to the entrance of the great door stands a group by Bandinelli; where Pope Clement the Seventh is represented crowning Charles the Fifth; the Pope is sitting, and turns to the Prince, who kneels. The figure of the Pope is wanting in dignity, but the effect of the whole is very good.

A Group, by the same artist, representing Pope Leo the Tenth, with an uplifted hand, as presiding over the arts, is finely placed, seated as it were in a chapel, or recess, at the end of this great room, supported on either side by John and Alessandro de'Medici, but the figures are clumsy, and ungraceful.

Two statues in the garb of Roman Generals', repre-

† Fresco, considered as a decorative art, is, when finely done, a beautiful and precious style of painting. An example of the power and effect of which it is susceptible, I found in the Palazzo Acciaiuoli. The subject is scriptural, and is supposed to represent the parable of the labourers, who, having borne the heat and burden of the day, remonstrate on receiving also « one penny. » It is painted by an artist who flourished towards the middle of the fifteenth century. For breadth, roundness, fleshiness, and fulness of form, and for colouring, expression, composition, and nature, it is, perhaps, equal to anything of the kind, and undoubtedly the finest work in that style in Florence.

(Note by the Author.)

senting Cosmo, Pater Patriæ, and Cosmo, first Grand Duke of Florence, by Vincenzo Rossi, have the merit of simplicity, which, however, is all that can be said in their favour.

We next find the Labours of Hercules, executed by the same artist.

The Hercules and Antæus are very poor, but Hercules and the Centaur are more worthy of notice. The body of the Centaur is admirably wrought, and he kicks well, with his right leg against the knee of Hercules; but the whole is deficient in spirit and action. Hercules seems to pound with his club, with the deliberation of one who is playing with a Centaur, not killing him.

Hercules and Cacus, by the same artist, are finished with exquisite skill and care; but still the demigod lays on with polite deliberation, and Cacus, half raised on his elbow, submits with commendable quietness of demeanour.

A statue, in the costume of a Roman General, by this artist, has considerable merit; the posture is easy, the limbs are large, full, and round, without being clumsy; the drapery too is good, and the helmet finely executed.

A Group, personifying Victory, by Michael Angelo, next demands notice. Every work in statuary by this great artist must be interesting; and this statue, though far from equalling some of his later productions, has yet many points of excellence. The group represents a youth turning half round and bending over a crouching figure. The right hand sustains a light thin drapery,

which falls gracefully in slender folds, and the left knee is planted on the shoulder of the prostrate enemy. The limbs of the youthful figure are exquisitely formed; but he is represented of such a height, that eleven heads at least go to the length of the body. The crouching figure half kneels on the right knee, and entirely on the left, his head projecting from between the knees of Victory, while both his hands are tied behind his back. The shoulder, the bending posture, the standing leg of Victory, and the manner in which his left leg lies along the back of the head, has a most grotesque and ludicrous effect. It is unfinished; the block evidently being too small to furnish materials for the bulky limbs of the prostrate King or Prince.

There are four Grecian statues, good, but not excellent.

There are also a gigantic Adam and Eve by Bandinelli, in which he has given full scope to his passion for the colossal.

So many masses of marble, not meanly cut, and well placed, give a princely splendour to this noble hall; and the whole possess considerable interest, as proofs of the munificence of the Medici, and as offering specimens of art, in the school of which Michael Angelo was a pupil.

THE DUOMO.

This edifice, heavy and lugubrious, is yet magnificent, and, from its imposing bulk, gives grandeur to the city in every distant prospect. The dark and wide

interior appears yet more vast from the deep gloom that reigns throughout, the long aisles seem closing in distant perspective, the echo of the solitary footstep returns slowly on the ear, while the reverberated sound, when the multitude fill its walls, is like the noise of the rising storm, or the loud rushing of waters. Its stone walls are rude and unfinished, its aspect dark and gloomy, but yet grand: it is the gloom of vastness, and the grandeur of ancient times, recalling by its forms and monuments the remembrance and names of many ages. The history of this edifice resembles that of almost every other great work, having been many centuries in building, and, consequently, executed by different artists of various tastes and ages—sometimes painters, sometimes statuary, and seldom professed architects. It was commenced by Arnolfo di Lapo nearly at the same period with the Podestà, St Michael's Tower, and Palazzo Vecchio. The first stone was laid in the year 1298, under the auspices of P. Valeriano, the Pope's Legate, who was friendly to the Florentines. After Lapo's death, Giotto being appointed architect, changed the original front, but still kept it purely Gothic. Every part and pillar was distinguished by the colour of its marble, black, white and yellow, which must have had a strange effect, like the stripes of the zebra; but formal, barbarous, and tasteless. Every colour is now blended; the bars and bands of the various marbles assimilated by time, are mellowed into a fine deep tint, resembling a rich drawing, washed and shaded with umbra. Giotto, in his turn, was succeeded by

Brunelleschi, styled the restorer of the arts, Donatello, so bound to him in friendship, Gaddi, Orgagna, Baccio d'Agnolo, Lorenzo di Filippo, Verrocchio, master to Leonardo da Vinci, and the great Michael Angelo, (or Michael Agnolo, as he was anciently styled,) in erecting and adorning this great building. In the year 1334, thirty four years after the death of Lapo, Giotto built the Campanile, a marble tower of admirable height and proportion, an exquisite specimen of mixed architecture and of beautiful workmanship, towering in the air, and bearing a fine relation to the church and cupola, which it nearly equals in height. Open and transparent, it rises by stories, with noble windows, partly Grecian, adorned with rich Gothic ornaments, and pannels of basso relievo; the whole in fine marble, chiefly white and dove-colour, not so dull as the Duomo, nor so gaudy as the Certosa. A grand square cornice, projecting from the summit, gives lightness to the tower, adding splendour, from its beautiful proportions, to the whole edifice.

Giotto, neglecting no means that might tend to beautify his work, has finely peopled his pannels with scriptural subjects, in basso relievo, producing a finished and rich effect, rendering the whole, I can well believe, the most elegant, as it is the most celebrated, tower in Italy. *

In the year 1426, the Duomo, or great Cupola,

* The cupola measures 100 braccia in circumference, and 144 in height. A braccia is nearly two feet.



Campanile di San Marco

La Fregata

La Fregata, veduta dal mare, e la Fregata, veduta dalla terra.

was finished by Brunelleschi, † to whose celebrated name the raising so superb an arch, and hanging it in the air, added new glory; a work of which even the bold and gifted Michael Angelo used to speak with delight. Such was esteemed the difficulty of the undertaking, that years were consumed in consultation upon the subject, and the first architects of England and Spain, as well as those of Italy, were invited to give their judgment concerning it. Among other suggestions it was proposed, that the structure should be supported on vast mounds of earth, in which, with a view of creating an interest, infusing alacrity in those who assisted, silver and copper coins were to be richly strewed, and become the harvest of those who laboured.

Innumerable plans and models were offered, and equal in number and diversity were the opinions. The parties coincided in one general point, viz. that the ideas given on the subject by Brunelleschi, were those of a madman, and to such a height were the feelings and passions of the assembled judges and artists excited, that he was forcibly carried from their meeting, and hooted by the mob as he passed along the streets.

We are told that he was of a most irascible nature, but having long and deeply studied this point, and being certain of his aim, he bore his disgrace with perfect calmness. Accordingly, after the lapse of a short period, overtures to obtain his assistance were renewed, the plans which had been offered being all found in

† This artist was born in the year 1377.

some one point to present insurmountable difficulties ; on being earnestly entreated to submit his model to the judgment of the artists, he replied, that he would assuredly consent to place it before the person who should be able to balance an egg on the surface of the smooth marble pavement. The assembled artists, after having for a considerable time , with equal success and gravity, persevered in the attempt, required that he should himself assay it, when, taking the egg, * and striking it against the pavement with a force just sufficient to flatten the extreme point, it stood poised before them ; their anger on seeing themselves thus baffled, was vented in reproaches, declaring that if he had explained his meaning, they should also have succeeded as he had done. Assuredly, he replied, as you would also have known how to raise the cupola, had my model been laid before you.

In the accomplishment of this great work, Brunelleschi raised the noblest monument of Florence, seen from afar, giving dignity to the city, and imparting a share of its grandeur to every inferior edifice. This edifice owes much to its site, which gives additional magnificence to its antique form, being built in an open space in the centre of the city, and surrounded by

* This story is well known as being told of Columbus, and the whole account seems too fabulous to be admitted. It is usually told of Michael Angelo, that being challenged to equal the Dome of the Pantheon, he declared he would not only do so, but would hang it in the air. Hence the Dome of St Peter's. Part of this tale seems here applied to Brunelleschi. These circumstances are detailed in Vasari's Life of Brunelleschi, as also by other authors, writing of this artist.

houses of various heights and corresponding antiquity. The approach is by a wide street, which in lengthened perspective you see opening into the irregular square, where the Duomo stands. The extreme length, or shaft of the church, which is divided into a nave and two aisles, is 260 braccia. The nave, opening up into the cross and tribune, presenting a length of 166 braccia, is 78 braccia in width; the two aisles are 48. The circuit of the church measures 1280 braccia; the cupola, 154; the lantern, which was finished in 1465, 36 braccia.

Formerly the great front was purely Gothic, where, in vast niches, stood the four statues of the Evangelists, larger than life, by Donatello, placed there at the period of the building of the cupola; but of all that it may have lost, we cannot exactly tell. At present, nothing is seen but a wretched front of rudely plastered brick, coarsely painted in fresco, with Corinthian pilasters of seventy feet high; the style of the rest of the fabric is Gothic, and peculiarly heavy and ponderous; no spiry pillars, no rich fantastic fret-work, grouped columns, or fine arched doors, give light or breadth to its aspect; the whole edifice lies before you dismal and heavy, varied only by gloomy marbled pannels, the general pilasters being scarcely distinguishable as such. The great base lines and their arches being limited by tall flat pilasters, admit no opening for high Gothic windows; neither are there slits or curious wheel-like circles for Gothic fretwork, or painted glass.

The cupola, of immense height and bulk, stands up, round and vast; while domes, similar in form,

but lower, rising on each side, combine with the small cupolas, forming the façade of the shaft of the cross, give solidity and fixed grandeur to the whole edifice.

Such is the exterior of the Church of Santa Maria del Fiore, the Duomo of Florence, in which the Church of Santa Reparata was incorporated. It is more majestic than the Cathedral of Milan, more solemn than the Certosa, with a magnificence arising chiefly from imposing bulk. Many a pile of this majestic nature is justly termed Gothic, though all are so unlike each other; but the epithet may be regarded chiefly as applying to a particular period of antiquity, the period of romance, of caprice, and varied fantastic forms, before the noble architecture of Greece was revived, and when the art had a general character, but no fixed order or determined proportions.

The Duomo does not possess the beauty of lightness, or of elegance, in which respect it differs greatly from the Cathedral of Milan; neither does it possess the friezes, nor rich and many-coloured pannels of the Certosa; yet the character, although so dissimilar in form, belongs to the same class.

The great front exhibits three gates of Gothic architecture, the arches of which are small and much pointed. There are also four lateral entrances, two at each side of the church. The aisles are divided from the nave by ranges of large grouped Gothic columns, with swelling capitals of rustic form, and rich with leaves. Superb arches springing from these, but resting on a firm base, rise to such an enormous height, that in the gloom

of the place the columns, and the walls which they support, are but dimly seen.

The vast body of the church, opening into the cross and tribune, which terminates in an octagon form, presents a space of the most imposing magnitude, lighted by the chastened but splendid glare of a richly painted Gothic window. The great altar, standing in the centre, is enclosed by a circle or double Ionic columns of fine marble, carrying a cornice founded on stylobates: and such is the extent of the space, that at the marriage of Prince di Carignano with the youngest daughter of the Grand Duke, the Princes of Turin and Florence, the ambassadors, the officers of the guard, the priests, and all the attendants and splendid gala of a royal marriage, with all the Florentine nobles and English strangers, were ranged within its bounds.

The effect I observed on this occasion produced by the slanting rays of the sun, casting its rich gleams through the painted glass of the Gothic window on innumerable burning tapers, giving them the appearance of thousands of glittering and golden stars, was beautiful, rendering the whole coup d'œil striking and splendid.

The marble pannels of the stylobates, which are eighty in number, are filled with histories from Scripture, in basso relievo; the choir, designed and executed in wood, by Brunelleschi, was, in the year 1547, removed for one done in the same manner in marble, by Giuliano, son and successor to Braccio d'Agnolo. The marble is of a reddish colour; and the basso relievos

in white, representing tall untoward figures, are executed by Bandinelli, who was engaged in every great work; while the able and talented Benvenuto Cellini, tormented and oppressed by debts not his own, was employed in setting paltry rings for the Grand Duchess. Bandinelli did not lose his opportunity, but selected this place to set up his statues, and snatch at a hasty reputation, by carving hastily, and pleasing the mob: for what other object could he have in setting on high, as he has done, on the great altar, a vast image of God the Father, as if the God of Nature was to be exalted by the size of the block of marble, from which the representation of him is drawn!

This gigantic piece, for which the Pietà of Michael Angelo was displaced, consists of three figures, two of which are too large for statuary, and too small for architecture. It does not represent an oblique, enormous block, carved in rude ages, to give some magnificent idea of a divinity, but statues too large to resemble nature, too bulky to represent the human form, and yet without grandeur; the work conveying no other idea than that of the failure of the artist, and showing in every part how difficult it is to represent unnatural bulk without coarseness. The design is, if possible, worse than the execution: our Saviour, the principal figure in the group, is represented as taken down from the cross, and laid out in a reclined posture, supported by an angel, and mourned by the Almighty. The head of our Saviour rests on the knee of an angel, who is seated in the back ground, and is of an upright slender

form, though without grace, and infinitely too small in proportion to the weight he sustains; while the heavenly Father, in the higher part of the altar, above this mournful group, is seen kneeling amidst large folds of heavy drapery, the right hand, which is cloddish, and much too short, being raised, and the two fore-fingers pointing, seemingly, with a threatening action, like the pedagogue of the Niobes.

The head, the eyes, the mouth, and beard of the Saviour, have a fine character; but the body; as it is extended before you, nine feet in length, appears enormous and uncouth; the breast flat, the arms and limbs fleshy, gigantic, and purely material. The left arm, which lies obliquely across the body, is too short, while the hand is coarse and large.

Christ is figured to our minds as the most beautiful of the children of men, mild, retired, sorrowing, waiting another life, preaching God's wide and universal peace, and that he was the messenger of redemption. What a subject for contemplation! and how difficult for the artist to rise to that sublimity of personification! nor can anything be more painful in the Roman Catholic religion, than the continual representations of the crucified Saviour.

Behind the altar stands the *Pietà* of Michael Angelo, a heroic group, large, but not colossal, and bearing every mark of the independent spirit and grand style of this great master. It is a *sbozzo*, or sketch, unfinished from want of marble, or caprice. He cut his figures out of the block, as others would sketch a design upon

waste paper, and which might prove too small for the intention. There is much grandeur and feeling in the work, and though, like so many of Michael Angelo's marbles, it is but a sketch, it deserves notice.

The subject is the taking down of our Saviour from the cross. The group being composed of four figures, those of our Saviour, the Virgin Mary, Joseph, and an Angel. The whole expression is very touching and mournful. Our Saviour forms the principal figure, and seems to hang suspended in the arms of Joseph, who supports the body from above. The figure of the Virgin is seen assisting under the shoulder to uphold the weight, and her face is turned up towards the body. The melancholy of the scene is beautifully represented. The head of Christ rests upon her shoulder; the lengthened form of the body, supported in the arms of the assistants, seems extended by its own weight, while the suppleness and lankness of recent death, is finely marked by the manner in which the limbs hang in gentle bending, and seem falling towards the ground, with the most natural dispositions of the arms, as if affected by every motion. The left arm hangs over the shoulder of the Virgin, while the right crosses her neck, and rests upon a lesser angelic figure, which might have been omitted without injury to the piece. Joseph, who is bending over the group, and holds up the body, is superfluously coarse. His large-featured grim visage, and square form, enveloped in a voluminous cloak of the rudest stuff, turned back upon the forehead as a monk's cowl, is totally out of keeping and harmony

with the other figures. The interest of the piece lies in the melancholy but placid countenance of the Saviour, and the declination of the head, which is lacerated by the crown of thorns, and seems thus to have drooped in the awful moment, when the « vail of the temple was rent, and the sun was darkened. »

We might almost say of this work that its charm is in some degree diminished by the very excellence of the artist. The representation is but too faithful. It is hardly imagination; it seems reality. It is indeed dark and fearful death: but our Saviour's body, even in death, should, if possible, appear immortal.

Every part marks the bold chisel of Michael Angelo, but aware how much of the character of the hand and arm depend upon the form of the wrist and its prominent bones, he has here, as in all his sketches, caricatured the wrist, as if he were setting his figure for some young pupil, and was fearful lest it should be too feebly marked.

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As I wandered this morning through the long aisles of the Duomo, the deep gloom, the stillness, the silence that reigned around, almost insensibly, yet powerfully, awakened painful feelings of solitude and desolation. It is a place where the sun has no cheerfulness, where the day is like a dusky evening, where the sinking of the spirit is inexpressible. As I contemplated the works of other times, and dwelt in idea on the memory of worthies now lying low in the dust, sensations of sadness pressed heavily on my mind; and it seemed to

+ me difficult to say, whether one feels most indifferent to existence, and most reluctant to renew the toils of life's weary round, in the solitude of a church, among the memorials of the dead; or in the brilliant, gay, and trivial assemblies of the living, where men and women lisp something which is hardly to be defined, so wide from nature, affection, or reason, where the same nothingness of human existence presents itself in so many forms, that one is sated and weary, cold and indifferent, and again becomes a mere spectator, to wonder and gaze alone in the crowd.

I was suddenly roused from this train of thought, and my ideas were directed to a new contemplation of the human mind, by the unexpected approach of the custode, or cicerone, who attended me in most of my wanderings in Florence. This person has upon several occasions particularly attracted my attention; he is a man of no mean talent; one in the vale of years, but on whom time has sat lightly, and who in his day was distinguished as an improvisatore. The fire of youth is now spent; but his deep dark eye still speaks the language of the soul, and the unbroken tones of a mellow and sonorous voice gives a powerful effect to his language.

A stranger listening for the first time to an Italian, excited by an interesting subject, feels, with astonishment, the varied charm and power of the improvisatore. The fine flow of poetic language, the fire that kindles in his eye, as he rises in his narration, strikes on the mind and senses with a sort of electric force. Or if,

perchance, he turns from gayer themes to scenes of anguish and terror, the deep pathos of his altered tones, his pallid cheek, his hollow voice, as in lowered and agitated accents he tells the tale of murder, or of sorrow, paints the deed to the imagination with a power that comes to shake the heart with the magic of reality. In my cicerone, or custode, of this morning, chance presented me with a happy opportunity of judging of what may be styled this national gift. While he stood on the transept, resting against the balustrade that encircles the high altar, with animated feature, and gesture, he poured out varied descriptions of his country, and of the Medici; when an increased shade deepening on his brow as he thought of the days of regretted grandeur, he commenced an animated account of the assassination of Julianio de Medici. The language was powerful, and poetic, and could not fail to arrest the attention.

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ST MICHAEL'S TOWER, OR TORRE DI SAN MICHELE.

There is not a specimen of architecture in Florence more striking than St Michael's Tower. It stands in the heart of the city, near the Piazza del Palazzo Vecchio. It is a building by the dark and gloomy spirit of Arnolfo Lapo; of magnificent size, bearing the form of a tower, but with the dimensions of a palace. Its majestic bulk towering above the walls, is an ornament to the city, and forms a characteristic and combining feature with

the grand and severe buildings, constructed nearly at the same period, and by the same architect.

The Tower of St Michael was begun by Arnolfo Lapo, in the year 1284, and constructed for a market place, the grain being displayed for sale under the arcade, the forms of which afford perhaps the finest specimen of that beautiful feature in architecture now so universal in Tuscany, the pillared and vaulted Loggia. The figure of the building is a parallelogram, extending 40 braccia, or 80 feet in length, 64 in width, and 160 in height. On the front are seen the arms of the republic and of the Guelfs, which marks the preponderating influence of that faction at the period of the erection of this edifice. The lower floor of the tower stood on vast pillars, the building being supported by high Gothic arches. The chambers above the arcade, which are devoted to public offices of the law, register of rights, etc. are lighted by that description of noble Gothic windows afterwards adopted by Michael Angelo, with their fine arches divided through their height, such as are to be seen in the Palazzo Ricardi and Strozzi. Windows of the same form are repeated in the second floor, and the tower is terminated by the heavy, deep, projecting cornice of a flat and terraced roof. *

* An important event has changed the aspect of its pillared base. The arcades for the sale of corn were closed, the sellers and buyers were driven forth, the space consecrated and converted into a gloomy church. This singular circumstance, though natural enough in this country, was occasioned by a miracle, said to be performed by a Madonna painted by Ugolino da Siena under these arcades. It is believed that by

St Michael's Tower was first built of simple uncut stone by Arnolfo ; secondly it was re-built , almost entirely , by Taddeo Gaddi , and he was , in his turn , succeeded by Orgagna , who employed seven years in completing it. The finest proportions mark the form of the edifice , which , though rude , is noble , deriving magnificence from the vastness of the building , the simplicity of its structure , and the size of the stones composing the pile. This magnificence is to a certain degree like that of the Pyramids of Egypt , and the Palaces of Tentyra. The deep grey tint of the stones , the evident traces of the hammer , the solemn gloom of the structure , its dark square form , the heavy appearance of its towers , and the rude court within , bear marks of the warlike and turbulent times in which it was erected. The whole architecture is marked by the greatest simplicity , excepting only its base , which is very gorgeous. The arches , of an enormous size , are filled in their upper part with beautiful Gothic work in circles ; and statues , fourteen in number , stand in deep niches , terminating in pointed cones , and finished with the richest ornaments.

I do not know that I have ever seen statuary unite so well with architecture. The statues are in simple attitudes , and of noble dignified forms ; the heads , and drapery , in a grand style , and such as give a

her influence the great plague of 1348 was suddenly stayed. The sensation which this excited , soon conferred celebrity on the image , and thousands flocked to it with rich offerings.

(Note by the Author.)

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high impression of the state of the arts at the end of the fourteenth and the beginning of the fifteenth century. Fourteen such statues, large as life, of marble and bronze, surrounding the base of a fine edifice, cannot but produce a magnificent effect. We find here the works of Montelupo, Donatello, and Ghiberti. * The statues of St Peter, St Mark, and of St George by Donatello, as well as St Luke, by John of Bologna, are noble works.

The interior of this church and its chapels little corresponds with the splendour of the miracles attributed to its saints. The light of day, which is nearly excluded, is but poorly compensated by dim tapers and small lamps, whose sickly dull glimmerings, casting uncertain shadows, seem only to deepen the forms of the moving objects within. It may just be discerned that

* The *Viaggio Pittorico* mentions these statues as offering one, among many instances, which mark the peculiar nature and disposition of the Florentines, who, however devoted to commerce, still found, in the pursuit and encouragement of the fine arts, a never-ceasing source of interest and delight. These fine works were the result of a decree by the citizens and people, that each trade should bear the expense of furnishing one statue, which should be the protector and supporter of its own profession. St Luke was the work of John of Bologna, at the request of the Judges and the notaries. St Thomas, by Verocchio, for the retail traders. St George, by Donatello, for the cuirass and sword-makers. St Mark, by the same artist, for the carpenters. St John the Baptist, by Ghiberti, for the merchants. S. John the Evangelist, by B. di Montelupo, for the manufacturers of silk. St James by Nanni of Antonio di Banco, for the tanners. St Eligio by the same, for the handicraft men. St Stefano and St Matthew, by Ghiberti, the first as the protector of the woollen manufactories, the second for the bankers.

(*Note of the Author.*)

the place is vaulted, that there are a few melancholy-looking priests clothed in black, while some swarthy peasants are cowering in various corners, or kneeling by the steps of the altars, which you can just perceive to be of marble, with paintings on the walls. Among the subjects here portrayed are, the story of the great plague; our Saviour disputing in the Temple, by Gaddi; our Saviour and St John, by Poppi; as also several pictures by Andrea del Sarto—Prophets and Patriarchs, painted by Credi, enrich the ceilings. We also find the whole history of the Virgin Mary told in basso rilievo, her holy life, the nativity, the presentation, the marriage with Joseph, the birth, circumcision, and resurrection, down to the moment in which an angel reaches a palm branch to Mary, in token of her approaching dissolution. Among the works deserving of attention is a great Altar by Orcagna, something in the form of a baldican, rather tawdry in its ornaments, but its white marble railing is in good taste. The marble friezes in one of the chapels are curiously delicate, with ornaments cut in fretwork, small spires and pinnacles; also twisted and ingeniously carved pillars, interspersed with fine designs in the pannels. The picture of the death of the Virgin Mary is particularly fine. She is laid on a bier, over which an apostle reaches to kiss her hand, whilst Prudence, represented with two faces, attends with other Virtues. There is likewise a superb altar, by San Gallo, of plain marble, adorned by a group of three figures, St Anne, the Virgin, and the Bambino. The countenance of the

protracted arcades and cloisters of Santa Maria Novella, and of Spirito Santo, give splendour to the scene.

It would seem that St Michael's Tower was destined to be distinguished by great events. In consequence of the expulsion of the Duke d'Atene from Florence, effected in the beginning of the year 1343, on the day of St Ann, one of the presiding saints of this church, an edict was issued, installing her protectress of the liberties of the people, commanding a chapel adorned with the utmost splendour to be dedicated to her, with an order that this day should be held sacred, and commemorated once every year by a solemn procession, which is observed to the present day. The fate of the individual who (to his own sorrow) was the cause of these ceremonies, was no less eventful in itself than important in the annals of the republic.

The Florentines being engaged in war with the Visconti of Milan and the Pisani, in a struggle for the possession of Lucca, were, by a succession of defeats, foiled in their objects, and, impelled by a spirit not unusual in republics, their disappointment sought relief in reproaches against their magistrates, and against their leaders in battle, their indignation being more especially directed against their captain, Malatesta da Rimini. In this spirit of disaffection they applied to their ally, the King of Naples, who, yielding to their wishes, sent reinforcements, commanded by Gualtieri, Duke d'Atene, a Sicilian Prince. Whether it were to be ascribed to the superior talents of Malatesta's successor, or to the natural consequence of an accession of fresh

forces opposed to wearied soldiers, none paused to consider, the result was brilliant; success attended the new commander, he returned triumphant, and was received by the people with acclamations. To a subtle and designing temper, Gualtiere joined an ambitious spirit; cautious and secret in his resolves, he well knew, with the fairest semblances, like our own Richard, to « court occasion with enforced smiles, » and fan the flame of public favour. Like him, too, he bore a wicked mind in a forbidding person; he was short, dark-visaged, had a scowling eye, and long scanty beard. But nothing deterred by his uncouth aspect, « so smooth he daubed his vice with show of virtue, » and so well versed was he in the arts of flattery, that he rose fast in popular favor. By means of an assumed smile, and affable manners, he so excited the enthusiasm of the people, that they resolved to invest him with the chief power, and contrary to the republican system, to confer on him his high distinction for life. To consolidate the fluctuating mind of popular favour, and insure his aim, he called an immediate assembly of the people in the Palazzo Vecchio, not, he said, that he might be elected, but that they might deliberate on the expediency of the measure. The Signori and Council of Ten, the Anziani, the Gonfalonieri, thrown into amazement and terror by this step, earnestly, but in vain, represented to him that, in striving to obtain permanent power, he only courted his own ruin. Republicans, they told him, submitted gracefully when the act was voluntary, but, unaccustomed to shackles,

no sooner should they be galled by enforced submission, than, spurning the yoke, they would shake off their abasing chains, and hurl him to destruction. He listened, like Richard, but the people, he said, willed him to have sovereign power, and he must needs abide by their law. The great day arrived, and the whole people assembled in front of the Palazzo Vecchio, when the magistrates, making one last effort, solemnly proposed his election for one year. But sudden and loud acclamations rent the air, and « a vita, a vita! » burst from every quarter. With the same grace as Richard, he yielded to the mighty voice of the people. But so soon, says Machiavel, as he had attained the seat of power, he threw off the mask, and arrogantly triumphing over those who had sought to oppose him, he raised his own followers to the offices of trust, boldly levied taxes, and enforced loans, showing himself equally regardless of private property, and of public morals. The citizens now saw themselves pillaged by legal authority, their wives and daughters insulted in the streets, and they looked with disturbed and gloomy amazement on the monster they had raised to reign over them. Combinations and conspiracies were soon formed against him, but so strange was the infatuation of the tyrant, that on being apprised by an individual of a plot that touched his life, he condemned him to have his tongue cut out, which caused his death. Not deterred by this act of cruelty, another informer warned him of a similar danger, and his life also paid the forfeit. Gualtieri thought to paralyze action by thus exciting terror at

the enormity of his crimes. But he warded off peril only for a time. New and more powerful conspiracies speedily threatened his destruction. The impetus suddenly became general, and the people, who ten months before had hailed him ruler for life, assembling in the same spot, with frightful cries and loud menaces, summoned him to abdicate. Mean in adversity, as insolent in power, he now sought by humiliation to appease the people. But his efforts exciting only derision and contempt, the popular fury soon rose almost to frenzy, and scarcely escaping with life, he was driven forth, covered with opprobrium, a dishonoured and childless wanderer. Previous to this final issue, a youth of sixteen, his only son, endeavouring, at his instigation, to soothe the people, had perished in the tumult.

From Arnolfo and his celebrated successors, Giotto, Brunelleschi, Donatello, Orgagna, Masaccio, etc. etc. to Michael Angelo, gradual changes may be traced in the architecture of Florence, which might not prove uninteresting, but which would hardly suit with the general views and slight sketches to which I have limited myself.

PALAZZO RICCARDI.

This edifice, from its magnificence, deserves the attention of the artist; exciting interest as being the cradle of the Medicean family, with whom all that was elegant and learned in Florence arose, and as presenting a noble specimen of the mixed architecture, which

appeared in the earlier periods of the revival of the arts.

Palazzo Riccardi was erected after a design of Michelozzo, in the year 1431, by Cosmo, styled *Pater Patriæ*, and was the residence of the Medici till the year 1540, when it was abandoned for the Palazzo Vecchio.

As you enter Via Larga, you behold the front of this fine building, a grand and imposing mass, in a long extended perspective of six hundred and sixty feet. The base, or first stage of the building, rising to the height of thirty feet, is of the Doric order, with a narrow rude cornice, which assimilates well with the massiveness of the whole, and marks its termination.

The second stage, or *Piano nobile*, is composed of a finer, or more polished rustic; the windows are arched, and divided in the middle by a small Gothic column, with a Corinthian capital, so that it may be styled the Corinthian disposed in the Gothic order. The third floor resembles the second, having the same arched windows, and mixed architecture, terminated by a bold projecting cornice, giving character and grandeur to the whole edifice. In the original architecture of this palace, the base, rising to thirty feet, presented one unbroken space, entire as a Cyplopian wall, varied only by the projection of the vast and rudely-chiseled stones of which it was composed; the whole bearing an aspect more resembling that of an impregnable fortress, than a princely abode.

This vast space at a later period assumed its present form, being opened with large windows by Michael

Angelo. This artist was attached to the Greek architecture; and, except when called upon to improve some of the great and rude works of the earlier periods, rarely condescended to mix the Greek and Tuscan. He delighted in the purest and most simple forms of the Grecian orders, laying flat pilasters on the fronts of his buildings, and these generally Doric. He never gave in to the gorgeous style, as may be seen in his staircase and hall for the Laurentian Library, crowded, but simple in all its characters, as also in the palace which he built in this city; one of the most simple and chaste designs I have ever seen, for the town residence of a nobleman.

Palazzo Strozzi is a noble edifice of three stories, bearing the gradations in the rustic, similar to those of the Grecian style; namely, strong and coarse rustic work below, finer and more delicate in the second story, polished in the third, and the whole surmounted by a noble cornice.

Palazzo Pitti, now styled Palazzo Reale, designed by Brunelleschi, was originally intended for the residence of a private individual, owing its origin to a principle which had a conspicuous influence on the minds of the Florentines, namely, the desire of commanding respect by the bulk and splendour of their residence. We find the Strozzi avowedly erecting an edifice, the vastness of which should carry down their name with honour to their posterity; and Luca Pitti, urged by a similar feeling, (though of more immediate fulfilment,) raising Palazzo Pitti, that he might outshine the Medici,

the objects of his hatred and rivalry. Many circumstances combined to give celebrity to this palace; the popularity enjoyed at its first commencement, by the projector, was such, that artists and workmen claimed no reward for their services, except that of being styled his friends and partizans; the distinguished name of the chief artist; and lastly, its enormous bulk. But setting aside such impressions, as may owe their source to enthusiasm or prejudice, I should describe Palazzo Pitti as a vast, rude, and shapeless pile; possessing no beauty from proportion, nor distinguished by any peculiarity of character in architecture. The rustic, which gives strength, form, and colour to a base, is in this building carried over the whole front, producing one dull and uniform aspect. The gate is ordinary, and little conspicuous in this solid heavy mass; unvaried by any projection, except a gallery of coarse architecture, which runs along the second floor. The third differs in nothing from the others; nor is it even relieved by the bold cornice, which gives character to so many of the palaces of this city.

The cortile, or colonnade, gracefully branching out from each side of the palace, was erected at a later period by Ammannato, and is executed in the finest style, and in the noblest proportions, being equally distinguished for grandeur and elegance. The base presents a splendid colonnade of magnificent dimensions, with Ionic columns and semicolumns. The second floor is composed of Doric semicolumns, supporting arches, finely drawn, and well executed, over square

windows. The third is of the composite order, rich, yet simple. The forms of the whole are varied, classical, and fine; with the exception of the columns, which pass through a sort of jutting square stones, like those of the barriers of Paris. The object of this construction was to produce an assimilation of character with the rustic work of the palace; but it was surely a wretched invention.

In the Quaratesi Palace we find a fine specimen of the composite Tuscan, combining with the grandest character of this order, a well-assimilated portion of the Grecian character. The structure is one hundred feet in length; the doorway high, and finely arched, composed of the coarsest, although not the largest form of rustic work. The first floor is thirty-six feet from the ground; the second (styled *Piano nobile*) rises to sixteen feet above this; and the third has the same dimensions. The windows, nine feet in front, are very magnificent; each is divided in the centre by a slender Corinthian column, supporting a wide-spread arch, which is surmounted by beautifully wrought and wreathed festoons of vine leaves. The cortile is also of good architecture, having composed columns, with rich and curious capitals.

The Palazzo now inhabited by Chev. Fossombroni, in Canto Dei Pazzi, offers a conspicuous specimen of the alliance of the Greek and Tuscan style; the lofty and magnificent façade of this edifice being nobly supported by the weight and gravity of the Tuscan base. It has, however, little relation to Tuscan, except in

grandeur of proportion. The forms are square, the front being one hundred and fifty feet in length, and the same in depth. A superb door-piece, arched within, is guarded on each side by huge Doric semicolumns; the balconies are supported by soffits; and the windows, which are magnificent, present a perfect specimen of superb Corinthian architecture. They are finely squared, and grandly ornamented by groups of fabled monsters, which project with a singular boldness of effect from above, being linked or bound together with husks and leaves, in a style of inconceivable richness. Cigoli was the architect of one front; Buontalenti of the other. This palace formerly belonged to the Pazzi.

The Palazzo Serristori, in Piazza Santa Croce, facing the great church, is one of the most elegant palaces in Florence, and an exquisite specimen of ancient architecture, more Grecian than Tuscan. The base is of rustic work, with fine arcades, arched windows, Ionic columns, projecting roof, and elegant cornice.

The Palazzo Uguccioni, in Piazza del Granduca, affords a beautiful character of improved Tuscan. The base rustic, with a plain balustrade, marking off the first part of the building; the second floor Ionic; the third Corinthian, which is rather too high for the proportions of the other two; but, with this exception, the whole is fine; and only wants extent of front (being no more than fifty feet) to be grand as well as beautiful.

The Palazzo di Paolo Medici is an elegant building; the windows and door-pieces in modern architecture,



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MOGGERA 1808. LAZZARI.

very rich, and yet most simple, and well worth drawing, as specimens of the Corinthian order.

I have already said that Florence was a city of palaces, and insensibly, in pursuit of my favourite study, I have been led to enumerate a number, encroaching upon the limits to which I have endeavoured to restrict myself. The interior of many of these palaces presents not only fine architecture, but also many valuable works of art; but nothing of that character of splendour, richness, and brilliancy, which prevailed at the earlier period, when the master, with his partizans and followers, had but one interest, and made, as it were, one family.

LOGGIA DEI LANZI.

In seeking for those specimens of architecture most worthy of attention in Florence, the arcade styled Loggia dei Lanzi, is an object of peculiar interest, from its singular beauty and magnificence. It was usual in the early periods of this republic, and the practice, was one in which they followed the ancients, to provide a space close to the government house, or seat of power, where the whole body of the people might meet in one great assembly, to take their share in public affairs, to which they were summoned by the tolling of the great bell of the city.

The space originally allotted by the architect of the Palazzo Vecchio for this purpose, was guarded by a noble railing, but offered no shelter from the weather; to obviate which inconvenience, in the year 1555,

the Loggia dei Lanzi was built in one angle of the square. The erection of this edifice naturally excited great interest; and the object accordingly was pursued with that zeal and emulation, which then so peculiarly characterized this people. At the conclusion of many debates, and keen discussions, the design presented by Orgagna, an artist celebrated for his singular attainments in the three sister arts, architecture, sculpture, and painting, was preferred.

The building presents a magnificent colonnade, or open gallery, consisting of only three pillars, and three arches; but these are large, spacious, and noble. Five steps run along the front on which the platform is raised, with fine effect, giving a certain air of grandeur to the whole. The columns rise out of a short and highly ornamented plinth, on flat clustered pilasters, great and small being bound together, in one vast massive shaft of thirty-five feet in height, terminating in a rich and beautiful capital of the Corinthian order. The shaft proceeds from a curved base, embellished by the arms of the republic, a lion sitting on its haunches. Much elegance and lightness of effect is produced, from the capitals being employed to support a frieze and projecting cornice of elegant proportions, which, rising with an open parapet above the arches, gives a fine square form to the whole building. Between the arches, sculptured in alto relievo, and of fine marble, are the seven Cardinal and Christian Virtues. Statues also line and fill the plinth, from which the columns rise.

One of the chief beauties of the colonnade, and that which most especially excited the admiration of the contemporaries of Orgagna, is the construction of the roof, which, deviating from the practice then in use, of forming the circles into four equal divisions, is composed of half circles, according to the purest Grecian style. This edifice is a superb combination of Greek and Gothic architecture.

The square in which the Loggia is situated, is crowded with statues; a host so numerous, that it might almost be termed disorderly. They are of every disproportionate size and bulk; a gigantic Neptune, a vast and heavy Hercules, a David, large as Goliath, a Perseus delicately slender, a puny Judith, etc. etc. Many among them, however, are fine, and well deserving of particular attention; while the whole command that notice, which is due to the works of distinguished masters.

Two noble shaggy lions, antiques brought from Rome, in the year 1788, the size of life, executed in white marble, stand on either side of the porch, as if guarding the entrance; and lining the walls of the arcade are six statues, also antique, representing Sabine priestesses, of a colossal size, magnificent in attitude and drapery.

In front, under each arch of the colonnade, stand three separate groups, by celebrated masters. The first is the Rape of the Sabine; by John of Bologna. This group, which was the last he ever executed, is composed of three figures. A bold and spirited youth is represented

as forcibly tearing a beautiful female from the arms of her father, a feeble old man; he is beaten down, and kneels on the ground, clinging to the ravisher, and endeavouring to rise. The youth, whose figure is formed in the finest proportions, full of strength and manly vigour, not only lifts the young female from the ground, but holds her high in his arms, starting from the grasp of the old man, while she is struggling with uplifted hands, as if to break from his hold.

All this is finely told, and constitutes a group of great merit, which, especially when beheld in a front view, is very fine.

There is however, a fault in the composition of the work, which is to be regretted, as essentially injuring its beauty. The figures are not well balanced, but rise perpendicularly, one over the other, in a manner that reminds you of an exhibition of strength in a circus; so that, viewing it from a distance, you can hardly conceive how such a group can stand.

The original idea conceived by the artist was to describe the three periods of human existence, youth, manhood, and old age; but he was persuaded to change his intention, and to style the group the Rape of a Sabine.

The base is richly adorned with a basso relievo, finely executed, by the same artist, explaining the subject, and telling the tale of the Rape of the Sabines.

The second, a beautiful statue in bronze, with the Medusa, is the Perseus of Benvenuto Cellini. He is represented as having just cut off the head of Medusa,

which, streaming with blood, he holds up in triumph; his foot is firmly planted on the mangled body of the fallen sorceress; while his right hand, still vigorously grasping the sword, is in a retracted position, ready to strike again, as if the act were hardly done, the danger not yet over. The head with the winged helm is noble, and the countenance princely. The posture is fine, the action full of animation and life, the forms powerful, and free from all affectation of science, in knobs, joints, and muscles. The whole is gracefully simple, and executed with such elegance and beauty of proportion, that, although it is fully seven feet high, it has the effect of a light youthful figure, not exceeding the usual size.

So truly do I admire the Perseus, that I feel unwilling to point out any of its faults; it must, however, be remarked, that the head and body of Medusa are represented streaming with blood, with a revolting exaggeration, which is neither true to nature nor good taste; that the fallen body of the sorceress is too much mangled, and uncouthly bundled up below the feet of Perseus; as also that, instead of being thrown on the naked rock, it lies on a velvet cushion.

The third group is that of Judith and Holofernes, by Donatello. This artist possesses a high reputation, but on the present occasion he has totally failed. The subject is one into which the utmost skill could not infuse interest, but yet might exhibit grandeur or science. Both, however, are wanting, and the work is almost contemptible. Judith is a diminutive creature,

represented as cutting off the head of Holofernes, which she lays as coolly and quietly on her lap, as if the story told had been that of Sampson and Dalilah.

OF THE STATUES IN THE SQUARE.

Before the gate of Palazzo Vecchio stand two statues, Hercules, by Baccio Bandinelli and David, by Michael Angelo. They are of white marble, which receives additional splendour from the dark walls of the palace. The statues are bulky, ill-formed, tame, upright figures; but the names of the sculptors bear a high authority; and we find them accordingly honoured with corresponding distinction, not only in the common guide-books, but in the *Viaggio Pittorico*, where they are mentioned with high praise. It is, however, added, that Michael Angelo's David was the work of his juvenile years.

The contested spot on which the houses of the Uberti stood, is now occupied by a superb equestrian statue of Cosmo di Medici, first Grand Duke of Florence, by John Bologna. He is represented after the conquest of Siena, as entering the city in triumph. The figure is manly, the countenance dignified; he sits his horse with the air of a conqueror, and carries his baton with much grace. The story of the vanquished city is well told, in basso relievo, on the base of the pedestal. The horse is also very fine, although, on first seeing it, the general impression was, that of its being clumsy; but, on a careful examination, I found (with the exception

of the belly and hips) that it is exquisitely modelled, and bears to be viewed from every direction, a circumstance extremely rare, and which does great honour to the artist.

On one side of the square there is a fountain, executed after a design of Ammannato, over which a Neptune in a car, drawn by four marine horses, presides; at his feet, seated in a shell, are three Tritons; and on the four higher elevations of the fountain, but subservient to the great marine god, are two male and two female sea deities, in bronze, larger than life. Innumerable lesser statues, with varied shells, and other ornaments, fill and crowd the whole. The Neptune is a colossal statue of nearly eighteen feet in height, a vast and bulky figure, with a grim and surly face, presenting no visible action, except a slight inclination to one side, and a strong look of jealousy at the rival size of his surrounding attendants.

A statue of such enormous size, whether in action, or quiescent, set upright, in splendid white marble, must injure any group of buildings, however fine. Such a composition assumes the place of an obelisk, but without its beauty or lightness. Pyramids, or obelisks, placed in the centre of a city, unless very delicate and slender, should be of granite, or black marble, and their aim, that of producing relief to the more massive buildings by which they are surrounded. This vast colossal statue, from its bulk, becomes almost architectural, while its brilliancy assimilates ill with the antique grandeur of the square.

If, instead of being crowded into one place, these statues, classed and arranged, were planted in different quarters of the city, each would have its full effect, and each artist receive his just meed of praise. Even if the zigzag antique forms of this square were to be altered, and its dimensions enlarged, one would be pleased to see Neptune presiding over the bridges, and David and Hercules, supporting or defending the immense heavy mass of the Palazzo Pitti.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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ERRATA.

It is hoped that this work having been necessarily printed in a foreign Country will offer some apology to the reader for the long errata.

Page	20	line 3.	for.....	wounds.....	read wounds.
"	18	last. line	for.....	this.....	read the
"	35	l. 8.....		comma instead of semicolon.	
"	41	l. 9.	for.....	procession.....	read procession.
"	45	l. 4.	for.....	man.....	read man.
"	50	l. 12.	for.....	Scrapien.....	read Scrapius.
"	52	l. 8.	for.....	proccded.....	read proceeded.
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"	63	l. 13.	for.....	framed.....	read formed.
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"	75	l. 2.	for.....	Pazia.....	read Pavia.
"	80	l. 3.	for.....	gowing.....	read growing.
"	91	l. 21.	for.....	fixed.....	read fired.
"	106	last. l.	for.....	grape.....	read grapes.
"	138	l. 24.	for.....	enlighered.....	read enlightened.
"	147	l. 22.	for.....	Cinabus.....	read Cimabus.
"	155	l. 111	for.....	inmates.....	read inmates.
"	159	l. 16.	for.....	prediction.....	read predilection.
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"	160	last. l.	for.....	great.....	read greater.
"	171	l. 21.	after.....	building.....	read conceived.
"	182	l. 2.	for.....	moded.....	read model.
"	185	l. 19.	for.....	his.....	read this.
"	188	l. 24.	for.....	Cytlepian.....	read Cyelopian.
"	190	l. 18.	for.....	ruins.....	read runs.
"	691	l. 9.	for.....	presentst.....	read present.
"	194	l. 29.	for.....	Bellini.....	read Cellini.
"	198	l. 5.	after.....	Bindinelli.....	Comma.
"	198	l. 25	for.....	Clusmy.....	read Clusmy.

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OBSERVATIONS

ON

ITALY.

BY

THE LATE JOHN BELL,

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, EDINBURGH, ETC.

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1884

OBSERVATIONS ON ITALY.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

CHURCHES—CHURCH OF SAN LORENZO—THE ANNUNZIATA—SANTA
MARIA NOVELLA — SANTO SPIRITO — SANTA CROCE— ROMAN
CATHOLIC CHURCH—PROFESSION OF A NUN.

CHURCH OF SAN LORENZO.

IN proceeding to offer a few observations on the churches of this city, I am induced to select San Lorenzo for my first subject, not so much as the most conspicuous in architecture, as from the peculiar interest it derives from its connexion with the tomb of the Medici, which forms one of its chapels.

In the earlier periods of the republic, San Lorenzo was considered the Metropolitan Church of Florence. Its existence is traced as far back as the year 393, when it was consecrated by St Ambrose; at the distance of nearly three hundred years, on its receiving some repairs and embellishments, this ceremony was again performed by Pope Nicholas the Second in person.

Towards the year 1417, during a grand festival held

in commemoration of an union between the Guelphs of Arezzo and the Guelphs of Florence, the church was accidentally set on fire, and nearly consumed. A few years afterwards it was again rebuilt from a design of Brunelleschi.

The whole structure is considered as fine, an opinion sanctioned by Michael Angelo himself; but according to my idea, its general aspect possesses none of that beauty arising from just proportions, so essential to simplicity and grandeur in architecture. It measures nearly 400 feet in length, and only 100 in width, (not including the chapels,) the body of the church is therefore ungracefully long, while the cross is proportionably too short.

These defects are rendered more conspicuous by the unusual height of the pillars that divide the parts of the church, and which greatly contribute to make the intermediate spaces appear still more narrow. The church itself may be said to possess few claims to admiration; but its chapels are highly interesting. One of these was planned by Cosmo, first Grand Duke of Florence, after a design of Vafari's being intended as a Mausoleum for the Medicean family. At a later period, the original intention having been partly changed, and the whole enlarged, it was finished under the auspices of his successor, Ferdinand the First. The form of the chapel is octagon, and the effect produced by its general appearance is striking and beautiful. At the first view, the eye rests with surprise and delight on its magnificence, and its exquisite and noble proportions. The

marbles and precious stones, with which it is adorned, are finely varied, giving a rich and glowing harmony of colour, brilliant, yet chaste and simple.

The second chapel, the Tombs of the Medici, grand in its exterior architecture, as seen from every distant quarter of the city, is an object of a yet more peculiar interest, being the repository of those superb monuments of modern art, the celebrated statues of Michael Angelo. The plan of this edifice was conceived by Pope Leo the Tenth, and it was begun in the year 1520; the whole design and execution being committed to the abovementioned artist. I shall, however, touch but slightly on the architecture of the interior of the chapel, which greatly disappointed me. It is a large square room, formal and unadorned, having regular Corinthian pilasters, and corresponding doors and windows, arranged in that tame flat style of mixed architecture, so unpropitious to the solemn and imposing gloom of a mausoleum. The pilasters are painted of a cold grey colour, while the walls are left entirely of a pure white, the whole being gay, light, and showy, but most unimpressive.

It should have been vaulted, furnished with deep dark-coloured marbles, and superb brazen gates, while a dim and chastened light, only rendering the monuments of the Medici visible, would have heightened the effect produced by their magnificence.

But from the architecture and ornaments of the chapel, we turn with the deepest interest to the statues of Michael Angelo; till I beheld them, I had formed

no conception of the splendour of genius and taste possessed by this artist; they are works which evince a grandeur and originality of thought, a boldness and freedom of design and execution, unparalleled.

Two sarcophagi, those of Lorenzo and Julian, are each supported by two figures. The personification of the Twilight and Aurora guards the remains of Lorenzo, and the Night and the Day those of his brother.

The Crepuscule, or Twilight, is represented by a superb manly figure, reclining and looking down; the wonderful breadth of chest, and fine balance of the sunk shoulder, are masterly, and the right limb, which is finished, is incomparable.

The Aurora is a female form of the most exquisite proportions; the head of a grand and heroic cast, and the drapery, which falls in thin transparent folds from the turban, is full of grace, while, in her noble countenance, a spring of thought, an awakening principle, seems to breathe, as if the rising day awaited the opening of her eyes.

Day is much unfinished; little more than blocked, yet most magnificent. To have done more would have diminished the noble effect of the whole, which is only heightened by what is left to the imagination. Perhaps none but a mind so gifted as that of this great master could have conceived this, or succeeded in so bold an attempt. Genius is creative; this great artist did not imitate; he meditated, and in his moments of inspiration, dashed out the most superb inventions, often imperfect, but always grandly conceived. Doubt-

less, the unfinished state in which many of his splendid works were left, must have been occasioned by that impatience, so often the concomitant of genius, which, having attained its grand object in striking out splendour of effect, becomes weary, and forsakes the details.

The personification of Night, in sleep and silence, is finely imagined—the attitude is beautiful, mournful, and full of the most touching expression; the drooping head, the supporting hand, and the rich head-dress, are unrivalled in the arts.

There are in this chapel, forming a part of the group, or at least of the subject, two statues of Lorenzo and Julian de' Medici, by the same master. They are both in armour.

The figure of Lorenzo is simple and impressive. The whole character of this piece is marked by a cast of gloomy melancholy, which awakens the idea of his brooding over the fate of his murdered brother; their mutual affection being represented by the writers of the day as having been of almost a romantic character.

The figure of Julian is a noble heroic statue. He is seated, the left hand gloved and raised; the bent forefinger touches the upper lip, which is admirably expressed, seeming literally to yield to the pressure. The helmet, fine in form and proportion, throws a deep shade on the countenance.

THE ANNUNZIATA.

The Annunziata is a beautiful church, of the finest proportions and richest architecture. It consists of a nave only, and is of a long form, in the manner of a cross, with superb pilasters of the finest marble, and gilded capitals of the Corinthian order, supporting a heavy cornice. The side chapels are arched towards the church, the prospect being terminated by a view of the high altar, seated in the great dome, and round which smaller chapels, bearing the same character of arches and of Corinthian pilasters, form a semicircle. The organ galleries, composed of beautiful white marble, are situated opposite to each other at the end next to the transept; fluted columns, with enriched Ionic capitals, support the tresses which carry each organ gallery, and those form a slight projection over the plane of the church with fine effect.

The forms of the interior of this edifice, with the style and manner of the decoration with which it is embellished, are in the most correct keeping; rich in varied marbles, in architecture, in statuary, in painting, as also in its chapels and its noble dome. The whole coup d'œil is superb, yet the magnificence is without gaudiness, as the high finish which distinguishes every portion is without littleness.

Near the entrance of the church, we find the gloomy but highly ornamented antique chapel of the family dei Pucci, styled San Sebastiano. The picture of this

saint giving the name to the chapel, is by Pollajolo. He is represented bound to a post, and shot at by cross-bows, surrounded by figures in various attitudes. This work is generally mentioned with approbation, yet the whole manner is hard, and the colouring cold.

Passing from this fine antique chapel, you enter into a Cortile, or Cloister, adorned by many superb paintings. There are especially three very fine pieces by Andrea del Sarto. The first is a touching representation of two little children, one lying dead and the other half raised, recovered by touching the cloak of Saint Philip. In the second picture, the same saint is supposed to have called down lightning from Heaven on some passengers who had returned his admonitions by blaspheming; a tree seen scathed and torn, some figures flying in terror, while two are lying stretched in death. The drawing of one of these, in particular, is very good. The third picture still represents St Philip, here delivering a young girl from evil spirits.

On the other side of the cloister there are also three paintings of superior merit. The first is the *Espousals of the Madonna* by Franciabigio; the second, the *Ascension*, by Rosso; and the third, *Mary's visit to Elizabeth*, by Pontormo. This last is the most entire, the finest of the three, and most superb in composition and drawing. Passing from this into a second cloister, you find some exquisite specimens of fresco painting, presenting an opportunity of judging of the whole power and beauty of which this style is susceptible. One, in particular, is a production in the highest style of

excellence. It is a painting which has been much admired by Michael Angelo and Titian, the Holy Family, by Andrea del Sarto, called Madonna del Sacco. The form of the Virgin is round and full, yet most youthful, her countenance beautiful, and the drapery rich and in quiet colouring. Joseph, who is drawn much in shade, is seen in the back ground, sitting on a sack, from which the name of the painting is taken; his beard and harder features contrasting in fine effect with the soft loveliness of the Madonna. The whole composition combines with fine drawing and chaste colouring, the most touching simplicity.

Some paintings by Poccetti, as also by Rossellini, are likewise very good. The fresco paintings of these cloisters are in a style of excellence that renders them a school worthy of the attention of the first masters. The compositions are in general fine, the drawings broad, full, and true to nature, and the colouring exquisitely rich, yet not gaudy. The invention displayed in the designs—the varied beauty of the female forms—the gentle bendings and fine roundings of the limbs—with the richness of the draperies, are truly astonishing; we find, among other subjects, grand and solemn scenes of dying priests, with mourning brethren, meetings of the faithful, penitents received and pardoned, extreme unction administered, or groups of monks and holy men persecuted and sorrowful.

Leaving these cloisters, and returning to the church, you enter, on the left hand, a superb chapel of white marble, in rich Corinthian architecture, after a design

by Michelozzo, the grand altar of which is of solid silver with a beautiful bronze railing; but the whole is rather deficient in simplicity. Within this there is a small chapel, or oratory, composed of the finest marble, with the most delicate workmanship, and an object of interest, at least from the consideration that such things will never be wrought again. The second chapel, called dei Ferroni, is also very beautiful and rich in sculpture. The figures of St Domenico by Marcellini and that of St Francis, by Cateni, have considerable merit, and if, instead of being grouped as they now are, they had stood solitary, and only dimly seen, with the light streaming from above, they would have produced a great effect. In the third chapel there is a picture of the Last Judgment, by Allori, which is held in high estimation. But yet the figures are without action, the faces without expression, and the colouring flat and tame. In the fourth chapel, we find a painting representing the Crucifixion, by Stradone, also much praised, but more deservedly, the composition of this being very fine. The figure of our Saviour is powerfully drawn, while the melancholy, pale, resigned countenance of Mary, who stands with clasped hands at the foot of the cross, has a character of the most touching sorrow. The design, however, is in some degree injured from the crosses of the thieves being placed too near to that of our Saviour, which lessens the solemn dignity of the scene. In the ceiling of the transept of the fifth chapel there is some beautiful painting in fresco by Volterrano. The sixth erected

after a design of John of Bologna, is a specimen of beautiful and simple architecture, the columns and friezes are in exquisite proportions and finely enriched with many small basso relievos in bronze, and with paintings and pieces of sculpture of great merit. The Resurrection, by Ligozzi, forming one of the paintings of the altar-pieces, is very fine. The ceiling in fresco, is also good. Of the works in sculpture, the small statues of three feet and a half are well executed. In the seventh, there is a very fine painting, representing the seven Blessed, by A. Nannetti. In the eighth, a much celebrated painting, by Passignano, of our Saviour curing the blind. This is truly a dignified, beautiful, and simple composition. In the ninth chapel, an admirable picture, by Donnini, representing the Virgin and Child, with four other figures.

We find in the chapel dei Peruzzi a very fine picture by Cosimo Ulivelli, representing Christ in the act of healing a wound, of St Pellegrino Laziosi Servita: although the subject is not pleasing, it is nevertheless a work of great merit. There is likewise to be seen here the celebrated picture, by Empoli, representing the Virgin and at her feet St Nicolo and other holy men. It is painted on yellow ground, after the barbarous manner of Perugino, but is, notwithstanding, a masterly piece, the drawing is broad and full, and the grouping fine.

Among the works in sculpture in this church, there is one by Bandinelli of considerable merit, and which I am the more willing to praise, having had

occasion more than once to censure the chisel of this artist.

The marble in question marks his tomb, which is in the chapel bearing his name, and represents our Saviour taken down from the cross, and supported in the arms and against the knee of Nicodemus. The forms of our Saviour's body are full, round, and fleshy, with much grandeur of manner and style, and without any affectation of anatomy, excepting one stroke, (which, however, is very conspicuous, and consequently injurious,) in the left biceps, which is too rigid. There is also an error in the composition, which greatly lessens the dignity of the whole; the figure of Nicodemus is too small, bearing no proportion to the form of our Saviour; this has the united bad effect of giving an appearance of too great bulk to the body of our Saviour, and consequent feebleness to the sustaining figure. Nicodemus, a well-bearded, square, and rather vulgar personage, is Bandinelli's portrait of himself. Here (says the inscription under the figure of our Saviour) lie the body of Bandinelli; and Giacobbe Doria, his wife. He has placed four hideous skulls on the sarcophagus. I have always regarded such quaint, and yet melancholy mementos of dissolution, as remains of barbarism, and unworthy of that good taste and feeling which we expect in a great artist.

There are two fine ornaments in white marble, covering the remains of two holy men, placed in the opening of the circle of the great choir, on each of which, a figure, in the costume of a bishop, lies

recumbent, finely executed, and producing a rich effect. Also, in the opening of the circle to the great Duomo, we find two sculptured pieces of great merit ; the one a statue of St Paul, the other of St Peter, which last, in particular, is of great excellence. The forms are fine, the position of the head, noble, with much of grandeur in the manner and action of the whole. He holds the key in his right hand, with which he touches the Book of Truth placed in his left, as if in appeal to its sacred authority.

The dome of this edifice was erected after a design of Alberti, the historian and poet, and the high altar from one by Da Vinci. The architecture and proportions of both are fine, as are the paintings of the cupola in fresco by Volterrano.

SANTA MARIA NOVELLA.

The external architecture of this edifice presents an uncouth mixture of the Gothic and the Grecian. But within, the grand columns, their elevation, the light and beautiful arches rising above them, the size, height, and vast length of the church, the wide-spread gate, admitting a flood of light that illuminates the whole, are very fine.

Nothing seems to me so necessary, and appropriate, in the excellence of Gothic Cathedrals, as that immensity which makes man feel his own insignificance. The cloisters of this church, composed of fine spreading arches, short octagon pillars, with full expanding

capitals, are of beautiful architecture. There is much painting, but all in a style of mediocrity.

SANTO SPIRITO.

The architecture of this fine church is Grecian, and of the finest Corinthian order, and esteemed one of Brunelleschi's greatest works. But in this edifice, where I expected to be most charmed, I am most displeased with the effect of Grecian architecture in churches. It is appropriate to public edifices, palaces, temples, mausoleums,—to almost any buildings, except churches. I cannot reconcile the tameness, the flatness, the long unadorned sides, and square household windows, with my ideas of solemn and sacred grandeur.

We find in this church the much admired group of our Saviour and the Virgin, styled *la Pietà* by Nanni di Baccio Bigio, in imitation of Buonarroti's celebrated work on the same subject, now in the Vatican. It is a piece of great merit, and, in point of anatomy, one of the finest things I have yet seen. The whole figure is finely laid out, and admirably balanced; the proportions are beautiful, the chest broad, and the ribs, loins, and pectoral muscles, most skilfully marked.

THE CHURCH OF ST MARK.—This edifice is in a very different style, less grand, but more beautiful, and well worthy of being carefully visited, not only on account of the works of art to be found there, but also from the splendid and much-admired chapel, styled *St Antonino*, executed after a design of John of

Bologna, which, for architecture, statuary, and painting, is truly superb. In one of the oratories of this chapel, there are two exquisite pictures by Naldini. 1st, the Resurrection of Lazarus; 2d, the Vision of Ezekiel « of the valley of bones, » a subject grand and imaginative beyond conception, and finely treated.

SAN ROMOLO CHIESA IN PIAZZA DEL GRANDUCA.—In this church we find the celebrated picture of Fra Bartholomeo, styled *Misericordia*. Our Saviour is represented with an outstretched hand, holding a scroll; the Virgin stands a little lower, and angels sustain a canopy over them, the fore-ground being filled by different groups. The composition is good, and the colouring rich; but the outline is harsh, and the figures as stiff and mechanical as those of Giotto. But the celebrity of this work has arisen from the portrait of an old woman, of sixty or seventy years of age, which is treated in the finest manner, the features strongly marked, with a keenness of expression inconceivable. There is also here a companion to this piece, painted by the same artist, which has been much admired by West; but it seems to me to possess so little merit, that I am almost persuaded that this great master must have written his critique on report. The Almighty is figured under the form of an old man seated in the heavens, and surrounded by innumerable cherubs; two of the fingers of the right hand are raised, the left holds a book, on one page of which Alpha is inscribed, on the other Omega; below stand St Mary, Catherine, and Mary Magdalene; the ground is of a

pale hue, mingling in the extreme line with the blue of the horizon, illumined by a ray of sunshine. The effect of this is most beautiful, and with the landscape, composes all that is precious in the picture. The figure representing the Almighty, is stiff, and totally without grandeur; while the same character of hardness in outline, distinguishable in his first piece, is also to be found in this.

SANTA CROCE.

This edifice, which was erected in 1294, by Arnolphi di Lapo, offers, in its interior, specimens of the earliest manner, on the first revival of the arts, mingled with portions of the most finished order of the Grecian architecture. The space is divided into three aisles, formed by acute Gothic arches; the pilasters and supporting columns are of the rudest work; while the side-chapels, which, contrary to the usual custom, are not enclosed, but spread out like arched doors upon the walls, were re-built in the sixteenth century, and at that period marked the progress of the arts. The light, dimly penetrating through high narrow windows of painted glass, strikes obliquely against the walls and pillars, leaving a long and dark void below, gloomy and dim, but yet not unpropitious to the grandeur of general effect. The chief sources of interest in this church arise from its paintings and monuments; it may be styled a national depository, sacred to the memory of celebrated men.

Among these there are a few paintings of considerable merit; as also monuments; and some noble works in sculpture. I shall merely mention a very few of the paintings most worthy of notice, and then, in the same cursory manner, take a survey of the monumental and sculptured objects.

The Crucifixion, by Santi di Tito, is very fine; the drawing good, the style full and broad, and the draperies grand.

The Deposition from the Cross, by Cigoli. Our Saviour received into the arms of our Heavenly Father, attended by angels. The composition is simple, touching, and beautiful, the execution masterly, and the colouring pleasing.

The Martyrdom of San Lorenzo, by Ligozzi; a noble picture, of much character and action.

The Assumption and Coronation of the Virgin, by Allori; also a most superb painting, although the composition is somewhat injured by the crowding of the figures in the fore-ground.

The supper of Emaus by Santi di Tito is finely designed, simple and beautiful in its character, and possessing much expression, for which this master was particularly distinguished.

Bronzino's Liberation of Souls from limbo. This painting has obtained a name, and is generally mentioned with distinction; an advantage, however, which, I should be inclined to believe, arises chiefly from its imposing bulk. Our Saviour is represented with Adam, Eve, and Isaac; and the fore-ground is filled by

Rebecca, and other members of Isaac's family. The countenances of the females are portraits, and extremely beautiful; but this, in my opinion, forms the sole attraction of the picture. The figure of our Saviour is ill drawn, and the forms are without dignity: while the personages who occupy the space on the other side, are formal, large, and heavy. The whole manner, tone, and colouring, is tame and flat.

I shall conclude this short list, chosen from among the number of paintings contained in this church, with the designs in fresco of the ceiling in the Chapel dei Ricardi, which are exquisite, especially some small designs, representing our Saviour's sufferings and crucifixion, singularly beautiful, and executed with the most touching simplicity, which, though found here, on the ceiling of a small side chapel, are yet worthy to adorn a royal cabinet.

Among the monumental works, I would particularly distinguish the tomb of Machiavelli, as a noble specimen of the antique style, and a most simple and chaste composition. A statue, representing the combined character of the historian and politician, reclines on his sarcophagus. The whole is after a design of Innocenzio Spinazzi.

The sepulchre of the poet Marzupini, by Desiderio da Settignano, is beautiful, the taste and workmanship exquisite, as well as the figure supposed to represent the poet himself, which reposes on the sarcophagus.

The monument of Alfieri, by Canova. This is a work claiming particular attention, not only from the

feelings excited by the memory of him to whom it is sacred, but also from the interest inspired by a display of the talents of a living artist.

The effect and composition of this work are brilliant. I cannot, however, entirely approve of the manner, which, in my opinion, wants simplicity. Instead of a fine antique square sarcophagus, the whole is in oval forms, one curve rising above another; while the figure of weeping Italy, is bulky, and yet wanting in grandeur.

The sepulchre of Michael Angelo is a grand piece of sculpture. His bust, the work of B. Lorenzi, is finely executed, and esteemed a perfect resemblance of the artist. The three mourning figures, representing the sister arts, are the work of his disciples.

Of the great names among the remains deposited in this church, that of Galileo bears a distinguished place.

This great man, though late, yet at length obtained the honours due to his high talents. This tomb was erected by the gratitude and respect of one of his pupils, and the whole accomplished at the private expence of a noble Florentine family. His bust is placed on the sarcophagus, which is supported by two figures, representing the sciences of astronomy and geometry.

Among these monuments, there is none more deserving of notice than, the sepulchre of Leonardo Bruni, a noble Aretino, by Bernardo Rossellini; the whole composition and manner being in the finest antique style.

I am also led to mention a sculpture in the chapel styled dei Cavalcanti. We find here two figures representing the Annunciation, executed in vitrified earth,

by Donatello; as also the Crucifixion, in wood, by the same artist. This last was the first distinguished work by which his talents were made known.

We have an interesting account in his life by Visari, in which we are told, that when it was finished he called upon his friend Brunelleschi, requesting him to tell him ingenuously what he thought of it. This artist who had expected something much finer, only smiled, without making any reply. Observing this, Donatello begged him to state his opinion frankly, upon which Filippo with somewhat more of sincerity than courtesy replied, that he had represented a coarse rustic, and not the forms of the Saviour. Nevertheless notwithstanding the severity of Brunelleschi's critique the work is not without merit. *

In the Chapel dei Nicolini, we find five statues in marble, the work of Francavilla, well deserving of notice. These represent Aaron, Moses, Prudence, Humi-

* Donatello (adds Vasari in continuation of the above anecdote) stung by the severity of his friend's observation, rendered the more bitter as he had only looked for applause, replied drily. « Were it as easy to execute as to pronounce judgment on a work, perhaps mine might seem in your eyes to offer the forms of a Deity, rather than those of a coarse rustic: but provide yourself with a block, and do you likewise endeavour to represent the Saviour »: Filippo without further discussion returned home, and immediately, but secretly, put his hand to the Crucifixion: spurred at once by the desire of proving the correctness of his assertion, and of surpassing Donatello, he completed his labours in the course of some months, producing a work of infinite merit. Having thus accomplished his object, he one morning carelessly asked his friend to dine with him. Donatello having accepted his invitation they proceeded together to Mercato vecchio, where Filippo purchased some provisions, which committing to his friend he requested him to carry them to his house,

lity, and Chastity. Aaron is a noble work, and grandly designed. He is represented in a meditating posture, fine as the Lorenzo of Michael Angelo, and exquisitely rich in every part of the drapery. Moses is also fine, although inferior to Aaron; the beard, especially, is caricatured, falling in voluminous rolls to his girdle, so as to produce something of a grotesque effect. The personification of Prudence has considerable merit; the hands (and it is perhaps allowable) are rather large and strong; but the composition, on the whole, is good.

The figure of Humility is very beautiful and well imagined, the countenance mild, and the forms and contour have a gentle and pleasing expression.

The fresco paintings of the ceiling of this chapel are well worthy of notice; they are by Volterrano. He has filled the circles between the windows with the four Sibyls, executed in a noble style, great prophetic forms, in the richest tones of colouring.

where he would presently join him. Donatello in consequence directed his steps towards the residence of his host, which he entered, and proceeding to the inner apartment the Crucifixion placed in the most propitious light suddenly met his view. He stood for a moment rooted to the spot in fixed attention, when in an extasy of admiration, he clasped his hands, suffering the objects he held in his apron to fall unheeded on the floor, unconscious in his wrapped enthusiasm of the noise occasioned by the broken and smashed articles, which lay spread out around him. He was now joined by Philippo; who laughing, inquired what might be his intention, how shall we dine, since all our provisions lie scattered on the ground? As for me, replied Donatello, I have had my part, if you wish to have yours you must gather it up. The die is cast, he added, to you it is conceded to sculpture the forms of a Deity, to me those of a rustic.

(Note of the Ital. Trans.)

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Nothing is more touching than the solemn and silent grandeur of a Roman Catholic Church ; thither the poor and the distressed, the weary and the hungry, continually resort ; and many a lonely helpless being is dimly distinguished in a sequestered corner in fervent prayer. Here every variety of human character may be seen ; thoughtless careless youth ; the pallid, haggard, unhappy peasant, encumbered with disease ; the forlorn widow, bending in sorrow over her little ones ; and the aged man, with his bald and shining head, sprinkled with a few remaining hairs, clasping his hands, and praying for release from life's uninteresting and weary scene.

The habit of penitence, the use of confession, the solitary indulgence of an humble and contrite spirit, carry many a mourning soul to the foot of the altar, kissing the relic to which it is consecrated.

Must not scenes like these make painters ? Can these fine figures, touched by the fading gleams darting from the richly-painted window, fail of impressing a mind the least sensible to the beauties of the art ?

If vastness and solitude can prepare the mind ; if columns and monuments, arches and broken angles, lights descending from above, long perspectives, gloomy recesses, figures rising in a dark ground, can inspire a painter and affect him with melancholy tender images, the painters of Italy should certainly excel.

PROFESSION OF A NUN.

Among the institutions of the Roman Catholic faith, monasteries form a conspicuous feature. It is impossible, I think, to reflect on the state of beings thus cut off from all the social ties of life, without a sensation of melancholy; a sensation which is more especially awakened to the situation of female votaries, their stricter rules, and more uninterrupted seclusion, separating them from the world by stronger barriers than those opposed to the other sex.

The profession of a young nun can hardly be witnessed without exciting feelings of strong emotion. To behold a being in the early dawn of youth, about to forsake the world, while its joys alone are painted to the imagination, and sorrow, yet untasted, seems far distant—to see her, with solemn vows, and crossing that threshold, which may not again be repassed, and which separates her for ever from all those scenes that give interest, and delight, and joy to life—to imagine her in the lonely cell, that is to replace the beauty and the grandeur of nature, presents a picture, that must fill the mind with powerful feelings of sadness.

Such is the illusion, such the sensation inspired by the solemn scene, which I believe that he whose faith allows, or he whom a different persuasion leads to deplore the sacrifice, will yet, for the moment, behold with equal emotion,

The mind, if not more than usually cold, will with

difficulty suppress the tear that rushes from the heart, when contemplating, in perspective, the long listless life which lies spread out, in an unvarying form, before her who is thus, for the last time, surrounded by a busy throng, and adorned with a splendour that seems but to mock her fate. †

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The convent in which we were now to behold this ceremony belongs to an austere order styled « Lume sacro » having severe regulations, enforcing silence and contemplation.

One of their symbols resembles the ancient custom of the Vestal Virgins; like them, they are enjoined to watch continually over the sacred lamp, burning for ever. The costume of this community differs essentially from that usually worn, and is singularly beautiful and picturesque; but, while it pleases the eye, it covers an ascetic severity, their waist being grasped, under the garment, by an iron girdle, which is never loosened.

It appeared that the fortunes of the fair being who was this day to take veil, had been marked by events so full of sorrow, that her story, which was told in

† In the Author's notes on Rome, he again touches on this subject, and gives a description of the ceremony of a nun's taking the veil, which the Editor has ventured to introduce here, as it seemed to assimilate well with the above reflections.

(*Note of the Editor*)

whispers by those assembled, was not listened to without the deepest emotion. Circumstances of the most affecting nature had driven her to seek shelter in a sanctuary, where the afflicted may weep in silence, and where, if sorrow is not assuaged, its tears are hidden.

All awaited the moment of her entrance with anxious impatience, and on her appearance, every eye was directed towards her, with an expression of the deepest interest. Splendidly adorned, as is customary on these occasions, and attended by a female friend of high rank, she slowly advanced to the seat assigned her near the altar. Her fine form rose above the middle stature, a gentle bend marked her contour, but it seemed as the yielding of a fading flower; her deep blue eyes, which were occasionally in pious awe raised to Heaven, and her long dark eyelashes, gave life to a beautiful countenance, on which resignation seemed portrayed. The places allotted to us as being strangers, whom the Italians never fail to distinguish by the most courteous manners, were such as not only to enable us to view the whole ceremony, but to contemplate the features and expression of this interesting being.

She was the only child of doating parents; but while their afflicted spirit found vent in the tears which coursed over cheeks chilled by sorrow, they yet beheld their treasure about to be for ever separated from them, with that resignation which piety inspires, while yielding to a sacrifice made to Heaven. The ceremony now began, the priest pronounced a discourse, and the other observances proceeded in the usual track.

At length the solemn moment approached which was to bind her vows to Heaven. She arose and stood a few moments before the altar; when suddenly, yet with noiseless action, she sank extended on the marble floor, and instantly the long black pall was thrown over her. Every heart seemed to shudder, and a momentary pause ensued; when the deep silence was broken, by the low tones of the organ, accompanied by soft and beautiful female voices, singing the service of the dead (the requiem.) The sound gently swelled in the air, and as the harmonious volume became more powerful, the deep church bell at intervals sounded with a loud clamour, exciting a mixed feeling of agitation and grandeur.

Tears were the silent expression of the emotion which thrilled through every heart. This solemn music continued long, and still fell mournfully on the ear; and yet seraphic as in softened tones, and as it were receding in the distance, it gently sank into silence. The young novice was then raised, and advancing towards the priest, she bent down, kneeling at his feet, while he cut a lock of her hair, as a type of the ceremony that was to deprive her of this, to her no longer valued, ornament. Her attendant then despoiled her of the rich jewels with which she was adorned; her splendid upper vesture was thrown off, and replaced by a monastic garment; her long tresses bound up, her temples covered with fair linen; the white crown, emblem of innocence, fixed on her head, and the crucifix placed in her hands.

Then kneeling low once more before the altar, she

uttered her last vow to Heaven ; at which moment the organ and choristers burst forth in loud shouts of triumph , and in the same instant the cannon from St Angelo gave notice that her solemn vows were registered.

The ceremony finished, she arose and attended in procession, proceeded towards a wide iron gate, dividing the church from the monastery, which, opening wide, displayed a small chapel beautifully illuminated ; a thousand lights shed a brilliant lustre, whose lengthened gleams seemed sinking into darkness , as they shot through the long perspective of the distant aisle. In the fore ground, in a blazing focus of light, stood an altar, from which, in a divided line, the nuns of the community were seen , each holding a large burning wax taper. They seemed to be disposed in order of seniority , and the two youngest were still adorned with the white crown, as being in the first week of their noviciate.

Both seemed in early youth, and their cheeks, yet unpaled by monastic vigils, bloomed with a brightened tint, while their eyes sparkled, and a smile seemed struggling with the solemnity of the moment, in expression of their innocent delight in beholding the approach of her who had that day offered up her vows, and become one of the community.

The others stood in succession , with looks more subdued, pale, mild, collected, the head gently bending toward the earth in contemplation. The procession stopped at the threshold of the church, when the young nun was received and embraced by the Lady Abbess,

who, leading her onwards, was followed in procession by the nuns, each bearing a lighted torch.

It might be the brilliant light shed on the surrounding objects, or the momentary charm lent by enthusiasm, that dangerous spirit of the mind, deceiving the eye and the heart, which gave to these fair beings a fascination more than real; but such were my feelings, so fixed my attention, that when their forms faded from my view, when the gate was closed, and I turned again towards the busy throng and crowded street, I felt a heaviness of heart, even to pain, weigh upon me.



CHAPTER SEVENTH.

ON ANCIENT STATUARY—THE FIGHTING GLADIATOR—GALLERY
OF FLORENCE—THE TRIBUNE—HALL OF THE NIODES.

ON viewing the works of ancient art, we are naturally led to inquire into the causes which produced such early and almost unrivalled excellence in statuary and sculpture. The answer is to be found in the manners of the Greeks, which peculiarly encouraged the progress of talent in these pursuits, and offered the finest opportunities for study. Every ceremony of their poetic religion—the rites observed at their marriages and public festivals—their funeral processions and public games, were so many occasions for rousing talent, and presenting to the artist the finest models for his imitation and study.

This was peculiarly the case with regard to sculpture. In the Olympic games, and other exhibitions of the same kind, where the highest honours were bestowed upon personal prowess, the artist had the best opportunity of studying the perfection of the human figure. He saw, in these displays of agility and strength, the noblest forms in all the animation of contest, and roused to the greatest exertion by that hope of distinction, which the rewards bestowed on the successful competitor, were so well calculated to produce.

But besides this, the artists themselves were honoured and distinguished, in a manner unknown in modern

times. The riches lavished in rewarding their labours is matter of history, and personal honours of the highest degree were bestowed upon them. The effect that this must have had in exciting animation and talent is evident.

The nature of their mythology was equally important. In our religion the subjects are grand, noble, and impressive; but almost too sacred for the pencil or chisel. The mythology of the Greeks was, on the contrary, gay and animating. Even while seeking to represent the splendour of the Deity, grand and severe in dignity, the ancients have surpassed us. There is no comparison between the Almighty, by Raphael, and the Jupiter of Phidias, as described by ancient writers.* The artist, whether in statuary or painting, owes his happiest efforts to imagination, to which imitation and recollection alone contribute.

When Rembrandt paints a Sorcerer enchanting a Sea God, he paints a being as purely ideal as the Heavenly Father, by Michael Angelo. When Salvator Rosa paints Banditi in a Cave, he in part only copies from what he may have seen; all the horror and effect is produced by the efforts of imagination. Thus, in every subject there is poetry. Composition may be styled the sentiment—the pencil and chisel the language, of painting and sculpture.

* Quintilian says of this statue « (lib. 12 c. 10) *cujus pulchritudo » adjecisse aliquid etiam receptae religioni videtur; adeo majestas operis » Deum aequavit » et, according to Pliny « (Nat. His. lib. 34 c. 8.) » Phidias, praeter Jovem Olimpium, quem nemo aemulatur.... »*

(Note of the Ital. Trans.)

The delight of an artist must indeed be infinite in imagining and producing a fine group, or in forming a beautiful and perfect model of the human body. With what fascination does the eye rest on such an object! Such representations command every sympathy. With what interest do you trace the open forehead, the long line of eyebrows, the fine nose giving nobleness to the countenance; the rounded cheek, the square chin, the broad shoulders spreading over the chest in manly grace, the breadth of the pectoral, the rounding of the *cutis cruris*, the line of the tibia, and especially the head of the bone, where the *sartorius* passes! In all the fine youthful statues of the ancient, when personal beauty was the object, they were at great pains to represent the head inclined with a sweet expressive air, the neck finely turned, and the breast full and fleshy, as in the statues of Antinous, etc.

It has long been a matter of debate whether the ancients were, or were not, acquainted with anatomy, and the subject, with its various bearings, has been much and keenly agitated by the learned. If anatomy had been much known to the ancients, their knowledge would not have remained a subject of speculation. We should have had evidence of it in their works; but, on the contrary, we find Hippocrates spending his time in idle prognostics, and dissecting apes, to discover the seat of the bile. If more of anatomy had been known than could be seen through the skin, or discovered from a skeleton found on the sea-shore, it would not have been left an imperfect and nearly unknown science.

The ancients had no opportunity of becoming acquainted with the formation of the human body, except what might be the result of accident; after death the body was burnt, and the funeral urn contained its ashes. Their emblems of death were not like ours, the representations of the form into which the body is at length resolved; their signs were expressed by mourning genii, with an extinguishing torch. Various instruments of surgery have been found among the innumerable objects discovered in different excavations, as well as in those of Pompeii and Herculaneum, but no specimens nor traces of anatomy.

The ancients kept records of the perfections of the human body, and these consisted in the aptitude for exercises. At the Olympic games statues were made of those who had been often victors, when the exact size, the peculiar forms, all the beauties, and even the very defects of their bodies, were carefully preserved, that they might serve as models of manly strength, of swiftness, and prowess. When such various peculiarities and practices are carefully detailed, how could a matter so eventful as the first introduction of anatomy, an object so important in its application, be omitted!

It is evident that in these public opportunities the ancients possessed advantages for which the profoundest knowledge of anatomy, even when combined with taste and judgment, can never be a substitute. Anatomy is to a statuary what compasses are to an architect. If the celebrated Torso, be that of Hercules, (as it supposed to be,) we here find the poetic artist aiming at a beautiful

and dignified representation of strength, without any forced or coarse delineation of fibre and muscle demonstrating the signs and actions of anatomy. The bad effects of exaggeration on this point, are demonstrable in the Farnesian Hercules. His coarse, clumsy, vast trunk, loaded with superfluous masses of muscle, his knotted calves, and long ankles, designate the strength of a heavy cumbrous body, calculated to work the lever, or sustain the ponderous weight, which the gift of rude material forms enables it to raise, but without any portion of energetic powers of action, to struggle, throw, or strike. The stooping head and lowering ferocious eye of this Hercules, his long round forehead, divided across the temples, and separated from his flat, coarse, unexpressive countenance, mark as little of the spirit of grace and animation appertaining to an heroic character, as his bulky fibres do of the first principles of anatomy.

This science should not be brought into evidence in a statue,—it is the beautiful, round, fleshy forms of the living body only, that should be displayed even in high energetic action. Far from exposing naked knotty bones, nature has been indulgent to our finer feelings. The bones, muscles, and tendons, are involved in a cellular substance, and covered with ligaments, the interior machinery is hidden and protected by sheaths peculiar to each limb, while a thick skin covers the whole with one unvaried, smooth, and beautiful surface, which only becomes wrinkled, thin, and meagre, when the machine is to be taken to pieces, and again resolved into its elements.

In youth, round, full, powerful, but light and elegant forms, with a well-nourished skin, hide all individual marks.

The advantages possessed by the Greek artists were not confined to the rude figure alone; their beautiful living models presented continually to their view a simple, flowing, and ever-varying drapery. A vigorous fine-made Greek, whichever way he cast his cloak, whether carelessly as Socrates, or gracefully as Alcibiades gave a new cast to the figure, presenting the elegant bendings of youth, or more noble forms of manhood. To represent drapery, finely managed, falling into light and easy folds, is among the most difficult and precious talents of an artist. Perhaps the most exquisite combinations of this art are exemplified in the Apollo di Belvedere, displaying a spare and elegant drapery, light, airy, and graceful, giving at once richness and grandeur to the whole figure; and such is the manner in which heroic figures should be clothed. If instead of hanging the skin of the Nemean lion on the resting Hercules, as if it were on a tree, it had been carelessly flung over his shoulders, with the broad and characteristic hanging paw, how noble would have been the effect, compared to the coarse-made forms now presented in this statue!

In a draped figure the most striking effects are often produced by an artist working for particular parts; for instance, a shoulder, a thorax, an arm, a springy trembling thigh, a firm-set foot, a fine-turned head, an expression of nobleness, of fierceness, or strenuous

courage, will give singular beauty or character to a whole figure, provided always the artist is careful to preserve, in his mind's eye, the entire forms of the nude figure.

One circumstance strongly indicating that the chief studies of the Greek artist had been in the Circus, is, that nearly all their male figures are nudes, especially when in action, such as their wrestlers, *athletæ*, gladiators, and *discoboli*. The ancients were also particularly well acquainted with one great principle in the fine arts, viz. that exaggerated expression, caricatured violent or strong action, instead of bespeaking the sympathy of the beholder, only weakens the effect, producing disgust rather than pleasure. In representing the most powerful attitudes, they are ever true to nature. The most perfect specimen of this style of composition is to be seen in the fighting gladiator, now in the Louvre in Paris, in which the manner of the ancients is finely exemplified. The figure is in high action, full of grace, in which sinews, tendons, and muscles, are all in play, but hid as in the beautiful forms of youth, not strongly expressed or obtruded on the eye.

A fighting gladiator is not the most noble or feeling exhibition by which to express dignity, passion, or suffering; but this statue is the boldest effort, ever made by any sculptor, to represent the beautiful forms, and high energies, of the human body.

The limbs are thrown out with an animation which exhibits all their elasticity and youthful strength. The protruded shield repels the foe, and covers all the

extended line of the body, which appears ready to spring with a force and action of intense velocity and irresistible power. The head and youthful countenance is turned round to face danger, with a lively and daring animation, which expresses a sort of severe delight in the immediate prospect of it, and foretells the deadly thrust that is aimed, while the right hand and arm are drawn back, strong, and every fibre is ready for the forward and active spring. All the parts, and all the action, even to the extremities, are peculiar, and could not be transferred to any other figure. The effect is confined to no one part, but animates the whole. The fine youthful head, the vigorous limbs, the animated form, strong for action, the lively courage and spirit expressed in every point, the hope and suspense excited from action begun, the result being yet undetermined, gave me, in viewing this statue, sensations of admiration and delight beyond what I have ever received from any other work of art. *

In seeking to discover whether the ancients knew anatomy, the importance of the question, as it relates to statuary, is not so much to ascertain whether they had this knowledge, as whether it would have injured or improved their works, and in what degree an acquaintance with the science would be advantageous to a modern artist. To the first query I should reply by

* This statue was found early in the seventeenth century at Antium, in one of the palaces of the Roman Emperor. The Apollo di Belvedere was found nearly a century earlier in the same place.

(*Note of the Author.*)

asking, what need had they of anatomy, who studied so well a surer rule? what could it offer to those, who like them had the means of viewing, in the living body, the most perfect forms of manly beauty? * To the second I should answer, that anatomy, skilfully and sparingly applied, is the best substitute for the more animated exhibitions of the circus and theatre.

While I maintain that the statuary who has only anatomy for his master, possesses advantages very inferior to those enjoyed by the spectator at the games of the Circus, I nevertheless admit, that a man skilled in anatomy will never produce anything very bad or offensive; his science must correct the eye, although it cannot excite the imagination. I also think that an

* Viz in the Olympic, Pythian, Nemean, and Isthmian games, because in wrestling, in boxing, and running, the athletes were naked. The Olympic games were the most celebrated and the most frequented, and in which only such as were of unexceptionable conduct were permitted to engage; no man of immoral character, nor any akin to him was suffered to enter the Agon, the victor being considered and extolled as a Heroe and conducted home with all the honors and ceremonies due to a victorious general :

» palmaque nobilis.
» Terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos »

Statues were raised to the victors styled Olympionicae and these were erected near Olimpia, or as otherwise denominated Pisa, in the wood sacred to Jove. The sole premium bestowed on the victor was a crown of olive-tree. When the game was first instituted women were prohibited from appearing; but in process of time, they not only presented themselves, but some engaged in the combat and sometimes gained the prize. But

» Quem praestare potest mulier galeata pudorem?

(*Note of the Ital. Trans.*)

acquaintance with the great outlines and leading rules in anatomy, would, in any circumstances, prove advantageous to an artist. Polycletus, a man of learning, as well as an able sculptor, wrote a treatise on statuary; and, to give permanence to his rules, formed an exquisitely beautiful statue, demonstrative of the proportions and measures of the human body, which he himself styled the canon, or regulator, of Polycletus. Every artist should endeavour to teach his eye some canon, and thus have fixed rules impressed on his mind. This might be done with advantage, by setting the nude upright, and carefully observing the fall of the limbs.

In the second stage of his studies, the artist is called upon to observe the changes formed by the bendings of the figure, the consequent swell of muscle, the increased sharpness of the elbow joint, the turning of the hand and wrist-bones, viz. the radius and ulna, the curving of the spine, the projection of the haunch, and flattening of the knee. All this, of course, is so simple, that it requires only letters marking the parts on the clay figure, to render the whole perfectly clear; being the preliminary principles leading to the higher points, those of embodying sentiment, rendering internal feelings and passions visible by exterior forms, which is the primary and great aim of the artist. I should recommend to a statuary, who hopes to rise to excellence, not to practise too long, or assiduously, the modelling in basso or alto relievo. It is a manner chiefly adapted to sketches, being rapid and pleasing, and having an air of delicacy, elegance, and even a touch of antiquity,

which renders it too seducing, and may thus spoil his hand, and retard his progress. The clay is so plastic, and so little is required in the filling up, that the artist runs the risk of being too easily satisfied. There is also danger from working in this manner, of his acquiring a flatness of style. The whole figure may rise boldly from the ground; but still the parts may be flat, tame, and well proportioned only in their length; the artist learns nothing of the balance of the figure, or of the fine, round, and simple forms; he loses sight of grandeur and bulk, or strenuous actions; he is apt also to take delight in a little style, and thus vitiate his taste.

THE GALLERY OF FLORENCE.

The gallery is situated in the upper part of a vast edifice, supported in front by Doric pillars, which were formerly adorned with statues. Perhaps the Florentines, more than any moderns, have sought to honour and perpetuate the memories of their celebrated men. We have a list from an author, who wrote in the first year of the fifteenth century, recording the names of distinguished poets and artists, whose statues were placed at each gate in the entrance of the city, among whom Dante, Boccaccio, and Petrarch are mentioned. Time and chance have caused the destruction or removal of these honourable testimonies of departed worth.

The colonnade formed by the Doric pillars of the Gallery, leads to apartments styled *gli Uffizj*; after an ascent of two flights of stairs, singularly long, and

most precipitous, you reach the landing place, and enter a small vestibule, which opens into the Gallery.

Here you find yourself at once in the midst of the works of art, but so crowded, that they seem deposited rather than arranged; and so mutilated, that your first sensation is that of being surrounded by a rabble of noseless and headless beings, some of which seem to bear the traces only of what they have been, and others are so badly restored, as to cause a regret that they had not shared the same fate.

The difficulty and delicacy of the task of restoration, although generally acknowledged, is, notwithstanding, hardly understood to its full extent.

You must look to the *callida junctura* before you can pronounce on the correctness of the artist's work, and ascertain whether he has given the parts restored, their original form and intention.

In this vestibule you find them restored, even to the boar's tail which being broken in the hurry of removal, in the great fire of the year 1762, is replaced; not, however, according to the brazen copy to be seen in the Mercato Nuovo, which was originally taken from this, and is finely executed, but *ad libitum*. This fine animal deserved more care. It is inimitable. The surly brute is represented in the attitude of his lair, as if in his den, angry, roused, half rising and showing his formidable tusks. His hair is stubby and clotted, his paws broad, coarse, and heavy; the whole finely expressing the growling ire, kindling in an irritated animal.

The horse of this vestibule is generally noticed with high commendations, and, perhaps, on a slight survey, it may seem to have some merit; but on a closer examination many faults must soon be discovered.

I find in it no preparation for any one part; no forehead to provide for the eye; no socket, nor any bones to project above it; no ribs, only a round tub of a body; no spine, nor rump projecting to mark the crupper, distinguishing the back from the haunches; no preparation for the tail, which is stuck straight out betwixt the hips; none for the mane in the forms of the neck; nor for the legs on proceeding from the haunches; in short, it is a boy's hobby-horse, and, moreover, has been cruelly restored; yet it serves well enough as an ornament to the place. It is imagined that the horse belonged to the Niobes, although upon what grounds is not clearly explained.

The two wolf-dogs are most exquisite; bold, spirited, and true to nature.

Passing through the doorway, which is guarded by these two noble animals, you enter this far-famed Gallery; and here your first feelings and sensations are those of surprise and disappointment.

You look along a corridor, which seems almost interminable, being nearly five hundred feet in length, gloomy, narrow, and with no proportioned height of ceiling to give dignity or grandeur to the general effect. Compared to the Louvre, or Versailles, it appears very mean.

The walls on each side of the Gallery are lined with

paintings, furnishing specimens from the earliest times; and the first of these, from the wondrous poverty they display in composition, colouring, perspective, and design, add new lustre to the abilities of the great masters who succeeded them.

From space to space there are statues, the intervals being occupied with busts of the celebrated men among the ancients, with Roman Emperors, and distinguished Roman ladies. The head-dresses of the female busts are worth noticing, being the most whimsical and fantastic things imaginable.

STATUES OF THE GALLERY.

Bacchus and Ampelos. I would distinguish this as an elegant group, particularly happy in that delicate and fleshy turn of the body, which nature gives, and marble almost always wants, for statues are very generally finished like portraits, from one view; but these figures turn elegantly and easily, as if the result of many combined views. The countenances are sweet and gentle, the persons slender and elegant, with much nature, and no apparent anatomy.

Cupid;—a fair, full, fleshy, round boy, in fine and sportive action, tossing back a heart. But the arm is miserably restored.

A Juno, head superb, the features fine, the expression noble, although severe, and in which something of discontent may be read; the full face is rather heavy, but the profile is truly grand. Statuary should always

be round and full ; whenever it is minute in its forms, or sharp in outline , even in features, in the eyelids , or in hair, it is unpleasing, and seems poor and common.

Cupid and Psyche. The grouping of the two figures is most exquisite.

Neptune. The head is vulgar and ragged : vulgar , from a contracted cunning expression about the eyes ; and ragged, from the manner of treating the hair, viz. pointed and uniform.

Ganymede. Small , beautiful , and exquisite as the subject requires ; it is wonderfully full and round for an eighteen-inch statue. The head is not well restored ; it is the work of Benvenuto Cellini, and , contrary to the usual excellence of that master , we find in the nicely blacked pupil of the eye, and various curling of the hair of this Ganymede, more of the finical littleness of the goldsmith than the taste of the artist.

Genius of Death. A mourning angel , very fine ; the expression touching and melancholy.

Bust of Antinous ; very fine. The size and manner colossal , the hair rude and neglected , composed of massive short locks ; the expression mournful.

A Bust ; most singularly fine. It is a portrait, with all the truths of a portrait, but without the quaintness. It is exquisitely finished ; the hair treated in a most original manner, the beard equally fine. It is wonderful that the history of such a head should not be known.

The Infant Hercules strangling the Serpents. This is a foolish , impracticable, and unpleasing subject ; it may suit poetry , but makes execrable statuary ; for ,

although it may be possible for Hercules, the son of Jupiter, to have attained strength to grapple even with a lion, it is impossible to conceive infant strength struggling with serpents, or at least it is impossible to represent such a group with effect. This Infant Hercules is here regarded as one of the finest specimens of antiquity, and by common consent pronounced exquisite. But I cannot agree to this; and not only quarrel with the subject, but with the statue as a work: the whole figure, in my opinion, presenting only inflated, tumid, and shapeless forms. It appears that the torso is the only portion which is indisputably antique.

The Jupiter. It is singular, although perhaps arising only from the attempt to represent serenity; but the countenance of this statue has much of the expression usually appropriated to our Saviour. This work is much esteemed. It is unquestionably fine, and possesses much grandeur of idea. It has, however, many faults. The forms are too large, the effect of the whole is formal, and the hair heavy and voluminous. If, however, they needs must have a parent god of this size, this may be very good.

The Bust of Alexander. The hair is finely treated in short hard locks.

Pan with the lyre. This Pan, however much it has been praised, is a most wretched figure. It is not hirsute all over, but feathered only on the hips. The shoulders and back show the most absurd use of anatomy; the artist affecting much science, has, notwithstanding, displaced, and even miscounted the ribs; but the posture

and action are both good. Statuaries very often fail in the junction of the loins to the body; they do not know how high the haunch-bone comes, and that the navel is opposite to the cresta ilei. There is a strange fault of this kind in Bandinelli's dead Christ, which becomes slender in the middle like the body of a wasp.

Mercury, very fine. The Phrygian bonnet, hair, and all are excellent; the body finely formed, and the limbs exquisite. In this Deity the ancient artists have best succeeded.

Agrippina. This statue I ever contemplate with renewed admiration; the forms are exquisite, the inclination of the head and neck, the cast of the whole person, the marking of the knees by the fall of the drapery between them, the posture of the right hand, and the graceful ease of the leaning arm, with the richness of the fringes of the drapery, which descend to the feet, are very beautiful. The whole has sweetness, grandeur, richness, and delicacy of work. The original must be very precious; but this, although a copy, is likewise an antique.

The Athlete with the perfumed Vase; very fine, displaying much simplicity of character, and roundness of limb, united to great bulk of muscle and squareness of bones. The clavicles especially are well expressed, and every portion of the work is superior. The shoulders are admirably and delicately rounded, the rotula very square, the tibia clearly defined, the ancle beautiful, being strongly, but not coarsely pronounced. The whole carriage of the body possesses ease and grace, united

with every characteristic expression of strength and energy,—with varied action and beauty of posture, such as the happiest dancer or actor could hardly imitate. The figure bends little forward, looking with curiosity and pleasure upon the vase, having a gentle inclination on one side, to balance the body, and on the other to support the vase, the vase making a fine connexion betwixt the two hands. In such subjects, and in such direct portraits, the ancients seldom failed, and it is in such points that we discern the peculiar excellence of statuary, as distinguished from painting.

There are four athletic figures in the gallery, fine, but not equal to this which I have described; they are rather coarse, but still display much of the grandeur and simplicity of nature, combined with the characteristic attributes belonging to this cast.

The draped Uranias, etc. are not worth criticising; they are not deserving of place in this gallery. Bresciano thought all kinds of motion and expression might be intimated by the flowing of the garments;—a theory which has weighed down many an unfortunate statue with heavy loads of drapery. It is indisputable, that unless an artist can bear in mind the precise form of the limbs he is encircling, he cannot drape his figure with effect, not even with any portion of grace.

The Bacchus of Michael Angelo; superb, although touched more with the grandeur characterizing the sublimity of that great artist, than the gay, pleasant, careless, debonair spirit, applicable to this God of Joyousness.

Two statues of Esculapius; the second is good. The countenance possesses a certain grandeur of cast, which, although mingled with something of severity in the expression, is dignified and noble. The drapery flows with much simplicity and grace. This statue seems to have been one of a group probably with Hygeia, something of the forms of a female hand, being to be traced on the left shoulder.

Laocoon, the Priest of Apollo. This work, to my feelings, is a caricature representation of a subject in itself equally unpleasing and shocking. It is as if an artist should undertake to represent, as a public spectacle, the tortures of the Inquisition. I can never contemplate this group without something of horror, mingled with disgust; and I also think that much of the interest that it might command is destroyed, from the forms of the two youths, whose countenances and make, instead of exhibiting the charm and helplessness so touching in childhood, resemble only diminutive men. * This statue was copied from the original in the Vatican, by Bandinelli, and brought to Florence in the year 1550. It was much injured in the memorable fire of the year 1762. It is not well restored; the right arm, in particular, is so badly executed, that it seems

* I am fully aware, in these criticisms, of the temerity of opposing the general suffrage in favour of this group. In other works of art (even among the most admirable.) we encounter a diversity of judgment, but of this piece only one opinion seems to prevail. Virgil represents the brother of Anchises as howling under his agony with all the force and strength of a bull dragged to sacrifice, while, in the hands of the sculptor, his mouth is closed, he writhes in silent anguish, undoubtedly

as if the arm of the statue had been made of wood, turned in a lathe, and stained to resemble the other parts. How rarely are even the greatest artists successful in restoring!

The Discobolus; this statue is executed in a grand style, the action and anatomy good. He was once numbered among the Niobes; but on his real character being discovered, he was dismissed. The Mars, with the Silenus and Young Bacchus, are noble copies of the antique.

The Hermaphrodite; a most exquisite statue. The figure is recumbent, lying on the skin of a lion; the posture is full of nature; the supple elegant turning of the body, the finely-formed bosom, the rounded limbs, the noble head and countenance, are all beautiful. The whole composition is simple, and free from the slightest affectation of anatomy. Yet I know not if any beauty, any skill, however admirable, can compensate for an exhibition so little consonant with delicacy, and admired only as a fable. The Hermaphrodite, like the Mermaid, may amuse a sportive imagination; but as for imitation, it is out of the question. Such subjects are unsuitable either to statuary or painting.

a more dignified picture of suffering, which has in consequence procured for the artist the praise of being more philosophic than the poet. It is not altogether denied, that the youths are executed with a skill less exquisite than that displayed in the Priest of Apollo himself, but this is vindicated as being essential to render the accessories subordinate to the main object of the group.

(Note by the Author.)

THE TRIBUNE.

At certain intervals along the range of the gallery, there are large doors, forming the entrance into the different schools of painting, statuary, bronze, etc. one of which, towards the centre of the gallery, opens into the Tribune. I cannot refrain from again repeating how much, in surveying the Gallery, or Tribune, the celebrated repository of the art, you are led to remember with admiration the apartments of the Louvre, all the splendours of which are in the contrast forcibly recalled to memory, Statues acquire new dignity, and are contemplated with sensations of heightened pleasure, when viewed in rich and noble halls.

The magnificence and the taste displayed in the whole arrangements to be found in the Louvre, are equally striking and beautiful, while the statues of the Tribune, the most exquisite in the world, are lodged in a mean and gloomy chamber, a dull, tasteless, dreary, and melancholy apartment.

It was built after a design of Buontalenti. The form is octagon, and about twelve feet in diameter, with a roof rising in the manner of a cupola, but being greatly too lofty, according to true proportion, the apartment seems like a narrow tower, or a deep well, while the space of the whole is so limited, that, as you enter, the four celebrated statues seem close upon you, and you have almost touched the Venus de' Medici, ere you are aware in whose presence you stand.

The paintings of the Tribune, I acknowledge with, regret, have disappointed my expectations; there are doubtless, some few fine things among them; but yet, in the institute of Bologna, or here in Palazzo Pitti, you will find more of admirable and masterly works, than in the whole of this apartment. There is, however, one source of information here particularly interesting, offered in the opportunity of comparing the works of Pietro Perugino with those of his celebrated scholar; as also the three progressive manners of Raphael. While we look on the works of Pietro Perugino, and contemplate his stiff outlines, his formal erect figures, his cold, pale colouring, his golden ornaments, stars, and glories, we cannot but wonder at the excellence so rapidly and so early attained by his gifted pupil. *

The paintings of Raphael, to be seen in the Tribune, are—

1st, A Portrait of a Florentine lady, with a cross hanging from her neck, and rings on her finger. In this painting, which is among his earliest productions, much of the cold flat manner of his master may be traced.

* We are told that Raphael, on first beholding the works of Da Vinci, was struck with astonishment and delight, and at once forsaking his earlier manner, took this artist for his guide. He was born in the year 1483, and died at Rome, having only entered his thirty-seventh year. His death caused so great a sensation, and such regret, that even the Pope himself is said to have shed tears at his loss. His remains, immediately after his first demise, were placed by the side of his celebrated picture of the Transfiguration, and all the people, Vasari tells us, came to admire and mourn.

(Note by the Author.)

2d, Two paintings on wood, the subjects, the Virgin, the Holy Infant ; and St John ; the manner sweet, but little effective.

3d, John the Baptist in the desert ; a full-length painted on canvass. The colouring, the expression, and manner, fine.

4th, A Portrait of Pope Julius The Second ; most exquisite, with beauty and richness of colouring inconceivable. The artist himself was so pleased with this subject that he copied it several times.

5th, The celebrated Portrait of his Fornarina. Into the countenance of this lovely woman, he has breathed all the sentiment of his own soul. You perceive that she is no longer in early youth, but full of forms presenting the most exquisite softness and grace ; a face on which the eye dwells with delight ; its beauty fascinates, while the mind with which it is animated seems to speak to the heart.

6th, St John the Evangelist, by Andrea del Sarto ; very fine.

7th, A Virgin Mary, by Guido ; the countenance contemplative, the expression soft and pleasing, the colouring good.

8th, Herodias receiving the head of St John, by Da Vinci ; a subject often chosen, yet surely most unpleasing. This piece is executed in the artist's best style ; the painting fine, the colouring rich, and the expression of the whole powerful. Da Vinci, as if willing to lessen the impression of horror, has rendered Herodias exquisitely beautiful, while he has thrown

into the countenance of the executioner, an expression savage and ferocious.

9th, Two Venuses of Titian. Although these paintings are so highly esteemed, I cannot bring myself to view them with any portion of the admiration with which they are regarded. One is a portrait of his wife; the other supposed to be that of a Florentine lady. They are both of the size of life, and may be styled sweet sketches, but only sketches. You see a pallid body, lying on a pale ground, of no beautiful or delicate work; the whole having more the aspect of a thinwashed drawing, than the rich colouring of an oil painting. Those who admire them, maintain that the beauty, languor, and charm infused into the whole composition, especially into that of the Florentine lady, convey the most touching interest to the heart; but I can never be reconciled to such designs. Turning to the opposite side you see the first effort of the great Michael Angelo in painting, and you look upon it with amazement and incredulity, wondering that such a production could at any period have been the work of this great master. It is badly composed, and ill drawn. All the figures in the distance are in Terra di Siena, while scarlet, blue, and green, enliven those of the fore-ground, which at the same time presents a confusion of limbs, hands, and arms, that no eye can endure.

STATUES OF THE TRIBUNE.

The Wrestlers; a beautiful little group ; but the figures too much under size ; delicate and exquisitely finished for the subject, which would rather have demanded the grand dashing style of Michael Angelo. Although I protest against mere bulk as a representation of strength, I feel, in viewing this group, a strong proof that littleness is inconsistent with grandeur or nobleness of effect. The principal idea, that of struggling and of animated action, is not expressed with sufficient force or power. The heads are simply those of two pretty youths, represented in beautiful white marble, but inanimate, and by restoration made to resemble each other: there is hardly any part in high action. The whole only serves to suggest what might be made of such a subject. It would require (even in seeking only to render the general idea) to be executed on the grand, the broad, and the bold style. In this the slender limbs seem exiles from the body, and, owing to an affectation of anatomy and science, have too much fibre; the heels and toes are too small, the latter too close; the legs of the conqueror are stringy, and quite out of drawing; the peronean muscles run in high ridges along the whole leg; the grasping hands grasp feebly; the raised hand and arm is too short, and not well proportioned, while the arm of the hand on which the subdued figure rests, is without the swell corresponding with the posture; and the countenances evince no

spirit nor powerful expression, characteristic of the mutual situations of the combatants. The only really good point of action is where the two thighs meet, and cling and swell by pressure, which is naturally conceived and finely expressed. The whole may be described as being a nice well-finished little group, but wanting in grandeur, action, and expression.

THE DANCING FAWN.

The ancients seldom, I believe, chose ludicrous subjects; or only inferior artists in brass or metal, were accustomed to this lower style, the grotesque. But the Dancing Fawn does not come under this description: it is allied with their mythology, similar to their basso relievos of fawns, satyrs, and bacchantes, and is rather to be designated by the word sportive, than ludicrous. This statue is perhaps the most exquisite piece of art of all that remains of the ancients. The torso is the finest that can be imagined, the serrated muscle upon the ribs, the pectoral muscle of the breast, the bulk of the shoulder, the swell of the bended chest, the setting on of the trunk upon the flank, the swell of the abdominal muscle above the haunch-bone, the forms of the thigh, and the manner in which its tendons meet the flatness and nakedness of the rotula, and the fine forms of the head of the tibia, the simple and perfect forms of the legs, the fine joinings of the anclebones, and the exquisite finish of the tendons of the feet, and flat points of the toes, make this a perfect

and perpetual study. But there is that in it which might spoil an artist's conceptions. It is all true, but all too much. If it were used as a study, it would serve to correct and purify; suiting well as an anatomical figure, to ascertain the forms, or suggest them; and a good artist, even from this little, dancing, drunken fawn, little and curious as it is, might draw a warrior's limbs in a grand and noble style; the anatomy of the parts would help him to individual forms, if studied judiciously, although, without care and taste, it would obstruct all high conceptions of genius. It is adventurous indeed to differ from so great a master as Michael Angelo, who when he restored it, must have studied the subject well, and who is even said to have taken the idea of the head and arms from an antique gem. He has given round and fleshy form to a shrunk and somewhat aged figure, evidently intended for the caricature of drunkenness and folly; having mistaken the design, which is assuredly that of a drunken old fawn, balancing with inebriety, rather than dancing with glee. The limbs are all in a stained and staggering attitude. The action arises not from the execution of dancing, but from the loss of balance, and a desire to preserve it. The whole body inclines forward in a reeling posture; and there must have been a proportioned bend backwards of the head, to counterbalance the inclination of the trunk. The hands dangling forwards, the chin protruded, the head thrown back, and the tongue lolling out, in drollery or drunkenness, would have rendered the expression corresponding with the general

character of the figure. Buonarroti has given too fresh and full a face for this shrunk, meagre, and dried-up body, which, being without a particle of fat, or any covering of skin, is almost an anatomical figure. We find in it nothing of the round well-nourished limbs, nor of the blood or fleshiness of youth, nor any aptitude for dancing. Instead of the dancing, it should be the drunken fawn. The ancients give many dancing figures, especially in basso relievos; but the forms are always long in limb, yet full of flesh, and round, to show the supple and limber form of youth, combined with all the vigorous bending and elastic spring of the body.

VENUS DE' MEDICI.

It is to be observed, that the ancients represented the superb, the dignified, or heroic, as the Niobes, Apollos, above the size of life; while the exquisite and beautiful, as the Venus de' Medici, the Hermaphrodite, Cupid, and Psyche, are all small. The Venus de' Medici is truly a subject for the little and beautiful, measuring only four feet eleven inches, and four lines in stature. This statue is exquisite in all its forms and proportions, in symmetry, in slender, round, finely-tapered limbs, in the joining of the haunch-bone, in the loins—all perfect: how exquisite must it have been in its original state! But this must now be left to the imagination; for it is much injured by the restored parts. Difficult indeed it must have been, to enter into the ideas and feelings of so sublime an artist; and, accordingly, it

has been found impossible. There is an affectation in the manner of the restored hands, more especially in the curve of the right hand and arm, that is most unpleasing; yet the whole work, as it presents itself, is most beautiful; and, if such nude figures are to be permitted, nothing can be conceived more exquisite. *

THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

This statue, although not exempt from faults, is most interesting. I am especially captivated with its design, and truth to nature; the posture and whole composition being singularly just and affective. The knife, held in the right hand, touches the grinder; the body, slightly bent forward, is balanced by the resting of the fingers of the left hand on the block; while the head, for which the whole forms of the trunk are exquisitely prepared, is turned round. The figure is neither leaning nor resting, but is yet full of nature, the attitude being evidently that of a momentary action. The eyes of the slave are not fixed on his work; the body is inclined, and the head directed to another quarter, clearly implying, that his attention and thoughts are not engaged by his occupation. His bony square form, the strength of the neck, the squalid countenance, the short neglected hair, all admirably express the character of a slave, still more plainly written on his

* The Venus de' Medici was found in the Villa Hadriana, in Tivoli, and was brought to Florence in the year 1689.

(Note by the Author.)

coarse hard hands, and wrinkled brow; yet it is a shave presented with all the fine broad expressions of nature, bearing all the striking features of strength and labour.

The faults observable in this work are the want of a corresponding swell of the muscles in the contact of the thigh and leg, meeting in the crouching posture, also in the joining of the right arm to the body, and that of the triceps muscle in the neck, especially on the left side.

CANOVA'S VENUS.

This statue, designed with admirable simplicity, presents a tall, elegant, bending figure, shrinking with timidity. A light transparent drapery, supported by the left hand on the bosom, which it partly veils, crosses a little below the right knee, falling down to the marble in easy folds. The countenance is beautiful; the gentle inclination of the body, and attitude of the fine Grecian head, raised, and turning round, as it were, in watchful and apprehensive timidity, is full of grace and sweetness. The whole front view of this statue is exquisitely fine; and, if the forms had been but a little rounder, I think that even the most fastidious critic would have judged, that nothing in antiquity could have surpassed, perhaps hardly equalled it. This is not, however, the view in which the artist himself takes his chief pride, nor the spectators the greatest delight; they say he excels in the back. I lament this

opinion, because I cannot bring myself to share it. To my idea, the back represents a tame flat line, which, together with a slight degree of too great length in the left leg, may be mentioned as injuring this exquisitely beautiful work of art. In comparing the impressions excited in viewing the rival goddesses of Florence, I should say that the Medicean Venus displays in her whole deportment a mild repose, a tranquil dignity, that leads the mind to forget her situation; while the modest, though captivating timidity betrayed by Canova's Venus, awakens the attention, and excites something of uneasiness, by compelling you to share her alarm. They have done much for this statue, by placing it in a finely proportioned and richly decorated apartment; but I should have done more, and have rendered it an incomparable work of art, by placing the back close to the wall. *

HALL OF THE NIOBES.

In Mr Cockerel's judicious and learned observations on the Niobes, he follows Homer, and admits of only

* The difficulties encountered in travelling caused the loss of some of the MSS. belonging to this work, among which were those relating to the paintings of the Palazzo Pitti. These criticisms met the approval of those literary friends in Florence to whom the author submitted them, having had, with the portion of the work belonging to them, the advantage of having been revised by himself. In consequence of the loss of the above-mentioned papers, it has been thought advisable to mention the Venus of Canova, which would naturally have found a place in the description of the interior of the Palazzo Pitti, among the statues of the Gallery.

(Note by the Editor)

twelve statues, as constituting the number that forms the group. * Some contend fourteen, others for sixteen, many statues having been at different periods selected, as belonging to this celebrated family, and then rejected, as the Discobolus and Narcissus are at present. The truth is, that in a country where the youth delighted in all athletic exercises, and where their artists took their best designs from the Arena, it is difficult to determine what statue is individual, and what grouped. The placing of their statues has been as much a matter of hypothesis as their separate degrees of merit, or the meaning and intention of their artists. Mr Cockerel has displayed much ingenuity in his management of a subject so difficult. This distinguished artist has conceived the whole group placed in the tympanum of a Greek temple. The idea is luminous, and, with the exception of the dying youth, whom he supposes to be laid in the entrance, or threshold of the tympanum, the whole arrangement is fine. This prostrate figure forms the

* Homer only numbers twelve as the offspring of Niobes. Six sons and six daughters. (Last book of the Iliade. ver. 603 e 604.)

» Τη περ δωδεκα παῖδες ἐνὶ μαγαροῖσιν ὀλοντο,
 » Εξ μὲν ἑπτὰ τέκνα, ἐξ δ' οὐρανὸν ἤβωντες ».
 » Cui tamen duodecim liberi in aedibus perierant,
 » Sex quidem filiae, sex autem filii pubescentes ».

Ovid however counts fourteen, which among the poets is the opinion most generally received. (Metamorph. lib. 6.)

» Iluc natus adjice septem
 » Et totidem juvenes »

(Note of the Ital. Trans.)

centre of all that is most admirable and interesting in the group, and, unless it had been entirely displayed, the fable must have remained untold; placed in the situation in question, it would have been evershadowed by the cornice of the edifice, and being hid from the view of those who looked down on the standing figures, the horror and astonishment of the Niobes would be unexplained, and the whole effect lost.

The Niobes constitute the finest and most powerful group in the world, and ought to be lodged in a temple, or mausoleum, executed in a great and noble style. There are, especially, two points which may be regarded as of vital importance in producing effect, viz. grouping, and regulating the light. Planted, as they now are, in a circle, each on his separate pedestal, not only all illusion of design and composition is destroyed, but you are tempted to view and consider them individually as works of art, a test they will ill bear, many of them being of very inferior merit; and as it is an ascertained point, that they are not all by the hand of the same master, it may be concluded that they can hardly belong to the same group. It is remarkable that the general forms of the draped female figures are somewhat loaded, and rather too uniform.

The Hall of the Niobes is entered from one of the doors of the Gallery, which opens into the centre of the room. Imagine a large saloon, or hall, of an oval form, lighted from one side, painted in cold flat white, with a gilded coiling; the statues forming a regular circle; the Mother of the Niobes placed in one end, and her

offspring disposed on each side, closing the oval opposite to her.

This statue of Niobe presents a large full figure, richly draped; but her garments, instead of falling in careless easy folds, marking the bendings of the body, are heavy and cumbrous, like a profusion of gaudy colouring, which frequently only serves to cover bad drawing. Her youngest child is placed in her arms, and clings to the girdle round her waist; whilst the mother is looking up towards Heaven; by some thought to be in the act of flying, and by others in that of offering up a prayer, for the preservation of her only remaining child * The idea excited is full of tenderness; but both the figures are wanting in that beauty and elegance so necessary in statuary and painting, to excite and exalt the feelings. The artist has aimed at presenting an august matronly appearance, by an imposing size and bulk; but, though he has succeeded in filling the eye, he has entirely failed in producing grandeur or nobleness. The child in her arms in open to the same criticisms already offered in my observations on the Laocoon. Her figure is that of a diminutive woman, presenting delicate slender limbs, with a small nicely-rounded waist. The foreshortening of the hands, both

* Ovid. (Met. lib. 6.) represents her as offering up a prayer for her last born.

» Ultima restabat quam toto corpore mater

» Tota veste tegens, unam, minimamque relinque,

» De multis minimam posco, clamavit, et unam ».

(Note of the Ital. Trans.)

in the mother and the child, is admirable, and the finest part of these figures.

The statue, which is believed by Fabroni to be Amphion, the father of the family, and by some others the Pedagogue, certainly bears a dubious origin; for it is difficult to pronounce with certainty what character the artist has intended he should fill; but the latter conclusion seems the most probable, as he has not in this figure attempted to describe either the grandeur of the hero, or the tenderness of the parent. The expression is stern, and the forms are coarse. The restored arms are very ill supplied. The artist has placed a sword in his hand. The head is suspected, but the bearded face is fine, the scraggy neck admirably in keeping with the figure, and the entangled straight locks, described by Juvenal as characteristic of the Pedagogue, are in a style on which a modern artist would hardly have ventured.

The female figure, supposed to represent the elder daughter of Niobe, is half kneeling; crouching and bending, as if in tears imploring Heaven, and looking up in terror at the approach of her impending fate. The attitude is finely conceived, and most touching, and the drapery rich, though still too profuse: nor are the forms perfect; the right leg, in particular, is very faulty, it is deficient in outline, and the calf is quite wanting, where it should appear swelling under the drapery. The arms, which are modern, are placed according to truth, but are wanting in beauty of form. The youth, who, although not nude, is less draped

than the others, is fine. He has much grandeur of action, and nothing of that tameness and indifference remarkable in many of the other statues of the group; he seems looking with mingled horror and wonder on his dying brother. The right or extended leg is rather too long, especially from the knee, and the formation of the ankle is very faulty.

The figure supposed to look up, as if in angry defiance of the Gods, furnished, in this act of despair, an occasion to the artist to present the varied effects produced by anguish and terror, on the sudden approach of inevitable and overwhelming danger. The figure itself, although striking in its forms and expression, is wanting in grandeur. The foreshortening of the neck is faulty. The visage, or rather the marking of it, for you cannot see the face, is ill defined. The bone of the leg, which is planted in a posture of stern despite, is too strongly marked, incorrect in the anatomy, and unequal in bulk with that which kneels.

The action of the figure represented kneeling on both knees is fine. His inclined head bends over the wounded or dead body of his brother with an expression of much tenderness, while his hand is raised and presented with the palm outwards, as if to ward off the attack of a second fatal shaft. The whole posture and attitude is noble and touching. The hands, and even the head of this statue, are suspected.

The figure of the wounded or dying youth himself, whom I have described as forming the soul and source of all that is most interesting and admirable in the

group, is a most exquisite and finished piece of sculpture. The forms are simple and full of grace; the chest broad and manly; the limbs fleshy and finely rounded; the curling of the hair masterly; and the countenance most beautiful. The figure lies stretched out in death, transfixed by a mortal wound, and dying, not in distorted agony, but in that natural languor which follows the simple loss of blood, when life is fast ebbing, and the eyes are closing in death. The figure, thrown down without violence, and extended without motion, seems still full of life and blood; the almost breathing of the lips, the languor of the eyes, and the exquisite beauty of the face, are unequalled. The artist in this work presents no harrowing images to appal or terrify. As a statue it commands your highest admiration, and as a chaste and mournful picture of death, all your sympathy. A less able master would have sought by a display of the pectoral muscles, and all the strings and knots, such as you find in Donatello, and even in the talented John of Bologna, to remind you of science, when it is a much greater effort to recollect and to fancy nature. The left hand is most exquisite. The right arm, and part of the left leg, are restored. A mournful and beautiful little tale might be told, by selecting three of the figures among these I have described; viz. the kneeling youth, with the hand raised to avert the arrow; the weeping and lamenting sister, with the figure who gazes on the body in horror and amazement. Were these seen surrounding the prostrate body, the group would produce a fine effect.

This statue of the dead or dying youth, bears every mark of being the work of a superior and gifted artist, perhaps Praxiteles himself. If it belong to the Niobes, it must, as I have already observed, have formed the very centre of action and interest in the group.

Guido made the group of the Niobes his study—as much as Michael Angelo did the Torso. It is remarkable how much the intimate acquaintance this great artist had with the Torso, may be traced in all his productions. This observation has reminded me of the universal belief entertained, and in which I had participated, of his never making any *sbozzo* or sketch. I have no doubt that this proved frequently to be the case; but it was so far from being his constant practice, that in the *academia delle belle arti*, I found not merely the *sbozzo*, but beautifully finished little models of his statues in the Medicean chapel. The sketches of the Night and Morning especially, are exquisite. They are done in *terra cotta*, and are about eighteen inches long.

I must not take leave of the Hall of the Niobes without mentioning two of its most precious ornaments, the battle pieces of Raphael. They are only sketches, yet, perhaps, deriving a heightened charm from this circumstance, as being a style particularly suiting a subject which exhibits scenes of hurry and confusion. The eye rests on the groups brought forward by brighter tints, while, by degrees, forsaking the more prominent objects. The imagination, insensibly wandering through the indistinct and dusky haze, enveloping the more sketchy parts, traces out new subjects with an increased

interest. I visited these paintings frequently ; and ,
captivated with the spirit, truth, and animation which
live in their every character and expression, always
viewed them with increased admiration.



CHAPTER EIGHTH.

FLORENCE BY MOONLIGHT—BRETHREN OF THE MISERICORDIA—
THE CASCINE—FIESOLE.

FLORENCE BY MOONLIGHT.

A RIVER, even in a city that has no trade, still presents a busy and an animating scene. In Florence, the Arno, with its numerous bridges, offers all that is most gay and attractive in the city. Its waters, radiant and sparkling in the mind-day sun, add life to the whole prospect, and when the heat is spent, and night closes in, the landscape assumes a mellower hue, the starry, cloudless sky, and clear pale moon, shining, as it does in these southern climates, with the splendour but of a lessened day. The sensations produced from the continued return, on each succeeding morning, of unchanging lovely weather, is peculiarly striking to those who have been accustomed to the turbulence of a northern sky. You lie down and rise to the same glorious light, and meet again, as evening comes, the same soothing feelings.

A traveller thinks that he has seen a city when he has rolled through her streets, and looked upon her fine edifices and noble palaces. And yet I would not give one solitary midnight hour in Florence, in which I can wander through her deserted streets, see the long perspective, and wonder, at each angle, how

the narrow arches , and opposing buttresses , are to open up into other succeeding lines , for whole weeks of idle sights.

My first impressions of Florence have all been by moonlight , in solitary evening walks. The heats of the day are excessive , and as there is no twilight , it is in the serene and silent midnight hour that you love to wander forth , and inhale the cool breeze and freshened air—How beautiful it is to gaze on the splendour of the moonbeams , reflected on the Arno , showing its bridges in grand perspective , the city , and its huge masses of ancient buildings , lying in deep full shadow before you , the rays hardly reaching to the centre of the narrow streets , while they glitter on the tops of towers and buildings , whose projecting square roofs , almost touching each other , rear their ponderous bulk against the clear blue sky.

In such a night as this , (the calm night of a sultry day ,) sallying forth , as was my custom , and passing through narrow alleys , I chanced to enter a market-place , chiefly resorted to by the poorer inhabitants of the city.

It was crowded with numbers of this class , who , with famished haste , seemed eager to buy their little stores of provisions , battling and bargaining with clamorous , but good-humoured vociferation ; all complaining loudly that the venders demanded too much for their goods ; but yet seasoning their reproaches with much drollery and repartee , which , in spite of the sorry , meagre , half-naked figures that were presented



to the eye, gave a gaiety inconceivable to the whole scene. Among those composing the different groups, tall finely-formed women with dishevelled hair, pale faces, and care-worn countenances, made a conspicuous part. These, with the venders of meat, their boys, dogs, and men, stalking with bare arms and grisly visages, filled up the picture; while dim and unfrequent lamps darkly showed all the dismalness of the place, and the wretchedness of the food they were purchasing.

Among the crowd I distinguished a woman, who, with her little daughter, sat apart, at a distance from the busy, boisterous crew, waiting while her husband bargained for what their necessities required. She seemed poor as the others: but she was beautiful, and presented one of those feeling-touching countenances, which the eye of a painter would have dwelt on with delight; one which Da Vinci might have followed, and such as Carlo Dolci would have copied for one of his Madonnas. The crowd began gradually to disperse, and I walked along to the more distant precincts, among public buildings, gloomy palaces, and dark walls.

Traversing the great centre of the city, along streets darkened from the height of the buildings, I passed along these immense edifices with strange feelings of solitude, as if in a dream, as if the gay and peopled world had vanished, and these gloomy mementos of the past alone remained. It was night, and in this distant spot not a soul was stirring, not a foot was heard, when, on crossing a narrow alley, the prospect suddenly opened, and the slanting rays of the full

moon, falling with a softened light among the magnificent monuments of ancient times, displayed a splendid scene.

At that moment the tower bell of the prison struck loud and long, tolling, with a slow and swinging motion, seeming, from the effect of reverberation, to cover and fill the whole city; even in day this bell is distinguished from any I ever heard; but in the dead silence of the night it sounded full and solemn. Impressed by the feelings excited by the grandeur of the scene, I still prolonged my walk, and insensibly wandered on. The silence of night was unbroken, save by an occasional distant sound, arising from the busiest quarter of the city, or from time to time by the song of the nightingale, which reached me from the rich and beautiful gardens that skirt the walls of Florence, recalling to my mind the voice of that sweet bird, as I heard it when detained in the narrow valley of the gloomy Arco. I remember how its little song thrilled through the long melancholy of the night, a lengthened soft-repeated note, which still came floating on the air like a light sleep. * Involved in these musings of lulled and idle thought, I suddenly beheld in the distance, issuing from the portals of a large edifice, forms invested in black, bearing torches, which, casting a deepened shadow around, rendered their dark figures only dimly

* It appears that this recollection had often occurred to the Author; he mentions it more than once, dwelling on the remembrance with a subdued pleasure. It was to him as a funeral dirge, a requiem sung on the borders of that country he was never to repass.

visible. Still increasing in numbers, as they emerged from the building, they advanced with almost inaudible steps; gliding along with slow and equal pace, like beings of another world, and recalling to mind all that we had heard or read of Italy, in the dark ages of mystery and superstition. As they approached, low and lengthened tones fell upon the ear; when the mournful chanting of the service of the dead, told their melancholy and sacred office. The flame of the torches, scarcely fanned by the still air, flung a steady light on the bier which they bore, gleaming with partial glare on the glittering ornaments, that, according to the manner of this country, covered the pall.

I looked with a long fixed gaze on the solemn scene, till, passing on in the distance, it disappeared, leaving a stream of light, which, lost by degrees in the darkness of night, seemed like a vision. The images presented to the mind had in them a grand and impressive simplicity, a mild and melancholy repose, which assimilated well with the hopes of a better world. It seemed like a dream, yet was the impression indelible.

BRETHREN OF THE MISERICORDIA.

In this procession I recognized the sacred office of the Brothers of the Misericordia, one of the earliest institutions of priestly charity; and perhaps the only national trait of ancient Florence which now remains. The principles of this order are founded on the basis of universal benevolence. A pure and primitive simplicity marks

every feature and act of this fraternity, who, in silence and in solitude, fulfil their sacred and unostentatious offices. The gloom with which their solemn duties invest them, receives new and mournful impressions, from the tradition which connects its origin with the history of the great plague in 1348, celebrated by Boccaccio in his Decameron. They relate that many portentous omens predicted this awful visitation. A dead crow fell from the air, and three boys, at whose feet it had dropped, tossed it towards each other in play. These three boys died, and soon after the plague broke out, and in its fearful ravages desolated the city. During its continuance, a few individuals, firm in purpose and strong in piety, self-devoted, attended on the sick and dying, and the survivors of these chosen few, afterwards taking the monastic habits and order of Brothers of the Misericordia, assumed for life the performance of those services, which in the hour of anguish and sorrow they had voluntarily fulfilled. Their small church is situated close to the Duomo, the House of God; but all is sad and solemn in the aspect of this institution. It was built shortly after the plague, and was raised on the margin of the gulph dug to receive the dead. A black dress, in which the brethren are attired from head to foot, entirely covers the person and conceals the face. The brother, whether of noble or of lowly birth, is equally undistinguished and unknown, and their duties are performed, and charities dispensed, to the noble or the beggar, with the same indiscriminating ceremonies.

A few tapers on the altar, and at the shrine of the Virgin, burn night and day, throwing a dim and feeble light around. Six of the brethren watch continually; and medical aid is always in readiness. Divine worship is performed by them in the morning and in the evening, assisted by those individuals whom piety or sorrow may have brought to mingle among them. On the floor are arranged biers, palls, torches, and dresses. The sick are taken to the hospitals, the dead are conveyed to their last home, and the unclaimed brought to their church on a bier, covered by a pall. They are summoned to their duties by the solemn tolling of their deep-toned bell, which, when heard in the dead and silent hour of the night, falls on the ear with dismal and appalling sound. Another office of the Brethren of the Misericordia is to visit the prisons, and prepare the condemned for death. Once a-year, on Good-Friday, this duty is publicly performed. Twelve brethren of the order, and twelve penitents, form the procession, bearing the head of St John on a car, and the image of a dead Christ, covered with black crape. The procession is preceded by solemn music, and closed by a long train of priests clothed in black.

In this institution the numbers are unlimited *

* Seventy two of the brethren (says Padre Richa) were selected as directors of the Institution, chosen from different classes. Namely 10 Prelates, twenty unbeneficed clergymen, fourteen gentlemen, and 28 artificers; from whom are taken twelve every four months as officiating members, six styled Captains, and six denominated Counsellors. To these were added a hundred and five brethren called « *Giornanti* » seven

forming a wide extended circle, which may embrace members from every city, acknowledging the same faith, bound by one uniting, but secret and mysterious tie. They are not of necessity individually known to each other, but can render themselves intelligible by certain signs and words, in any circumstances requiring communication. Their vow enjoins them to be ready, night or day, at the call of sudden calamity—to attend those overtaken by sickness, accident, or assault. A certain number of them are in rotation employed in asking charity, a service which they are obliged to perform barefooted, and in a silent appeal, the rules strictly forbidding the use of speech, when engaged in any duty. Their call is never left unanswered, every individual making an offering, were it only of the smallest copper piece, as it is money supposed to be lent to pray for departed souls. This peculiar order, for there are others not greatly dissimilar, possesses a privilege of great magnitude, extended only once in every year, and to one single person. An individual of their body becoming amenable to the laws of his country, in virtue of this privilege, may claim exemption from the penalty, receiving his life at the prayer of his brethren. This ceremony, when it occurs, is performed with every circumstance of pomp and solemnity. The order, habited in the dress of the ancient priests, carry branches of palm in token of peace, and, ac-

each day being in readiness to attend, either by a summons or at the sound of their great Bell.

(*Note of the Ital. Trans.*)

accompanied by all the imposing grandeur of the church, present themselves in front of the palace of the Grand Duke, when the Sovereign Prince condescends to deliver the act of grace. They next proceed to the President of the Tribunal of Supreme Power. This officer, in person, leads the way, conducting them to the prison, into which they enter, and there receiving their liberated brother, they invest him in the dress of their order, and crowning him with laurel, conduct him home in triumph.

No fixed period is enjoined for the fulfilment of the vow taken by this order. Many in the highest sphere have sought expiation of sins, by assuming it for a longer or shorter time, proportioned to the measure of their crime, or to the sensitive state of their consciences. Princes, Cardinals, and even Popes, have been numbered among their penitents, and have joined in their vows and services.

While dwelling on the picture which this subject presents to the mind, it is impossible not to be struck with the scope given to human passions, in the belief inculcated of a remission of sins, obtained by a few expiatory observances. It is evident that this reliance, instead of being a check to guilty wishes, facilitates their accomplishment. The desired object is first attained, and then penance or propitiation comes lagging after, as time or opportunity may suit. That a being should be driven by the anguish of a lacerated conscience, to seek relief, in the gloom and solitude of so severe an order, as that of La Trappe and others, must ever

appear at once touching and awful; but instances of this nature are rare, and when they do occur, the efficacy of such self-sacrifice must be measured by the degree of restored peace imparted to the wounded spirit. The belief, however, that a vow fulfilled, or an ascetic discipline observed, during perhaps a period of short-lived remorse, can expiate the commission of sin, is a dangerous doctrine.

THE CASCINE

In all foreign cities, from the most insignificant village to the greatest metropolis, we find the public walk considered as an object of primary importance; therefore, in describing points of beauty in Florence, the walk by which it is adorned, styled the Cascine, being, perhaps, one of the finest in Europe, is well deserving of mention. It is situated just beyond the gates of the city, by its tall trees and varied pathways offering a deep refreshing shade, and in its extent affording the opportunity of solitude, among rich foliage, even in the busy evening hour, when the assembled throng crowd its wide and splendid walks. In the centre of the Cascine, among flowering shrubs and lofty trees, stands a royal palace, of simple, plain, but pretty architecture, where the dairy is kept, the vintage gathered, the wine (chief produce of the farm) made, and where also, from time to time, entertainments are given by the court. In the evening hour, these walks are the resort of the whole city; and on Sunday, or on

« jours de fête, » the scene is gay and rural. Every variety of equipage may be seen, from the suite of the Grand Duke to the little two-wheeled calash; while the footpaths at each side of the road, under the shade of the trees, are filled with citizens, of every age and class, all well dressed, happy, and placid. A short period of rapid driving is generally succeeded by a universal pause; then the carriages and horsemen assemble in front of the royal building, when nods of recognition, salutations, and inquiries, pass from one party to another, forming a species of conversazione. One side of the Cascine is bounded by the Arno, which here runs with a stronger current, enlivened by the frequent little trading vessels which pass to and from Leghorn; while on the other, the hills surrounding the vale of Arno, rise in beautiful variety, crowned by the noble remains of Fiesole, the parent stock from which Florence sprung.

FIESOLE.

To climb the mountain leading to the commanding site on which this city stood; to admire the distant prospect as it becomes in the rapid ascent more grand and extensive; and then to trace its ancient lines; to contrast its ruined remains with the living beauty, as it were, of the surrounding landscape, suggests matter of deep and varied contemplation. Of the remains now offered to the eye of the antiquary who visits this spot, to trace the vestiges of the walls which once encircled

Fiesole, or to follow in idea the course of the aqueduct, which brought water from Monte Reggi to the city, a distance of four miles, or to view its cathedral, presents the chief source of interest; for little else of its former consequence is now visible. The Cathedral, originally a temple of Bacchus, and probably entirely of Grecian architecture, was converted, in the year 1028, into a church, by the bishop Giacopo Bavaro. It now exhibits a wild and capricious combination of the Greek and Gothic style; but its aspect possesses a mingled expression of simplicity and grandeur, infinitely pleasing. The gateway and western front are plain and singular, but in a fine pure taste. The entrance is by a descent of two steps, which produces a mournful and gloomy impression. The interior of the church is of magnificent dimensions; the side-aisles are divided from the body of the church by superb granite columns, crowned with ill assorted capitals of white marble, of the composite order, skilfully varied, but often too small for their columns, as if collected from some more ancient and more magnificent temple. The cross terminates in a semicircular abutment, raised over the crypt or vaulted chapel of the dead. On this plane the great altar is situated, to which a low flight of steps leads on either side; while, through the arches supporting the structure, the eye rests on the chapel below, with its innumerable marble columns, the forms of which are rendered more beautiful and various, from the partial touches of light, which slanting from the windows, far beyond in the further end of the vault, fall obliquely along the whole.

The ornaments of the altar, the images and tablets, are all in basso relievo, and the capitals of the pillars in fine white marble. In general, the crypt is hidden under ground; but in this cathedral it is seen in fine perspective—a still and solemn sanctuary.

In the fresh evening hour, seated on the mouldering walls of Fiesole, I have, amidst these splendid scenes of Italian landscape, with mingled sensations of saddened contemplation, watched the close of day, and felt, that nothing brings to the mind such lively images of home, or such melancholy recollections of the years that are past, as the sight of the setting sun in a foreign land.



CHAPTER NINTH.

NOTES ON ROME. *

ROME—VIA APPIA—TOMB OF CECILIA METELLA—CIRCUS OF
CARACALLA—THE VATICAN—PETER DELIVERED FROM PRISON—
NOZZE ALDOBRANDINE—STATUES.

ROME.

ROME, with its sweeping Tiber, vast Campagna, and ancient monuments, « where noble names lie sleeping, » even in adversity is grand and imposing. Who can sojourn in Rome, full of superb palaces and modern splendour, with a people of the race of those who conquered and enlightened the world,—who can remember it in after-years without mournful, yet pleasing recollections? who can forget that Rome was once mistress of the world, that her power was infinite, her dominion extending over all the habitable earth her grasp reaching from the east unto the west? who that has drank of her fountains, and passed through her massive gates, can ever forget the signs of her former greatness? Her peasants sing, around her ruined walls, their evening-song of her fallen glory.

* In the following selection from the Author's extensive Notes on Rome, the Editor has been obliged to direct her choice, not so much to that portion which might have proved most interesting, as to those descriptions which are unconnected with any charm of reasoning, and therefore are to a certain degree complete.

Roma , Roma , Roma , Non è più come era prima.

But , still , it is a city dear and pleasing to all who think and feel. The remembrance of riches or power cannot create this affection ; not Venice , with her floating palaces—nor Florence, with her eastern wealth—not Bassora , Bagdad , Palmyra , Memphis—not all the cities of the east, leave behind that pleasing melancholy, which strangers feel in visiting the desolate fields and lonely walls of Rome.

VIA APPIA.

Nothing can more impress the mind with the grandeur of ancient , and the solitude of modern Rome , than the view of the Via Appia , and the Circus of Caracalla , with its long succession of tombs and monuments , terminating in the grand funereal Tower of Cecilia Metella. Passing the Coliseum , majestic in ruins , and the Triumphal Arch of Titus , then winding by the Palatine Hill , crowned by the palaces of the Cæsars , and along the low lying ground , which skirts the vast towering baths of Caracalla , you reach Porta St Sebastiano , built by the Emperor Aurelian in the year 273 , when he enlarged the Roman walls. This magnificent gate , flanked by two great square buttresses , surmounted by massive circular towers , is a noble structure , worthy of being the entrance into the Via Appia.

This road , paved with rude flat stones , bound together with singular strength , and made by Appius Cladius

Claudius in the 440th year of Rome, reached to Capua, a distance of 95 miles, and was afterwards extended by Julius Cæsar to Brundisium, a city of Apulia. * Its construction affords a remarkable instance of the labour bestowed by the ancients upon their works.

Near to Porta St Sebastiano, and but lately discovered, lie the Tombs of the Scipios, in the vaulted chambers of which a sarcophagus, busts, and several precious inscriptions, now deposited in the Vatican, were found. At a short distance from the gate, in a small vineyard, fine remains are seen of the sepulchres of the freedmen and slaves of Augustus; and particularly of those of Livia, the mutilated friezes and broken pilasters of which sufficiently attest their former grandeur. The walls of the vaults reach to a height of thirty feet, the whole of which are closely lined in separate apertures, with small fragile looking earthen vases containing the ashes of the dead. The tablets of inscriptions found here, and now preserved in the Museum of the Campidoglio, are most pleasing; bearing a record of the praises and gratitude of the freedmen and slaves towards their masters. Tributes, perhaps, expressive of individual feeling; yet when we reflect on the dispositions of Livia, and the general abject state of slaves, *

* Now Brindisi, or Brundisi, in terra d'Otranto.

* These unhappy creatures, often tortured, and even suffering death for the real or supposed crimes of their masters, were treated as their, flocks or herds of oxen might have been, inclosed and locked up each night in long dark corridors. Of these the remains are found among the ruins of many of the ancient palaces.

we are almost tempted to regard the truth of these memorials as being somewhat hypothetical. Conspicuous among these tombs, one stands high, like a rock on the sea-beach, believed to be the sepulchre of Horatia, sister to the surviving conqueror of the Curiatii, who, rendered furious by her lamentations over her lover, stabbed her. The cabin of a poor peasant now stands perched on the ruins, as if to mock this vain memento of death.

That path must be styled mournful, in which, at every little interval, monuments of the dead are seen rising to view; and the Via Appia is almost lined with sepulchres, even from the gate of St Sebastiano to the great Circus of Caracalla. The finest and most singular of these is the Tower of Cecilia Metella, erected by Crassus the Triumvir, to the memory of his wife. This magnificent edifice, seated on an eminence close to the road, which rises at this point to an almost perpendicular ascent, bears its honours proudly, still attesting its early and yet surviving grandeur. The dimensions are vast, the form round, rising from a base of enormous blocks of stone, in fine proportions, of fair white marble, terminating above by a circular frieze of peculiar beauty, the ornaments of which are composed of the skulls of beeves, from each of which hang rich festoons of white marble. The massive bulk of the structure, its brilliant whiteness, the elevated site hanging over the deep gully of a powerful stream, and seeming as it were to cover the road as a strong castle of defence, gives it a lofty air of ancient grandeur, singularly fine. During

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the dark ages, this noble edifice served as, a stronghold, and place of impenetrable strength. At that period, a church and various buildings were erected under its protecting walls, of which scarcely a vestige now remains. It is vast and solid as the Pyramids of Egypt, and in grandeur emulates the Mausoleum of Hadrian. *

From this sacred monument, occupying a beautiful and elevated site, the eye wanders abroad over the distant prospect. Yet, while gazing on the surrounding scene, a feeling of indefinable melancholy depresses the spirit:—every feature is that of lofty grandeur, but mingled with a gloom that insensibly steals on the mind and saddens the heart. In one direction you look to Roma Vecchia, lying lonely and dreary. Amid her mouldering stones, the early breeze whistles over the heathy grass on its brown knolls, and the hum of the insect fly passes unheeded and undisturbed. Far, on the other hand, lies the boundless Campagna, fading indistinct in the dark blue grey of distance; while beyond, Rome, crowded with its innumerable spires, obelisks, and palaces, the splendid Church of St John Laterano, and noble city gate rising high, is presented to view, standing conspicuous, like a pointed rock in the air, receiving an added bulk from its own black shadow, which, as I then viewed it, lay in fine relief

* Among the ruins of the interior, the small and dismal vault, in which stood the Sarcophagus containing the ashes of Cicilia Metella, is visible. The Sarcophagus is still preserved, and is now in the Farnese Palace.

behind; while the morning sun streamed over its many statues, pouring down on the landscape below a flood of light. In the distance the noble aqueducts are seen, striding across the plain in vast but desolate majesty. No object on the long waste flat Campagna arrests the eye, which returns to look along the line of consecrated edifices, the massive ruins rising in lofty grandeur, back to the tower of Cecilia.

CIRCUS OF CARACALLA.

Turning from this sacred monument, you enter the Circus of Caracalla, the remains of which are still in some measure entire, presenting the whole scene to the mind's eye, and most forcibly recalling the number, power, and habits, of this singular people. It is situated in a flat field, surrounded by gentle acclivities, the form is a long oval, encircled by a wall, round the base of which ran a flight of ten steps, on which the spectators stood, raised above the arena, to view in safety the danger and tumults of the race. They were protected from the noontide heat by an arch which sprung from the summit of the wall, where the very singular contrivance of lessening the weight of the structure, by the introduction of earthen vases, may easily be traced. A narrow mound, styled the Spina of the Circus, runs from goal to goal, raised to prevent the chariots from crossing the arena, At the entrance of the course, were two lofty gates and towers, whence the signal was given for commencing the race, and

under which were placed carceres, or arched ways, where the chariots stood ready prepared. The gates were set in an oblique position, so as to give some advantage to the charioteer, placed farthest from the Meta, or centre of the Circus—a point always decided by lot. Through one of these gates the conqueror passed out in triumph, while, by the other, the dead or wounded were conveyed. The dangers of the course were such as to require the charioteer to guard his head by a helmet, to gird his loins, and protect his chest with mail. Seven heats round the Metæ generally concluded each separate contest. Sometimes, but rarely, there were only two horses harnessed to each chariot, more frequently four, and occasionally even so many as ten. The four colours, as I have already mentioned in describing the admirable Mosaic painting of Lyons, denote the different companies of the charioteers. Each association was supported by its particular adherents, thus giving new ardour and an added excitement to the contention for victory, the whole city being divided into parties. The eggs and dolphins, also mentioned in that piece, were placed high on a pillar, one being removed at each successive course, thus enabling the charioteer to ascertain, by a single glance, the number of rounds he had completed.

Nothing can convey more magnificent ideas of the power and riches of the Romans, and the grandeur of their amusements and public games, than those which were exhibited on this spot. Now, the ground is raised ten feet above its former level, the circular seats are

nearly buried, the arches broken, the spina covered, the gates, the towers, open and in ruins, the palace fallen down, and its noble arches bare. Where thousands were seen rushing on, urged by feelings of joyful animation, all is now still, and on the arena, where the thundering chariots coursed in rapid succession, the long grass grows dank as on the churchyard sod. The sun shines with unabated splendour o'er the low and silent space; but no cheerful sounds are heard—where all was life and animation, the « fox looketh out from her window, » and the lizard and the snake glide silently.

* * * * *

VATICAN.

Perhaps nothing can exceed the noble grandeur of the galleries and courts of the Vatican. Unlike the sombre aspect generally characterizing libraries, museums, and similar resorts of the studios and the antiquary, it is as a world of exquisite beauty, vast, splendid, filled with the most admired works of art, and the most precious marbles. The lengthened vista, the varied perspective changing at each advancing step, the noble architectural proportions still preserved in every new form or dimension of apartment, the lofty iron gates, the beautiful fountains adorning the courts, and cooling the air with the play of their fresh running waters, the white balustrades, the pillars and magnificent columns, composed of giall'antique, and every richest marble, almost produce the idea of enchant-

ment; and the eye wanders around in eager curiosity, with amazement and delight.

Light is beautiful; and here it is seen, bright and sparkling, reflected from pure and precious marbles; while from the wide-spread windows the most delightful views of Rome, rich with her cupolas, spires, and obelisks, in every varied form of architecture, with her seagreen Campagna, bounded by the dark grey mountains fading in the distance, are presented to the eye. It is the noblest national possession in the world, and should, ever be sacred. The mind of man is, I trust, now so well informed, that no barbarous conqueror will ever again dare to touch it with a profane hand.

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ST PETER DELIVERED FROM PRISON.—This is a beautiful and perfect piece. The disposition of the figures is wonderfully fine, the action powerful and impressive. It is as a tale told with deep feeling.

The painting represents three subjects: the awakening the saint by the angel, his escape, and the consequent alarm of the sentinels. In the middle division, St Peter is seen through a grated vault, in chains, lying asleep, and guarded by two Roman soldiers, holding the chains on each side; while the angel occupying the centre, surrounded by a glory illuminating the interior with refulgent brightness, calls on him to rise and follow.

The finely diffused drawing, the bending, graceful, ethereal forms of the angel, himself a pure body of

light, the vivid gleams touching the armour, the brilliant glowing colours contrasting with the deep gloom of the cavern, present a scene powerfully effective, and indicating, with unequalled grandeur, the presence of a supernatural being. On the left hand, a beautiful tranquil moonlight scene, with sleeping sentinels, is displayed; on the other side, where the angel leads forth St Peter, his blazing form is seen proceeding onwards, one arm extended, as if piercing through the darkness, while with the other he conducts the saint, on whose countenance the varied emotions of terror, amazement, doubt, and trembling joy, are depicted, with a power and effect so forcible, as to cause an almost breathless interest. Meanwhile, the guards in the back-ground are beheld as if suddenly awakening; the lessened gleam falling on the distant objects, renders, with beautiful effect, the prison, the stairs, and grated windows visible, displaying, in the deepened shade, the alarm and confusion of the sentinels, who with lighted torches, are hurrying to and fro, in confusion and dismay.

The whole composition of this piece, the beautiful drawing and keeping, is such, that perhaps nothing of human invention can equal it. The colouring, and the art with which the different lights are represented, are most excellent. The bright atmosphere, encircling and irradiating the angel in the prison-scene, contrasting with the heavy gloom of the dark dank cavern, its milder lustre when the angel is conducting the saint through the street, the red glare of the torches, with

the effect of the cold, pale, chastened moonlight, are all inimitable.

NOZZE ALDOBRANDINE. — This most interesting piece, copied from the original by Nicholas Poussin, is preserved in the Palazzo Doria, where lives his excellency, Italinsky, one of the finest scholars and most accomplished men in Rome, educated in Scotland, speaking all languages, and worthy to represent a great nation. I had heard much of the singular merit of the Nozze Aldobrandine; yet, for beauty, colouring, drawing, and individual composition, I found it far exceeding anything I had imagined. The perspective of the couch, or canopy, is very fine, and gives occasion for the rising a little into action of the furthest figure; the colours of the silks are deep and gorgeous, the drapery in fine drawing, while the shining metal, stucco, and gilding at the foot, has the richest effect. The countenance of the bride, who is seated on the couch, is wanting in spirit and expression; but the bride-maid, or priestess, who officiates in that office, is a noble and striking figure, with a beautiful physiognomy, and turns towards her with the most animated gesture. But the bridegroom is the finest thing I have ever seen. His brown colour gives a singular appearance of hardihood, and token of having grappled with danger, and felt the influence of burning suns. He bears the aspect of a Mexican warrior, a prince, or hero. The limbs are drawn with inimitable skill, slender, of the finest proportion, making the just medium between strength and agility; while

the low sustaining posture, resting firmly on the right hand, half turning towards the bride, is wonderfully conceived, implying the habit of every power of action, combined with youthful flexibility; the long protruded left leg, with the much bending of the right, being peculiarly indicative of elasticity. The dark purple garment, gracefully thrown over the middle of the person, is finely done; and the large deep-set black eye, the noble countenance, the oval forehead, the pointed chin, and spirit and expression diffused over the whole, are altogether inimitable. This figure I should without hesitation pronounce to be, in point of composition, posture, and colouring, the most animated and admirable thing I have ever seen. The simplicity and effect of this central group are indeed truly beautiful, and possess all the power of a painting with the lightness of a drawing. The two lateral groups, placed at each end, not as forming a part in the interest of the piece, but merely as appendanges appertaining to the parade of ceremony, are also fine; and it is worthy of particular note, that the female figures, whether representing the matron or youthful form, are all designed with superior taste, the elegance of the drapery resulting as much from characteristic simplicity, as from the natural grace of their persons. The female figures are robed in long vestments, the hair bound up in nets, and the feet enclasped in sandals. A pleasing tone of purity reigns through the whole composition, in which nothing bacchanalian offends the eye, or invades the chaste keeping of the scenc.

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STATUES.

THE ANTINOUS OF THE BELVEDERE. — Nothing can exceed the beauty and just proportions of this statue. The balance and living posture of the figure, the expression of repose and elegance diffused over the whole; the fine form and simple attitude, are all most exquisite. The head is small, compressed, and beautifully oval; the shoulders large, without any affectation of manly strength, but gracefully youthful, the breast wide, but not coarse; and the whole trunk without that insipid flatness in feature, sometimes caricatured by the ancients, and from which even the Apollo is hardly exempt. The thighs full round, and polished, the legs long, the patella high, as it should be in the limb which is in action, and pointed so as to give a beautiful conic form to the thigh, which only balances the figure, and is quiescent. The ancles are exquisitely formed, with much elegance and precision, and free from strained anatomy. In its entire state this statue must have been fine indeed, and so preserved, would have challenged a place among the most precious works of antiquity. Both arms are wanting, which cruelly spoils the fine symmetry, and greatly injures the just equilibrium of the figure. Among other restorations of the Antinous di Belvedere, or Mercury, (the destruction of his attributes throwing an uncertainty on the distinctive appellation,) the foot on which the figure rests, is so ill set on, as to produce a conspicuous deformity.

You suspect something of this while looking in front, but are shocked with it, when the statue is viewed in profile; and the whole of this arises from a little thickening of the cement on one side. We are told that Dominichino made the just proportions of this statue his constant study, forming from its general contour and aspect his notions of the beau ideal. Yet, although I much admire the symmetrical justice of composition in the whole, there is, in my opinion, a stillness of expression, and a something of formality in the immovable sweetness of the countenance, unvaried by the slightest approach to motion, which gives a tameness certainly destructive to the perfection of beauty.

The exquisite polish of this precious morceau adds infinitely to its beauty. This fine finish, and consequent lustre of marble, producing a quality of softened light and shade, bearing, in statuary, a character analogous to colour in painting, is indispensable where the artist's chief aim is directed to the display of beauty in person or countenance.

THE MELEAGER of the Vatican affords a remarkable proof of the justice of this observation, the general effect of this celebrated statue being much injured by an absence of this distinguishing feature in the art.

The Meleager resembles the Antinous; but, upon the whole, with some few exceptions, is inferior. The countenance is animated, the eye intelligent, the mouth just opening, the features and expression beautiful, and the action and turn of the head implying reflection,

in all of which points he surpasses his rival, whose fine features are fixed and motionless. The animation of the countenance is also well seconded by the action of the body, which may be defined as a gentle sustaining action. The forms are full, round, and manly, the drapery good, and cast, like that of the Antinous, round the arm, but being joined by the boar's head for support, it is an undoubted Meleager. Yet are the beauties of the design, and fine proportions of this heroic statue, counteracted more than could be imagined, by want of finish, as well as by the absence of beauty in the marble itself, which is not only full of blemishes, but rude and coarse in its surface. The consequence of all this are a flatness and apparent weight and heaviness in the figure, singularly inimical to grace and beauty. As there is no polish, the middle of the thigh, the patella, the shin-bone, the breast, the top of the shoulder, the cheek, the chin, are wanting in relief. It is not unworthy the attention of the artist to note the effect resulting from the careful polishing of all the parts I have just mentioned, which I think he will find producing a character true to nature, and giving them their finest forms.

CLEOPATRA IN THE GALLERY OF THE MUSEUM.—

A beautiful recumbent figure. The charm and delicacy of the female forms are not in any degree injured by the colossal size of the statue, which requires only to be viewed at a distance, and that not great, to discover the exquisite grace, and fine proportion, for which it

is so eminently distinguished. The figure lies in a reclining posture, supported on one shoulder, the left arm bending round meets the head, which rests on the back of the hand, the fingers and wrist slightly bending under the weight, while the right arm, forming a curve over the head, hangs down behind, as if gently sunk into rest. The throat swells beautifully; the bosom is well delineated, and exquisitely formed, but yet with modesty, and shaded by the interposing drapery, which is gracefully gathered below, by the zone that encircles the finely-turned waist, and falls down the side in rich natural folds, describing the body. The bending forms, the full, yet delicately rounded limbs, lie in quiescent deep repose, finely expressing the gentle helpless yielding to sleep. Where the thigh begins, the artist, with wonderful skill, has contrived to cross the bands that confine the drapery, so artificially as to conceal the bulkiness of the haunch, a part of the female form in which it would seem beauty and necessity had some contention. From this rich crossing of the bands, the thighs and limbs come out and lie large, long and full; but with all the delicacy of posture, and feminine flexibility, true to dignity and grace. The head is adorned with thick plaited hair, which forms a circle round the forehead, while a thin transparent veil falls over, gathered in a mass under the sustaining arm. The features are beautifully feminine, yet full, finely representing all the loveliness of womanhood, and a little oblique as indicating deep and tranquil sleep. Although the drapery covers the whole

figure in large rich folds, the female form is exhibited with a distinctness, a grace, and charm, which, (so much does female beauty gain by modesty and purity of aspect), far surpasses the effect in my mind produced even by the finest nude Venus; feelings which gain strength while contemplating this statue, so lovely in the confiding, beautiful innocence of sleep, of gentle breathing sleep.

They call this statue a Cleopatra, a Dido; but I cannot approve of converting so general, so fine a form, worthy of a grand poetical design, into a portrait. Let the lady sleep in peace. I am sure it is such a sweet and gentle slumber as the dissolute Cleopatra, or infuriated Dido, never knew. Combined with the above-mentioned distinguished beauties, there is in this statue so fine a character of refined female modesty and tranquil repose, that, as a picture and a poetical representation of sleep, nothing can excel it. The dying Gladiator is perhaps the finest nude, and this assuredly the finest draped figure that exists.

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THE DYING GLADIATOR.—A most beautiful and precious work, and of peculiar interest, as bringing so forcibly into evidence the power which the art of statuary may possess, of touching the heart. I have gone daily to view this fine statue, and still behold it with renewed feelings of admiration and sadness. There is a curling up of the lip, as if the languor and sickness of expiring nature had confused the sensations, and

convulsed the features, and that almost suggests the idea of paleness. He has fallen, he raises himself upon his right hand, not for vengeance,—not to resume his now useless weapon,—not to appeal to the people. No; he looks not beyond himself, he feels that the wound is mortal; he raises himself for a moment on his yet powerful arm, to try his strength; but his limbs have the trailing, bending form of dying languor; he looks down upon his now useless weapon, and bloodstained shield; he is wounded, his limbs have failed, he has staggered and fallen down, and has raised himself for a moment to fall down again and die. It is a most tragical and touching representation, and no one can meditate upon it without the most melancholy feelings. Of all proofs, this is the surest of the effect produced by art. He was a slave, he had no family, no friends, he was bought with money, and trained and devoted to death. It is then all the singleness of death and despair that you are too feel. No picture of tragic effort is presented, it is one impression, and if any artist has ever given that one impression, it is the author of the Dying Gladiator. The design is, in this sense, finer than anything in statuary I have ever seen, and given with wonderful simplicity. It is a statue, which, like those of Michael Angelo, should be placed in a vault, or darkened chamber, for the impression it makes is that of melancholy. Although not colossal, the proportions are beyond life, perhaps seven feet, and yet from its symmetry it does not appear larger than life. The forms are full, round, and manly, the visage mourn-

ful, the lip yielding to the effect of pain, the eye deepened by despair, the skin of the forehead a little wrinkled, the hair clotted in thick sharp pointed locks, as if from the sweat of fight and exhausted strength. The body large, the shoulders square, the balance well preserved by the hand on which he rests, the limbs finely rounded, a full fleshy skin covers all the body, the joints alone are slender and fine. No affectation of anatomy here, not a muscle to be distinguished, yet the general forms perfect as if they were expressed. The only anatomical feature discernible is that of full and turgid veins, yet not ostentatiously obtruded, but seen slightly along the front of the arms and ancles, giving, like the clotted hair, proof of violent exertion. The forms of the Dying Gladiator are not ideal, or exquisite, like the Apollo; it is all nature, all feeling. In short, in this beautiful and touching production, for powerful effect and mournful expression, the languid posture, the whole form of the bleeding and dying gladiator is executed with all the modesty of nature; never came there from the hands of the artist a truer or more pathetic representation.

This natural and melancholy picture is like a ballad chanted in its own simple melody, which makes a truer impression on the heart than the highest strain of epic song, or heroic conception of the artist.

The singular art of the artist is particularly to be discerned in the extended leg; by a less skilful hand this posture might have appeared constrained; but here, true to nature, the limbs are seen gently yielding,

bending from languor, the knee sinking from weakness, and the thigh and ancle joint pushed out to support it. The gouts of blood are large and flat, hardly attracting attention, and do not spoil the figure. If the attitude had been studied, and the posture represented as an appeal to the passions, or if he had been made to die as gladiators were then taught to die, * for effect, the statue would have been spoiled; had he been raised so as to look up in a beseeching attitude to the people, or to the victor, it would have been but a poor and common statue. The marble is beautiful, not too glaring, a fine cream colour, equable and pleasing. The statue is entire, with the exception of the toes of both feet, restored, it is believed, by Michael Angelo. The collar and rope are signs of his station. The gladiators were generally slaves; disobedient servants being frequently sold to the Lanistæ, whose practice it was, after instructing them in the art, to hire them out for fight. The highest reward which could be received by a gladiator was obtaining freedom, and a release from being called upon to fight in public. They were then styled the *Rudarii*. **

* They were taught to expire in attitudes calculated to extort applause from their surly masters, lords of their fate.

The life of the vanquished gladiator, as is mentioned by Suetonius and others, rested on the pleasure of the spectators. If the prowess and courage displayed by him who was overcome had given satisfaction, and gained their suffrage, the thumb of each hand was held up in token of mercy, a contrary motion proclaiming condemnation and death. After which dismissal they were maintained at the Public charge.

(*Note of the Author.*)

ZENO IN THE STANZA DEI FILOSOFI.—A beautiful half draped statue, in which a character of youthful old age is finely preserved, presenting, with exquisite skill, the spare but hale body, the flowing beard, and keen piercing eye, with the simplicity and coarseness of drapery appropriate to a philosopher.

CUPID AND PSYCHE.—Two beautiful small figures, exquisitely grouped. The contour, the form and limbs finely rounded, the whole expression full of nature, presenting all those fascinating, and almost indefinable graces, developed in the first burst of youthful loveliness. There are few statues, even among the finest, which have not their favourite aspect; but the composition of this piece is such, the balance and proportions so admirably preserved, that it may be viewed from every direction with undiminished effect.

THE ANTINOUS.—The fine proportions and elegant forms of this most exquisite statue are rendered still more striking from the splendour of its beautiful marble. With models such as this, and other precious remains of ancient sculpture, it seems wonderful that John of Bologna, and other great artists, should have fallen

** From the word *rudis* (rod) given by the Pretore in token of their exemption from further exercising their calling.

» *Donatum jam rude* (Hor. Ep. 1. lib. 1.)

» *hic Sergius idem*

« *Accepta rude coepisset Vejentio videri* ». Juven. Sat. 6.

(*Note of the Ital. Trans.*)

into the error of so constantly seeking to display their knowledge of anatomy; frequently injuring their finest productions, by forcing the features of that science into notice. Because the moderns, among their other philosophical discoveries, found that the human body was composed of bones, muscles, tendons, and ligaments, is the statuary called upon perpetually to remind us of this circumstance? Why was it so beautifully clothed with skin, but to hide the interior mechanism, and render the form attractive? Anatomy is useful as a corrector, but no more. Its influence ought only to be felt; and to render it available, the artist must be well practised in general effect; like perspective, it is a good rule to assist the eye, in what a good eye could do without a guide. In the Antinous, the anatomist would look in vain to detect even the slightest mistake or misconception; yet such is the simplicity of the whole composition, so fine and undulating the forms, that a trifling error would appear as a gross fault. Every part is equally perfect; the bend of the head and declining of the neck most graceful; the shoulders manly, and large without clumsiness; the belly long and flat, yet not disfigured by leanness; the swell of the broad chest under the arm admirable; the limbs finely tapered, the ease and play of the disengaged leg wonderful, having a serpentine curve arising from an accurate observance of the gentle bendings of the knee, the half turning of the ancle, and elastic yielding natural to the relaxed state in that position from the many joints of those parts.

The distinctive and characteristic features of these four last mentioned statues afford a fine illustration of the observations I have just offered. The soft infantine beauty in the Cupid and Psyche, the nobler and grander forms of Antinous, the manly and strengthened limbs of maturer life in the Gladiator, with the slender rigidity of age in Zeno, are all finely delineated, and totally exempt from any straining after anatomical precision. The forms are simple, pure, natural, and free from every affectation of science. I have hardly ever seen in the statues of the ancients, and certainly never in their finest works, the Antinous, the Apollo, the Gladiator, etc. a muscle caricatured. I think I can easily perceive that even the great Michael Angelo himself was not exempt from entertaining too great a fondness for doctrine, new, as applied to statuary, and in his zeal to render it effective, we sometimes find him, in pursuit of his object, while aiming at expression, only producing coarseness. Something of this may be traced in his celebrated Mosè, in San Pietro in Vincoli. It is a noble work, and one in which the artist evidently meant to display his acquaintance with anatomy; but in searching too curiously after science, the grand general result has partly escaped him, the outline having many conspicuous defects. Nor is the general detail faultless. The right arm, full, muscular, and nervous, is fine, especially in the anatomy, and well proportioned to the size of the figure, but seems too large, contrasted with the left, which is mean, scraggy, and altogether in a different tone of composi-

tion, as also defective in the very art in which he sought to shine, having mistaken the origins of the pronator, and of the biceps. The attitude and sitting posture is well managed, and fine; but the limbs are set rather too much at right angles, which greatly injures the grace and flow of line. In the attempt to give a heroic character to the figure, the artist has made it too colossal. The drapery also is too voluminous; and the largeness of the limbs and length of the body hardly correspond with the size of the head; while the expression of the countenance, which was meant to be grand, serious and imposing, has a cast of fierceness, not in keeping with the repose of the quiescent posture, or characteristic mildness, imputed to the great Jewish lawgiver. The beard is fine, and beautifully flowing; but, if it might be said in speaking of the work of so great an artist, it is a little caricatured. The effect, upon the whole, is grand and imposing, and it is perhaps adventurous to have criticised so freely a work held in such high estimation; but my object is, simply to give notices of such points as, perhaps, the course of my studies may have enabled me to detect with a precision that might escape a less practised eye.

The Church of San Pietro in Vincoli, in which the Mosè is found, is in my mind, the finest in Rome, because presenting the most simple yet superb, forms of architecture. One grand central nave, lined on each side with Tuscan columns of the finest fluted marble, opens upon a great semicircle, in which stands the high altar; and here, in a spacious, noble architectural

arch, this magnificent statue sits. The four figures filling up the space in the vast circle, and which were finished by one of the pupils of this great master, are all simple, well executed, and the general effect very fine.

VENUS FROM THE BATH.—A demi-colossal statue, of nearly seven feet and a half. It is extremely difficult to represent a delicate form in such gigantic proportions; but this is fine, and bears throughout a character of modesty singularly pleasing. The whole figure is feminine, simple, noble, and full of graceful bendings, the fulness of the person giving roundness to undulating forms, which in a more spare figure would have been angular. It is singular how often in the proportions of a Venus we find loveliness and richness of contour sacrificed to an exaggerated lengthy slenderness, with an unmeaning thinness of back and loins, unnatural to the female form. In the two extremes, namely, that of delicate beauty in the Venus, and supernatural power in the Hercules, how frequently does the representation of the first degenerate into simpering prettiness, while the other is swelled into monstrous forms of coarse brutal strength! The fulness and fleshy skin in this figure of the « Venus from the Bath » gives a plump and ripe although delicate, roundness to the arms, where they rise from the back, and in the junction of the patella muscle with the arm, above the breast, as also the roundness of abdomen and groin, which I have never observed equalled in any other

statue. The vase of perfumes, with the drapery thrown across, is a rich and a fine accompaniment to the general effect of this piece.

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CHAPTER TENTH.

NOTES ON ROME.

THE HOLY WEEK—THE MISERERE—EASTER SUNDAY—FIREWORKS
OF CASTLE ST ANGELO—CHURCH OF THE ARACOEI—THE
PREACHER.

THE HOLY WEEK.

THE ceremonies of the Holy Week, giving at this season character to Rome, are very splendid. Yet, while contemplating the magnificence displayed in their churches, the heart involuntarily reverts, with a pleasing glow, to the memory of the simple forms of worship in our own country. There is nothing commendable in the Roman Catholic religion, but that the church is always open, a sanctuary to the afflicted. There he can lay his distracted head against a pillar, or sit upon the steps of an altar, to compose a mind ruffled with the cares of this world, or stung by its ingratitude. There the sinner may meditate upon eternity, and the blessed promise made to him « that turneth away from his wickedness, » which speaketh peace to the contrite soul. It is pleasing to go into a solitary church in the evening hour, when the lamps on the distant altar are seen like dim stars through the red setting sun, and, in a scene of solitude and silence, like that of the desert, amidst architectural magnificence, and the gloom of the tombs of those that have

passed away, soothe the over-fraught heart, and the grief that cannot speak.

There was a time, in ruder ages, when Rome saw her streets crowded with pilgrims from every distant laud; when all the splendour of princely grandeur, and the influence of princely humility, were displayed; kings and emperors walking their penitential rounds, and receiving pardon and absolution.

Then was exhibited the imposing spectacle of our Saviour's entrance into the Holy City. The priests, and the Pope himself, singing hosannas, carrying palm branches, and opening the gates. The washing of the pilgrims' feet, placing them at table, giving them food, and dismissing them with presents, were acts of unaffected humility towards those who had traversed seas and deserts, to cast themselves before the throne of the Pope, to kiss his feet and his garment. The extinction of the torches, the singing at midnight in profound darkness, the beautiful and soul-touching music of the *Miserere*, while from afar, voices, imitative of the choir of angels, were heard, rising and sinking in the distance, must then have presented a solemn and impressive scene. But the littleness of the detailed exhibition now introduced in the churches, is calculated to disturb, I had almost said to grieve, the human spirit. The history of our Saviour is most pathetic, and most touching, when left to the unadorned sublimity of scripture; but the slightest innovation in the character of grand simplicity supported throughout, sinks, instead of elevating, the homage of the heart.

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HOLY THURSDAY—THE MISERERE.

The service opens by a portion of the Lamentations of Jeremiah sung by the choristers, after which the Pope recites the pater noster in a low voice; then being seated on the throne, and crowned with the mitre, the theme is continued, sung loud and sweet by the first soprano, in a tone so long sustained, so high, so pure, so silvery and mellifluous, as to produce the most exquisite effect, in contrast with the deep chorusses, answering in rich harmony at the conclusion of every strophe; and then again the lamenting voice is heard, tender and pathetic, repeating one sweet prolonged tone, sounding clear and high in the distance, till brought down again by the chorus. The exquisite notes of the soprano almost charmed away criticism; but yet we could not help being conscious of the difficulties attending a composition of this nature, even in the hands of so great a master as Allegri, whose music it was; nor of perceiving that, after a time, the continued strain and measured answering chorus becomes monotonous, and the mind insensibly sinks into languor. Yet the whole is very fine: it is as if a being of another world were heard lamenting over a ruined city, with the responses of a dejected people, and forms a grand and mournful preparation for the Miserere.

The last light being extinguished, the chorus, in hurried sounds, proclaims that our Saviour is betrayed; then, for a moment, as a symbol of the darkness in

which the moral world is left, the deepest obscurity prevails ; when at the words « *Christus factus est pro nobis obediens usque ad mortem,* » the Pope, the whole body of clergy and the people, knelt, (in former times, they fell down on the earth,) and all was silent, when the solemn pause was broken by the commencing of the *Miserere*, in low, rich, exquisite strains, rising softly on the ear, and gently swelling into powerful sounds of seraphic harmony.

The effect produced by this music is finer and greater than that of any admired art ; no painting, statue, or poem, no imagination of man, can equal its wonderful power on the mind. The silent solemnity of the scene, the touching import of the words, « take pity on me, O God, » passes through to the inmost soul, with a thrill of the deepest sensation, unconsciously moistening the eye, and paling the cheek. The music is composed of two chorusses of four voices ; the strain begins low and solemn, rising gradually to the clear tones of the first soprano, which at times are heard alone ; at the conclusion of the verse, the second chorus joins, and then by degrees the voices fade and die away. The soft and almost imperceptible accumulation of sound, swelling in mournful tones of rich harmony, into powerful effect, and then receding, as if in the distant sky, like the lamenting song of angels and spirits, conveys, beyond all conception to those who have heard it, the idea of darkness, of desolation, and of the dreary solitude of the tomb. A solemn silence ensues, and not a breath is heard, while the inaudible prayer of the

kneeling Pope continues. When he rises, slight sounds are heard, by degrees breaking on the stillness, which has a pleasing effect, restoring, as it were, the rapt mind to the existence and feelings of the present life. The effect of those slow, prolonged, varied, and truly heavenly strains, will not easily pass from the memory.

EASTER SUNDAY.

The service on Easter Sunday is grand and most imposing, insensibly raising the feelings to a true accord with the scene. There, under the superb dome built by Michael Angelo, the solemn mass is sung in deep silence, amidst the assembly of priests and princes. The morning was serene and lovely, the sun shone clear and bright through the edifice, giving to its imposing dimensions, and noble architecture, a more than usual splendour. At the end of the great cross, terminating in the grand altar, the Pope is seated, supported on either side by his cardinals and bishops, with their attendant priests, presenting a numerous and gorgeous array. The marble balustrade encircling the altar, is lined within by the guards, and spreading out at the further ends, galleries are extended, destined for royal visitors, princes, and ambassadors, on the one hand, and on the other, for strangers of all classes. The vast height of the dome, rising superbly overhead; the magnificent lower altar of fine bronze relieved by a beautiful railing of white marble, and lighted by lamps which burn continually; the fine effect produced

by the gigantic statues lessening in the distant vista, as the eye traverses along the immense space of this noble structure, form a coup-d'œil very striking, and singularly fine. At the conclusion of the service, the Pope advancing to kneel at the lower altar, recited the Pater-noster, and then proceeded from the church to the balcony in front of St Peter's, to perform the benediction. The sacred character of this ceremony receives an added dignity from the fine and commanding aspect of the surrounding scenery. The approach to St Peter's is very grand, the space within the court immense, and the columns and colonnades most magnificent; while the noble and high buildings of the Vatican are seen towering on the right hand in a broad style of irregular but fine architecture. Large flat steps, ascending to the wide-spreading gates of the church, run to the whole length of the edifice, producing from their vast extent, one of its most striking features, while over the low, square-roofed, and not unpicturesque buildings, in front of St Peter's, the eye wanders abroad to the distant prospect, to the blue hills, and far-seen glaciers, the effect being altogether solemn, and fine beyond imagination.

The ample steps of St Peter's were peopled by thousands of the peasantry, who crowded from every distant part of the Campagna, mingling with citizens of the lower ranks: those of the higher classes, forming rich and showy groups, were seen on each side, covering the fine flat-roofed colonnades. Below, on the level ground, the whole body of the Papal guards was drawn

out in array. Beyond, stood, like a deep dark phalanx, the carriages and innumerable equipages, the vivid tints of the brilliant mid-day sun giving every variety of colour, by deepened shade or added brightness. In the central balcony of the church, awaiting the approach of the Pope, were seated a rich gorgeous throng of cardinals and prelates, overlooking the countless numbers in the space below, covered without spot or interval as with one mass of living beings. Expectation prevailed throughout, till his holiness approached, when, in a moment, all was still; every eye turned from the gay and sunny scene to the dark front of St Peter's, lying deep in shade, from its massive columns; not a breath, not a sound reached the ear. The deep silence that reigned amidst such a concourse was most impressive; the whole scene excited feelings of the deepest interest, as we contemplated the pale, benign, mild countenance and venerable aspect of him, who was now bending forward with anxious zeal to bless the surrounding multitude. The rich deep toned bell of St Peter's announced the conclusion of the benediction—solemn sounds, which were instantly answered by the loud pealing cannon of Castle St Angelo, as likewise by the musicians, and clamorous rejoicings of the people.

When night approaches, and the dome of this magnificent temple is hung with lights, all the grandeur of its architecture is displayed. Each frieze and cornice, arch, and gate, and pillar, is enriched with lines of splendid fires, and every steeple, tower, and bulky dome; glittering with light, seems to hang in a firma-

ment of its own, high in the clear dark sky. The long sweeping colonnade forms, as it were, a golden circle, enclosing the dark mass of people below, filling the spacious basin of the court, while the waters of the superb fountains, sparkling in the partial gleams of light, are heard dashing amid the hum and murmur of the busy throng; when suddenly, in an instant, the form is changed, the red distinct stars are involved in one blaze of splendid flame, as if the vast machine were turned by the hand of some master spirit.

From this object, the spectator is next hurried to view the splendid fire-works of Castle St Angelo, esteemed the finest in the world, and which, for general aspect and effect, are perhaps unequalled. All at first was dark, the deep dense mass of the populace filled the squares and streets, while the carriages, each with its lights reflected from the dark flood of the Tyber, swung slowly and heavily across the bridge. No place or city affords so magnificent a scene, for exhibiting the alternate effects of brilliant illumination and sudden darkness, of utter silence and overwhelming sounds. The vast, round tower of the castle rises over the scene, with its bulky cornice and flanking bastions; the bridge of fine and level form, leads direct to the gate; while the statue of St Michael, big and black, with broad expanded wings, hangs over the tower, and the Tyber, walled in with an amphitheatre of antique houses on the farther shore, sweeps round the castle in deep and eddying pools; and in the distance, as if hung in the air, the vast dome of St

Peter's is seen from afar, striped and adorned with its many thousand lamps, and crowned with rich circles of fire.

All is dark and silent, when the first gun from St Angelo booms along the river, and shakes the ground. Again a stiller silence prevails, when vast flames burst from the centre of the circular tower with an explosion truly magnificent, filling the air with various-coloured fires, which shoot upwards and athwart, with hurried and impetuous motion, involving the whole fabric in clouds and darkness; then all at once, within the dark clouds, appears, in pale and silvery light, the structure, long spread out with glittering columns, frieze, and cornice. The river, gate, and bridge, involved meanwhile in redder fires, when again all is dark and silent. After each pause the guns announce new explosions, while the sound rolls through the city, emptied of its inhabitants, and solitary as the surrounding hills, which again reverberate the sound.

Nor can anything, perhaps, be more striking than the revulsion of feelings caused by the sudden cessation of sound; the change from the most dazzling, and almost fearful light, to utter darkness; from sounds the most astounding to perfect stillness. At the last tremendous explosion, the whole edifice was enveloped in a rush of fire, while the broad brooding statue of St Michael on its pinnacle, hung black and ominous, apparently suspended in the air, and floating on a vast mass of flame. Then again all was still, and deep obscurity prevailed. The moonlight shone faint upon

the distant landscape, and the river reflected the solitary and sullen lamps in a degree to give darkness effect, and show imperfectly the forms of the bridge, and the mass of the slow-retiring crowd. During this wonderful exhibition, altogether peculiar to this city, and not unworthy of the occasion, no confusion, no bustle ensued, no noise or clamour; each individual, satisfied with the wonders he had seen, returned quietly to his own abode. This splendid display closes, as with one flash of magnificence, the ceremonies of the Holy Week, and the stranger retiring slowly from the scene, feels as if he had witnessed, not the trivial show of an hour, but some signal phenomenon in the natural world.

CHURCH OF THE ARACOEI—THE PREACHER.

Among many churches which I visited on Christmas eve, I chanced, at a late hour in the night, to enter the grand and ancient edifice of the Aracoeli. Perfect stillness prevailed, and all was dark, except the great altar. There, thousands of wax tapers burnt bright and vivid, sending forth a flood of light which poured along the great nave, and athwart the massive columns, shooting into the deep obscurity, which seemed more profound as the distant objects receded from its last rays. Before the altar were numerous figures, kneeling in silent prayer, composed almost exclusively of old and sickly-looking females of the poorest and most wretched classes of Rome, their pale and haggard countenances but too forcibly bespeaking the extreme of poverty.

The light beaming across, touched with partial gleams their lowly bending forms, now enveloped in a deeper shade, now displayed with more vivid glare as it played around the sunken cheek and thinned hair, growing scanty on the cold uncovered head, the shrivelled hands meekly folded, or the glistening eye raised in fervour to heaven. The whole effect of this scene was singularly picturesque and touching; the brightly illuminated altar, shining with redoubled power in the midst of profound darkness; the stillness that reigned throughout, the silent meditation of these lonely women, seemed like life and hope awaiting the opening dawn of moral light.

Although I had been much struck with the noble aspect of this ancient church, and altogether impressed by the recollections left on my mind at my first entrance within its venerable walls, I did not again revisit the Aracoeli till at a much later period, when, passing along the Piazza di Campidoglio, my attention was accidentally attracted by perceiving a number of people assembled at the gates of the church, some of whom, seemingly, were loitering and stationary, while the greater portion passed in. In the season of Lent, it is very usual among the priests and brothers of the monastic orders to pronounce discourses in the different churches, which being always poured forth at the inspiration of the moment, and delivered with that powerful energy so peculiarly characterizing the manner of the Improvisatore, may not improperly be classed as appertaining to this style of composition. In the

belief that occasion was perhaps now offered me of indulging a desire I had long entertained of hearing such a discourse, I went in and found my conjectures well founded. A sandal-footed, bare-armed, unclothed-looking monk, young, with a pale visage and negligent aspect, stood leaning against a pillar at the upper end of the middle nave; his grey coarse habit, girded by various folds of thickly knotted cords, seemed scarcely to cover his person; his almost naked arms hanging down by his side, while his cowl, which had fallen back, discovered a wild pallid countenance, and a long, lean, bony throat. He stood silent and motionless, like an image or statue, as if lost in meditation, or exhausted by the vehemence of his own overwrought feelings poured out upon his auditors. These were composed of various classes, but more especially of such as are daily seen, forming little groups in every quarter of Rome; thin slight-made figures, their cloaks with an effect not unpicturesque, carelessly thrown over one shoulder, playing at the game of Mora; beings whose means of existence seem as inexplicable as their mode of life. The orator had evidently reached to an elevated strain before my entrance, leaving, as he had suddenly paused, vivid traces of his arguments on the countenances of those he addressed. Among these might be seen the varied effect of his eloquence. Here the spread hands, the half-opened mouth, the strained eye, spoke an earnest, yet amazed attention, while perhaps near him stood, with silvered hair and meek aspect, the pale anchorite, trembling, while he listened, lest

perchance even he might not be secure against the punishments of the evil doer. While beyond him might be seen the dark, gloomy, steady gaze of the brooding fanatic, whose flashing eye seemed to kindle with the orator, and keep pace with his denunciations—perhaps contrasted by the quiet, unthinking air of contented stupidity, looking as if the sense of hearing alone were roused, or by the speaking eye, beaming with zealous fire, as if ready to challenge or answer each new proposition. Some stood with downcast looks, serious and reflecting,—others walked softly along, now seen, now lost among the pillars; while the larger portion, who had been as it were surprised by their emotion into a momentary taciturnity, were hastily forming into groups, and beginning, in whispered accents, to converse with that eagerness and vivacity which so peculiarly characterize their nation. But soon, above these murmuring sounds, the full, deep-toned voice of the preacher struck the ear, when suddenly all was again hushed to silence. Slow and solemn he opened his discourse; but, as he proceeded, his features became gradually more animated; his dark, deep, eloquent eye kindling as he spoke, and throwing momentary radiance over his wan and haggard countenance, while the round mellow tones of the Italian language gave the finest energy to his expressions. With frequent pauses, but with increasing power, he continued his discourse; his voice now low and solemn, now grand and forcible, but still with moderated and ever varied accents, which worked on the feelings, at one moment producing the

chill of strong emotion, and then, as he changed his tone, melting the heart to tenderness. The object of his sermon and self-imposed mission, was to gain votaries, and win them to a monastic life, by portraying the dangers, the turbulence, and the sorrows of the worldly, (*i Mondani*,) contrasted with the peaceful serenity of the heaven devoted mind. Occasionally, as if warmed by a prophetic spirit, with an air now imploring and plaintive, now wild and triumphant, with animated gesture, and tossing of the arms, alternately pointing to heaven, and to the shades below, he seemed as if he would seduce, persuade, or tear his victim from the world. The powers of his voice and action gave an indescribable force to his language, carrying away the minds of his auditors with a rapidity that left no pause for reflection. The sombre chastened light of day bringing forward some objects in strong relief, and leaving others in shade, the peculiar aspect of the monk, the magic influence which seemed to hang on his words, and lend force to his eloquence, gave to the whole scene a character at once singular and striking.

The effect produced on the mind by music is various in its degree, and often most powerful; if, then, the tones of an instrument so much move us, can the organs of speech be without effect? The inflections of voice, possessed by an Italian, must act forcibly, although perhaps insensibly, on the nervous system, and to this influence, no small portion of the charm of the *Improvisatore* may be ascribed. The construction of the language is also most propitious to this style of com-

position; not only as possessing in itself a power so singular over the affections and sensibilities of the heart, but as being indued with characteristic properties, which increase the wonderful rapidity by which the most striking and changing imagery is suddenly presented to the mind, while accents so sweet and flexible easily fall into numbers, giving a grandeur to the strains at once pleasing and impressive. To form a learned and accomplished Improvvisatore, long study and training we know to be necessary; but the first principles and foundation on which to establish his acquirements must be found in natural propensity; and, as I have already noticed, this is undoubtedly possessed in a peculiar manner in this country.

I witnessed one morning on my journey a trifling, yet not uninteresting proof, of this faculty natural to the Italian, while we were passing the mid-day hour of repose in a small inn, other travellers, as they successively chanced to arrive, were all shown into the same apartment with us. Among them entered a woman and her son, a boy of eleven or twelve years of age. A lady, whose deep mourning and pale countenance spoke her to be in affliction, made one of the previous guests. On her, as if influenced by some charm, the youth's eye instantly fell, and hastily, but yet not ungracefully, stepping forward, he addressed her in a measured cadence of great elegance. The suddenness of the action, and the deep pathos of his tones, produced a general surprise and admiration; and having offered this little tribute to feeling, he quietly retired, resuming

the simplicity of his natural manner, which for the moment had given way to the animation appropriate to the Improvisatore. The peculiar temperament and distinctive national characteristic of the Italian, are likewise in alliance with this mode of composition; the vivacity, the ardour, the passionate feelings that animate and impel them to sudden bursts of excitation and enthusiasm, being most propitious to its production. We may at the same time observe, how much peculiar habit, prevailing in different parts of Italy, directs these feelings. We have seen the sculptor or painter in Florence followed with an extravagance of admiration, which in our colder clime would seem delirium, a whole street bearing a name in memory of the rejoicings occasioned by the success of a painter, and the contention between rival artists becoming a national concern.



CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

NOTES ON NAPLES.

SLIGHT OBSERVATIONS ON ARCHITECTURE — CHURCHES S. FILIPPO
NERI — SAN SEVERO — SAN GIOVANNI A CARBONARA — ST
ELMO — SAN MARTINO.

It is not in the modern and more splendid street of Toledo, in the Piazza Reale, and still less in the Chiaja, that we find anything striking in the ecclesiastical buildings of this city, the unvaried grecian style which marks their character, causing a sameness unpropitious to general effect. But it is rather in the Corpo di Napoli or nucleus of Naples where we are to look for any thing interesting in the sacred edifices, as, although with some exceptions, they were chiefly erected in the earliest periods of gothic architecture, the antique cast which they exhibit, their irregular and even capricious form, certainly untrue to every canon of the art, yet arrests the attention, and gratifies the eye. † Grecian architecture in public buildings in

† The gothic of the first ages was vast and gloomy, monotonous, destitute of proportion and void of ornament. To this succeeded a new stage, in which with solidity was combined a certain degree of lightness and elegance. Then followed the third epoca, when the Moors Saracens and Arabs burst into Italy and France, but especially into Spain; then the elements of the eastern style were introduced, and lastly after the revival of letters, the proportions of the greek order was partly intermingled with the impressive solemn gloom of the interior, and the playful capricious ornaments which embellished the exterior in gothic architecture: then it became perfect.

palaces, or in private houses, where particular features may be varied, cannot fail to offer structures of great majesty and beauty, while in churches the necessary continuity of front unrelieved by the gorgeous richness peculiar to the gothic mode, must always seem tame. A sacred edifice should be on an elevated spot, unconnected with other buildings, in a space where various fronts are open to view, and where its basements, columns, and fine flight of marble steps may be displayed; but when a church is distinguished only by pillars or flat pilasters situated in a street, niched in between shops or other buildings, all nobleness or grandeur is destroyed. There was nothing of this in ancient times; the Christian, like the Gentile Temples were set apart from all profane buildings, and stood in elevated and insulated sites, filling the eye and occupying the undivided attention in viewing their individual merit or beauty.

Architecture is not solely to be defined as consisting in scientific rules and measurement, proportioning the length of the shaft to the column, or selecting the appropriate ornaments to the order of the fabrick, this is the mere grammar of the science, essential to the architectural artist, as an acquaintance with the principles of speech, and rules of composition to the orator, or poet; but, the most important doctrine of the art is, to consider what chiefly contributes to render a city great and noble, to chuse the forms appropriate to particular spots, in the construction of its gates and walls, its castles and churches, in fine fountains and noble palaces, and by embracing in its general aspect

the majestic features of ancient times , to present an imposing and grand result. Cities built on plains or wide districts of land , after models and designs of the present day , are far from producing the noblest efforts of architectural combinations. Such are like a garden , gay and brilliant in its well trained plants , and beautiful groves , while the gothic wears the imposing stamp of the wild forest , the lofty tree with its noble trunk and crooked arms , thrown out in rich and grand confusion. A modern city of greek architecture is , I am aware , generally admired ; its streets are long and wide and regular ; its squares are ample and finely designed , having their corner and center houses of the most correct architecture ; handsome railed balconies , laying stretched out , supported on either side by tall pilasters , crowned by capitals of the finest corinthian or composite order : But these fair edifices of white stone elegantly chiselled , standing on flat ground , still offering a repetition of the same form , wearies and fatigues the eye , and produces nothing of the august magnificence of the stately buildings of ancient times.

The gothic has in its aspect something gigantic , and possessing the magic effect of carrying the imagination back among the iron Barons of past ages , in so much that although not so ancient as the greek , it seems much more so. The great massive walls and rude gates by which it is characterised , the coarse pavement and quaint but noble fountains , with their antique figures , their great edifices , of grey stone , the sides or

angles standing out capriciously ; deep walls ; vast arches, thrown across streets without any obvious purpose, but magnificence; the intricate passages of their castles; their turrets; the gloomy grandeur; the irregular angles; all have a superb effect, and leave indelible impressions on the fancy. The antique city elevated on its rocky site, adorned by fine gates, temples, palaces and fountains, by its vast monasteries, its winding streets opening suddenly on picturesque views, giving character and expression to every spot, offers a constant excitement and new source of interest, like a fine picture in which a tale is told, and in which each portion awakens an idea or a varied impression. Who can forget the many cities of Italy, rising grand and wild in the distance, with their walls and castellated Towers? Let the architectural artist observe the majestic edifices of Florence, and travelling on towards Rome look on the interesting remains of Perugia, or the picturesque effect of the antique cities, crowning the surrounding acclivities, and then from the eternal city on to Naples, beautiful in its lovely shores and rocky Islands; let him consult the grand proportions of the various edifices presented to his view by day, and in his midnight walks, watch the bright moon-beams flinging their long deep shadows athwart their dark massive walls, and if his heart be not cold to the more sublime impressions of his art, he will find his imagination warmed to a finer glow, and his feelings powerfully excited, by the noble pictures presented to his view.

The happy result of such combinations may be observed from the different effect produced by a Manchester or a Harrogate, and a noble gothic city like Gloucester, Lancaster, or Edinburgh. Petersburg, (perhaps the finest city in the world) gives a striking exception to these general principles, as although situated on a vast plain and regular, and formal in its structures, yet offers an aspect at once grand and beautiful, and this arises from the rapid flow of its noble river, and the magnitude of its edifices.

Examples offered of fine picturesque effects produced by buildings in themselves irregular and unamenable to any style of architecture is perhaps more frequently to be seen in Naples, where classic order is so often set at nought, than in almost any other city. The towering sites it offers, the undulating form and varied ground on which it is situated, often unexpectedly presenting striking vistas, and the exquisite beauty of the Bay, which binds its shores, naturally contribute to this effect. I should as an instance in point select Largo di Castello. It commands an ample space, gay in the sun-shine, surrounded by angles of Streets presenting perspective views of noble palaces, and in one side passing into Strada Medina, the old gothic edifice styled Castello Nuovo is seen standing up in stately grandeur with its vast round Towers, bound in by a deep cornice supported by soffits and surmounted by fine embrasures; the whole recalling in its heavy but noble aspect a memorial of other times; while the beauty of the back-ground, leads the eye along beyond

the bridge to the Mole with its light house and towering vessels; the deep blue sea, the beautiful distant shores and vast burning mountain terminating the prospect: or, looking up in the opposite direction, the eye rests on St Elmo, grandly rising on the heights, proudly seated on the brow of its rugged hill, giving character to all the surrounding scene.

In an open space in Strada Medina stands a beautiful marble fountain of gothic architecture, richly ornamented; of noble dimensions, but yet with proportions so exquisite and embellishments so delicately fancied as to produce a light and elegant effect. The form is circular surrounded by flat pillars, while a marble ballustrade encircles a stone basin of great size, to which four steps lead, each adorned by two Lions couchant, the intervals being occupied by Dolphins, bestrode by laughing boys in various graceful attitudes; four Satyrs as *cariatidi* sustain a flat cup, on which sea horses are laid, the finely sculptured and spirited heads of which are chiefly distinguished, while in the midst of them in the centre, Neptune stands up with his Trident in his right hand, from each prong of which a stream of pellucid water rushes out, dashing and leaping over the various forms, falling in fine confusion, brightly sparkling in the sun-beams to the overflowing basin below.

The city of Naples although beautiful from so many points having been built at distant and various periods, and so often without having any direct principle of architecture, as a guide, it would be difficult to select

amongst its edifices any exactly offering illustrations on such points as I have touched upon, especially in regard to churches. I have therefore confined myself, solely to the description of a small number of such as seemed to me most interesting.

SAN FILIPPO NERI, generally styled Girolamini, is a church, beautiful in its vastness, its splendid marbles, fine architecture, rich decorations, and paintings by great Masters, one especially by Giordano, which may vie with any of Raphael's, in the Vatican. The general effect of this noble edifice, is altogether finer, than I believed compatible with grecian architecture, the gothic, for the erection of cathedral or church, being so much greater in producing expression and grandeur.

The approach to the church, is fine, white marble steps, of a splendid length, run along the whole façade which is entirely of marble after a design of Denys Lazzari. The entrance is spacious, and the whole church in all its beauty, is at once presented to the eye. The form is that of a Roman Cross, the whole being of noble dimensions, and fine proportions, large, full and each part in admirable keeping. The church is composed of three aisles, divided by twelve magnificent granite columns, of a soft grey tint, of exquisite workmanship and high polish. The capitals and bases are of white marble. The ornaments of the friezes and straggling leaves are finely bold, the cornice powerful, without being heavy. The arches before the high altar

while the Altar itself stands up finely majestic, and which although rich in every varied marble, Egyptian, Sardonyx, jasper lapis-lazuli and others, is yet chaste, beautiful and solemn; two statues of white marble, standing to guard the sanctuary, finely mark the great length of the church, and have a dignified effect.

The pavement is partly of marble, of a sober tint, such as gives a solemn cast to the whole; the brilliancy of the gildings of the friezes and cornice, softened down by time, having lost a part of their lustre, also, blending so as to contribute to the general rich low tone prevailing throughout. The ceiling is of exquisite workmanship, and entirely gilt; but yet not gaudy. The admirable distribution of light likewise gives much additional grandeur to the general result of colouring, for while the lower parts are all sombre, the light above is poured in by a regular range of square windows, running round the ample bronze and gilt cornice.

The Chapels are all lofty and beautiful, particularly that of St Filippo Neri, to the right hand of the high Altar, the architecture of which is good, the cupola, noble, and the fresco pictures by Solimene, most effective. But of all the splendid parts of this church the Sacristy is the most perfect: it is so singular, yet so precisely correct in all its forms. The style is gothic the architecture rich, much adorned, and yet not wanting in the solemn aspect so essential to grandeur in a sacred edifice. The entrance, is by a wide square door, under a noble arch, answered with fine effect on the other extremity by a corresponding arch. The

view beyond terminating with the great Altar. The whole is lofty, beautiful, exquisite, and even fantastically adorned, yet without being puerile. It possesses many valuable and interesting paintings; one, especially; the meeting of our Saviour, and St John, by Guido. It represents two beautiful bending figures, like sister-forms, gentle, meek and thoughtful, as if seeking another and a purer world. The arms and limbs of our Saviour, are gracefully slender, and the head of St John is so turned, as if he had just embraced him; his whole countenance being deeply impressed with reverence and love.

Among many fine pictures, two others by Ribera may be particularly noticed, one representing our Saviour with his hands bound, preparatory to his being scourged; the other Saint Andrea looking up to his cross, both executed in a fine masterly style, but having much the character of sketches, in consequence of the varnish being exhausted, and the gloss gone. There is also (but situated too high to be seen to advantage) an unfinished picture of the flight into Egypt by Guido, a fine deep-toned, powerful, but indistinct sketch.

On leaving the Sacristy, and again entering the church and proceeding onward from the high Altar, the eye rests with delighted surprise, on Giordano's magnificent painting, above the great entrance, a space as difficult to manage, as Raphael's window in the Vatican, and filled with a subject admirably chosen, as it bears to be broken upon below and yet lose nothing of its perfection, nay it gains, as it admits of an inde-

finite distance, producing a fine theatrical effect. Our Saviour is represented clearing the polluted Temple. The architecture of the holy Edifice, stands in the highest point of the picture, its columns diminish in fine perspective, fading beautifully and indistinct in the distance, in front of which our Saviour appears, with a grandeur, not of man, but as if in the moment of assuming the God. His right hand is elevated, not as if to lash with a scourge, but rather to fulminate the worthless, and drive from the House of God, « those who had made it a den of thieves. » A lower genius perhaps might have drawn our Saviour larger than life, rendering him the first great prominent object, in the act of driving culprits from before him, but Giordani throws a halo round the form of the Divinity, mixing beautifully with the aerial splendour of the picture—Not a mortal form but a Cause. When the artist descends to the mob, that are driven out, he paints them with wonderful powers, and while just under the immediate presence of our Saviour, he shows them flying before him in trepidation, leaping from the ballustrades of the Temple, throwing themselves over the stairs, and wildly casting themselves down in despair and confusion, giving in its effect an intensity and activity to the scene indescribable. The lower figures larger and nearer to the eye are represented as less agitated, looking up to those above, but with more self possession. One especially is seen wrapping himself up in a large and beautifully painted shawl, seemingly in the act of hiding some precious goods, merchandize, plate or bags of

gold; probably one of the money-lenders whose attitude is unparalleled in the art of painting for action indicating eager living feeling. Rather higher, and as it were, hanging over the gate, there is another masterly figure of fine round proportions, and also of much action. The colouring of this noble painting is much faded, and must have been splendid, indeed, when in all its freshness: for drawing, for powerful expression, and admirable effect in foreshortening, nothing can be imagined finer.

Two modern paintings are on either side of the gate by Luigi Manzanete. The one represents the death of Uza who in the procession of the ark puts forth his hand to sustain it; but he falls awkwardly under the chariot wheels, exciting the uneasy feeling, that were, it not drawn by the slow paced heavy ox, his body must have been crushed under them. The other is the chasing of Heliodorus forth from the Temple: but the miracle is here lessened by being magnified, for in Raphael's painting in the Vatican on the same subject, *two* Angels only are represented, but in this there are three. It is in some sense a copy from this great master's design, the chief feature in the picture being in both the same, that of the principal Angel. But it has not the simplicity of Raphael's fine painting. In this composition the space for action is wanting, the whole being much crowded. It fails also in perspective, as the two angels who are in the air, and the one on the fore-ground, are all close to the fallen Heliodorus.

Both those pictures have the same defects, absence of clearness in the composition, which also is wanting in

grandeur, especially the first mentioned, in which the number of limbs causes great confusion, and in spite of much fine and fiery action, good drawing, with a beautiful and brilliant style of colouring, the paintings are not good.

There is another picture in the church, by Guido Reni, splendid among many fine ones, in the fifth chapel on the left hand, in which San Francesco is seen kneeling in the act of prayer. The head is inimitable! so sad, so pale, so ghastly, yet so expressively touching at once mournful and sublime.

The church is after the design of Denys Bartolomei, and was endowed by Filippo Neri in the year 1592.

THE CHAPEL OF SAN SEVERO.

The Chapel of San Severo, styled Santa Maria della Pietà, erected in the year 1590, by Prince San Severo di Sangro, may be considered as the mausoleum of that noble family, it adjoins to the palace of that name, with which it communicates, by a gallery. The interior of the edifice is sombre and gloomy, although much decorated, almost crowded by marbles, but having suffered greatly by an earthquake, in the year 1805, it offers something of a ruined appearance, which greatly injures the effect of the whole; and it now owes its chief celebrity to the possession of three Statues, unique in their kind; two of which are entirely wrapped in veils, and one involved in a net. The first is a statue on the tomb of a Princess of the Sangro family, by

and if the propriety of this style may be in any degree questionable, or designated as puerile, and incompatible with the principles of the art, how objectionable must it become, when representing this sacred subject, so essentially demanding to be treated with classic purity. The artist with the design of displaying the person through the veil, and of giving it transparency, has exaggerated all the prominent parts, which are thus out of drawing, and the effect of the veil falling across, and hanging from the neck in harsh angles, is most unpropitious to all dignity or majesty of expression. The sculptor has also erred in another point, instead of representing the forms as those in recent death, when the proportions and roundness of limb, still retain their primitive beauty, the figure is reduced almost to a skeleton, an extenuation, which causes the head to seem ungracefully large, as well as the lean bony hand, which lies along the form, and of the muscles and sinews, which, in every part, are too strongly marked. Yet the lifelessness of the position, is mournfully and finely expressed; and were this statue, alone in some vast church, the sharp angles of the veil, hanging across the neck, and the harshness of its general features softened by distance, space, silence and solitude, throwing a halo around the sacred subject stretched out in death, would give it a character, solemn, touching and most impressive.

SAN PAOLO.

This is one of the finest churches in Naples. The site commands a grand elevation, standing on the vaults of the ancient Temple, dedicated to Castor and Pollux, erected close to the Theatre of Tiberius by his freed slave Tarsus. The edifice having fallen into decay, was rebuilt in the fourth century after a design of Grimaldi's when six of the original columns, with a splendid corinthian cornice of vast size were preserved, but in the earthquake of the year 1688 the whole fabrick was laid low, and two only of these noble columns remained, to tell of its early grandeur, as also offering a memento of past days, the Torsos of Castor and Pollux, which are to be seen ensconced in the walls of the church. The whole edifice now presents a fabrick in the regular grecian order, of great extent of front, with an ample projecting stair, leading to the church by a double flight of steps, that land on a noble platform, originally the Perystile of this Temple, this being marked by the two beautiful columns of white fluted marble, with corinthian cornices, that are seen standing out from the church in fine relief, and before them the bases of two others, probably similar to them.

The interior of the church, is very noble, its proportions beautiful, the columns large and of fine architecture, with capitals and friezes admirably designed. The marbles are exquisite, and the gilding rich;

even to brilliancy, yet the whole is in such fine keeping, as to combine splendour with perfect chasteness.

The aisles are divided from the body of the church by beautiful columns, each central point of which rises into fine arches supporting splendid domes, giving much grandeur to this portion of the edifice; while the side chapels enclosed by rich bronze gates, are so finely disposed, as not to interfere with the architectural proportions of the structure.

Every portion of the church is rich in painting and beautiful marble. The frescos of the ceiling by Massimo, are especially very effective; the tone of colouring is deep and powerful, and many of the groups are designed with infinite skill. The whole effect, on entering this beautiful church is most striking. The high altar encircled by a ballustrade of fine dimensions and guarded on either side by an angel, sculptured in pure white marble closes the view in fine perspective; while the noble proportions of the edifice; the extreme richness prevailing throughout, and the subdued autumnal tone, produced in the general result, from the exquisite combination of colouring, is so admirable, that I know nothing out of Rome, the Certosa excepted, that has so much delighted me.

The Sacristy to which we now proceeded is also a fine structure, offering very noble architectural proportions, and rich in fresco paintings by Solimene, the ornamental details, independently of his celebrated pictures occupying the two ends, being masterly. The whole effect of this beautiful place is very pleasing,

light, elegant and almost gay, from the pure fresh style of colouring, that distinguishes the general character of the painting.

Solimene's noble picture on the south end, represents the fall of Simon the Magician, the subject of which is taken from an ecclesiastical tradition, in which the Fathers describe him as denying the reality of St Paul's miracles, and maintaining that he himself could perform greater wonders, offering in proof of the truth of his assertion to fly upwards, towards the Heavens, and descend uninjured. A day accordingly being appointed for the trial of his powers, the Emperor Nero, with a vast concourse of people, assembled to witness the result. It appears, that the Sorcerer by the aid of magic, was able to raise himself to a great height, when his strength suddenly failing, to the amazement and terror of the spectators, he fell to the earth with a velocity and violence so great, as to shiver his body to atoms.

High in the central division of the picture, beautifully giving distance to the scene, an effulgent, but pale mass of coloring appears, in which the sorcerer is seen rapidly falling to the earth. The Emperor seated on his throne, fills on one side an elevated position, while a little lower, at the opposite end, on the upper range of steps, supposed to lead to the Temple, of which a small portion only is visible, St Paul kneels in fervent prayer; beneath, finely designed, and with rich flowing drapery, are two female forms, the head of one raised in earnest gaze, the other bending over

a youth ; while occupying the fore-ground , on either side , are two noble figures , grandly prominent , one of whom is looking up with wonder and admiration , the other who seems more wrapped in thought , is a fine drawing of an academic figure , one of the most splendid things I have seen . In the highest portion of the painting , a pure bright light of fine transparent effect , is seen breaking from the Heavens , disclosing an Angel , who seems to have impelled the Sorcerer down towards the earth .

The composition of this piece is admirably conceived , and of wonderful execution , the design and grouping masterly , the forms round and full , and the coloring powerful . The tale also is finely told , and the falling figure of the Sorcerer so true to nature , that it almost occasions a sensation in the spectator , who beholds him , inevitably , about to be dashed to the earth .

Opposite to this , the artist's second picture is situated , the subject of which is the conversion of St Paul . In coloring and general effect it has considerable merit , especially in the full round forms of the figures of the fore ground , but it is painted in a more diffuse , a feebler and less impressive style ; there is too much sky , and the action is not embodied in any very bold or striking groups ; but the figure of St Paul , represented as having fallen from his horse , is fine ; the fore-shortening well expressed , and the head of the animal looking back , as if in terror from the vivid light of the opening sky , is spirited .

At the end of the first flight of steps leading to the

crypt, there is a low arched chapel, in which behind a superb bronze railing, the body of St Gaetano is laid. From this, led by the sound of service being performed, I proceeded towards the ancient vaults of the Temple, the cloisters of which are of princely extent, and supported by fine antique columns of granite. Here I found a gloomy little church, in which a faint glimmering light, shed by a few dim lamps, discovered two or three figures kneeling, whose bended posture and clasped hands, as if in fervent devotion had a singularly impressive and picturesque effect, while the seeming secrecy, the loneliness and silence, only broken by distant and suppressed sounds of chanting softly accompanied by the notes of a deep-toned organ, forcibly recalled to memory the early periods, when in humility and terror, the first Christians offered up their vows to Heaven, in dark recesses and gloomy caverns. The effect of the whole had in it something very touching and impressive, filling the mind with saddened but yet not unpleasing contemplation. †

SAN GIOVANNI A CARBONARA, founded in the year 1339, and dedicated to John the Baptist, received its distinctive appellation from the circumstance of charcoal having at one time been made in its vicinity. This church is seldom visited by strangers, but yet in some points is not unworthy of notice. The edifice

† The funds of this church to defray the expence of praying for souls in Purgatory, are so ample, that they admit, after having provided for 1300 Masses, of portioning in marriage yearly 12 young females, each to have 50 piastres.

itself, is of the nudest and simplest architecture, but it is richer in strange and fantastic gothic ornaments, than any other church in Naples; precious, as offering an intermediate step between the severity of the first ages of the order, to the succeeding grandeur and beauty it assumed, on the revival of letters and the arts. But its chief interest arises from its early history, as bearing a memorial of the sentiments and feelings of Petrarca. The eminence it now covers was in other days occupied by an amphitheatre where gladiatorial games were held, a circumstance handed down to posterity, by a passage in one of his epistles, describing a scene which made the blood of this sensitive being run cold. « Ignorant (he begins) of the whole, I was » conducted to a spot near to the city, styled Carbo- » nara, a word truly adapted to black and sanguinary » deeds, where the labourers work on the anvil of » Death. The Queen (Giovanna I,) the young An- » drea and all the Neapolitan military, than whom » none can be more richly attired, or of finer bearing, » were present, as also a vast concourse of people; » when suddenly, as if some circumstance of transport » and delight, had occurred, plaudits and cries of » joy rent the air.— I looked, and behold! a beautiful » youth, pierced by many wounds lay dead at my » feet. I stood amazed, then putting spurs to my » horse, fled in trepidation, from a spectacle so full » of horror. » †

† Illuc ergo pridem ignarus omnium ductus sum ad locum urbi con-

The site of the edifice is noble, standing high and overlooking a fine open portion of the city, presenting an ample space, with wide and regular streets. A flight of steps of considerable extent leads to a platform, diverging on either side into other flights, ascending to the church, which in its primitive state must have been fine, but at present, the ornaments above the doorways alone remain to mark its ancient form; the whole having been repaired, with an utter neglect of the order, in which it was built; in so much that even its very destination has been changed, as what evidently only formed a chapel to the main erection, now represents the church itself. The lower part of the interior preserves its original aspect, the tomb-stones marking its antiquity, offering only the rude sculpture of the period when little beyond straight lines, formed the contour of the human figure, but the high altar, the ascent to which is by a few steps of white marble, is rich in ornament, imposing from its vastness, and interesting as representing, in its purity, the earlier style of the florid gothic. Behind it, is situated the sepulchre of the gran Siniscalco Caracciolo, remarkable for the tragic fate brought upon him, by the attachment

gruum, quem Carbonarium vocant, non indigno vocabulo, ubi scilicet ad mortis incudinem cruentos fabros denigrat tantorum scelerum officina. Aderat Regina, et Andreas Regulus... aderat omnis Neapolitana militia quo nulla comptior, nulla decentior. Vulgus certatim omne confluerunt... repente quasi laetum aliquid accidisset plausus inenarrabilis ad Coelum tollitur. Circumspicio, et ecce formosissimus adolescens rigido mucrone transfossus ante pedes meos corrui. Obstupui, et equo calcaribus adaucto, tetrum ac tartareum spectaculum effugi.

borne him by Giovanna II. who meditated raising him to the throne, when he was murdered by a conjuration among some of her nobles, jealous of his influence, but which was more particularly plotted by her Sister in law, the Duchess di Sessa. His death was so severely mourned by the Queen, that it was said, she never after knew a happy moment.

In an intablature in the front of the altar there is a beautiful head of John the Baptist, sculptured in pure white marble. It is rather less than nature, without beard; and much younger than he is usually represented: a cast of melancholy pervades the whole, with a mild and sweet expression, while the listlessness of death is touchingly portrayed, by the gentle inclining posture of the head.

In a chapel at the lower end of the church, there are sculptured in alto-rilievo some figures of considerable merit, well grouped with varied expression, and in another near to it, on the left hand, there is an esteemed painting of our Saviour, on the Cross by Vasari. This artist was chiefly remarkable for the celerity with which he executed his designs, and in order thereto (probably glorying in this) he has been too generally led to crowd his canvas filling it for the most part with hastily drawn figures, and unmeaning flat countenances. But on this occasion he has deviated from his favourite system, and the design is simple, chaste, and the effect most touching. The Saviour is represented on the cross in a great solitude, lonely, silent and dreary, the melancholy of which

is heightened by the wild and gloomy sky of the back ground, in which a faint light begins to glimmer, just breaking in after the eclipse and earthquake, throwing over the whole composition, an expression of desolation singularly mournful and impressive. †

SAN MARTINO AND ST ELMO.

St Elmo, originally erected by the Norman Princes, stands finely situated on a rock, on the most elevated spot of the amphitheatre of hills rising behind Naples, which present from every distant point of view, a noble and striking object. The road leading to it from the city, is steep and difficult, but after having reached the summit and passing along various lanes, on turning an angle of the road, the eye rests on this venerable structure, (the grey castle of olden times) with admiration at its simple grandeur. It rises to an immense height, its bastions in one solid mass, almost cover the space on which it is stretched out, its stupendous arches, like gateways, hardly shew where the rock terminates, or the building begins; its ponderous bulk, unrelieved by any order of architecture, by embrasures, by windows or gates; its irregular form, the sombre tint of its ancient walls; the sterile site it occupies, where nor shrub, nor living plant appears, offering nought but rock and castle opposed to a flat sky, gives to the whole an as-

† A part of this having fallen in, the above picture has been nearly destroyed.

pect of wildness, but yet of lonely grandeur, which is singularly impressive.

Closely adjoining to this structure the church of St Elmo with a convent of the order of Chartreux, are situated, giving grace to the broken ground, and the rugged face of the hill on which St Elmo stands. If this edifice, in its fair proportions and splendid forms, as seen from a distance, excites admiration, this feeling on a nearer approach is heightened into delighted surprise, while contemplating the finished architecture and magnificence of its interior, rich in marbles, in gems, in works of art, and in paintings by the finest masters: still it is unincumbered by its richness. The façade of the church is situated in the first court leading to the convent, and is of considerable magnitude. This is succeeded by others in a straight line, finally terminating in a terrace, which commands a grand view of the city of Naples. The ingress to the church is by three splendid bronze gates, and in passing these it is, that the traveller pauses to wonder and admire.

It is not the vastness nor the grandeur of massive pillars or ponderous arches, which awaken these sensations, but an aspect so bright, so splendid, and yet so chaste, on which the mind and eye dwell, as on a holy spot, surrounded by a soft and sacred halo.

The high-altar which divides the church from the choir, stands in front, encircled by a magnificent white marble balustrade, of the most exquisite order, enriched with precious stones and valuable gems. On each side of the nave are three chapels, finely arched, enclosed

by highly ornamented bronze railings, having a gate in the centre; beautiful altars, paintings by great masters, and a tessellated pavement like that of the church, composed of the finest marbles, mark their interior. The choir lying directly behind the great altar, is of fine architecture. On either hand from this run a range of chambers, consisting of the Sacristy, robing-room, treasury, council hall and other departments, all rich in adornments, in paintings and in marble pavements. The various dispositions of light, by which these are distinguished also greatly contribute to the general fine effect of the whole. The sober tints of the treasury and other portions of the edifice finely contrasting with the richer glow which is poured into the church, and reflected in its bright marbles and warm colours, although so splendidly adorned, is from the fine taste and keeping which prevail throughout, beautifully chaste.

The ceiling in fresco, by Lanfranco is painted in a gorgeous, but gaudy style; fine in drawing, fresh in colouring, and rich in figures, yet wanting in that diffusion necessary to harmonize the whole. Fresco requires hasty execution, and in this piece each form is insulated, and seems lying upon a pure blue sky, without softening or blending into general effect.

At the entrance of the church, on either side of the great gate, are Moses and Elias, in octagon frames painted by Spagnoletto. The heads of these are in particular much esteemed, especially that of Elias, which is inimitable, the drawing powerful and the colouring

fine, while the whole form possesses a certain degree of ease and grace difficult to be produced in a space so limited as that, in which the artist had to work. The figure of Moses is very stiff, but the upright position in which he stands may be considered as giving small scope for expression or play of form, but on the whole the composition of this piece is a very ordinary conception, and offers little of the grandeur of a prophetic spirit. The act of pointing with his finger on a book is particularly undignified, while the rays of glory which dart on his head, have a peculiar and most unpleasing effect.

Spagnoletto has succeeded much better in the more difficult task of drawing his proportions and situating his prophets above the arches or Lunettes of the Chapels, where, in spaces inconceivably small, and of most unpropitious form, he has given wonderful proofs of his varied and powerful talents; having in these confined spaces sketched some magnificent figures, exhibiting without constraint, and in the finest style, their heads and shoulders.

The Prophets are represented as in moments of enthusiasm, bending over their scrolls in wrapt meditation, and offer in the composition and expression, the truly poetic spirit and creative genius, which so peculiarly distinguishes this artist. But, although many of these are fine, dignified and noble paintings, there are among them some rude and shaggy forms bearing the marks of having been dashed off in haste.

Isaiah and Jeremiah on either hand in entering

are peculiarly fine, especially the first, which exhibits a character of mildness in expression and softness of colouring very beautiful.

The choir, to which we proceeded, passing from the church, is of elegant architectural forms, the ceiling painted in fresco begun by the Cav. d'Arpino and finished by Bernardino is fine; but its most admired treasure situated directly behind the Altar is the celebrated unfinished picture of the nativity by Guido Reni.

It is a sacred and beautiful work, and derives a peculiar charm from the effect of the sky, and distant hilly landscape, and the prevailing sombreness of shade from which arises a pleasing expression of gentle melancholy. It offers no gaudy colouring, no masses of bright glowing red, which even in Girardo della Notte's best paintings, are found too profusely dashed on the throats and the hands of his figures; but here a soft pleasing tint is diffused over the whole. The Holy child is laid in the centre of the piece, surrounded by a glory full of splendour; the simple youthful, but maternal figure of the Virgin, bending slightly forward, the silent placid joy depicted in her whole deportment, as she hangs over the babe, is most impressive, while the effect of the soft light which illumines her countenance, throws over her features an expression of celestial beauty indescribably fine. The eager pressing forward of the elder shepherds, in the act of adoration, and the more submissive and humble worship of the younger, kneeling before the infant is finely marked. The manly form of the youths, and bold drawing of

their shoulders and breasts, contrast with the more delicate proportions of the women standing behind them, whose modest simple retiring demeanour, and pensive sweetness are pleasingly expressive of feminine softness.

The distant landscape slightly tinged by the moonbeams passing athwart the hills, and along the valley, marks the stilled serenity, forming the peculiar and distinctive charm and characteristic beauty of southern climes.

That this exquisite painting is unfinished, while every part is in so sweet and so fine a tone, ought not to be a subject of regret, yet a sensation of saddened feeling, powerfully steals over the mind, while the eye dwells on this beautiful painting, involuntarily lamenting, that so great a master should die, leaving this his finest work unfinished; a sensation no doubt heightened, as the exquisite beauty of the Virgin's countenance, on which with the drapery encircling her bosom, the light just glances, having alone received the last touches of the artist, evince what the painting would have been, had he lived to terminate the whole.

Near to this is a superb picture of Spagnoletto. But it was done in the critical moment of his abandoning the bolder style of Caravaggio, for his own more touching and impressive manner, and it is painful to observe the slowness of progressive attainment even to those gifted by the finest talents, for in this intermediate step, he certainly does not excel. Yet it is a picture that attracts from a general cast of magnificence, in

consequence of which the surprise becomes greater on discovering faults, which are only visible, when the first impressions on beholding the picture have subsided.

The subject is Christ amidst his disciples giving the sacrament. The picture consists of one group. Our Saviour stands finely prominent near the centre of the piece, administering to one of the Apostles, who kneels before him, bending in meek and humble posture, receiving the bread with uplifted hands; while St Peter with the enthusiasm peculiarly marking his character, throws himself forward seemingly to kiss the ground, which his Lord treads. The group thus becomes a perfect triangle, and in spite of faults in drawing is, by its form, and great body of rich colouring striking and interesting; but still the work must rest its chief ground for praise, on its general magnificence, as it derives all its splendour from its form and richness of effect.

The finest, the most perfect work of this great master (and I don't know that a finer exists) is his deposition from the cross in the Treasury. The manner in which the figure of our crucified Saviour is placed, the mournful posture of Mary the Mother of God, the form of Joseph, and of St John, the young and gentle disciple whom Jesus loved; of Mary Magdalen, who bathes his feet with her tears, and wipes them with her long streaming hair, presents an indescribably beautiful and touching scene. Yet the fine artifice, and inimitable art which distinguishes the composition of this picture,

perhaps even surpasses the grand melancholy which it conveys.

The body of our Saviour laid out in a fine linen cloth is foreshortened with wonderful skill. The declining head resting on the left shoulder, the palid form exhibiting with beautiful truth to nature, the sinking abandonment in death are touchingly expressed. The prominent position of the right shoulder is in fine drawing, large and full, prolonged in an admirably designed taper arm, and a hand beautifully and delicately formed, the palm bearing the marks of the nails, while the limbs and especially the feet (also marked by extravasations livid and dark), are foreshortened in a miraculous manner.

Nothing can be conceived more masterly than the drawing and foreshortening of this figure, an art resulting from exquisite skill, combined with knowledge and deep study. The composition, or in other terms, the imagination, feeling and judgment, with which this picture is executed, surpasses all power of description.

The head of our Saviour is supported by St John, while Joseph stands beside him, in calm dignified manly grief. Mary Magdalen with all the ardor of female feeling, is seen in the darkest part of the picture, her head bent down with lips closely pressed, with fervour, with distraction kissing the livid feet of our Redeemer, while the Virgin in all the anguish of a Mother's sorrowing, with clasped hands bending over our Saviour, her eyes partly raised to Heaven, her pale countenance beautiful in grief, expresses all the wrapt absorbed emotions of irretrievable woe, while her gently parted

lips, seem moving as in murmured aspirations after another and a better world.

The mind dwells long on this superb picture, the touching effect of which is greatly heightened by the deep solemn style of coloring which so finely prevails; a style admirably harmonizing, and, in fine keeping with the subject. So powerful is its attraction that the eye with difficulty withdraws its gaze, from a representation so exquisite, and so eloquently persuasive of the great sacrifice of God for man.

The Treasury contains another inimitable production, a painting in fresco by Giordano, which occupies the vaulted ceiling and arches, offering a most beautiful and finished work of fine animation, and exquisitely varied in all its parts. The subject is the history of Judith and Holofernes, which fills the circle of the dome. Judith is seen with the spirit of a patriot and a prophetess standing on a rocky mount, holding out vigorously in her right hand the streaming head of Holofernes to the people, while groups of warriors attend her steps. In the opposite quarter of the circle his tent is seen, those around look into it, and behold the body lying on the couch a headless trunk; the third and fourth quarters are filled with representations of the movement and confusion of battle, horses rearing, some running off with velocity from the field, warriors thrown down, and others hurrying on to victory, exhibiting all the ardour, all the splendour of the fight. While in another angle Debora sits with the wild wrapt air of a prophetess chaunting the song of exultation and

triumph, the nail and mallet in her hand. The whole is beautifully coloured in exquisite harmony, the battle scene mixed, and as it were hazed, producing a dusky aspect of hurry and confusion. The costume of the warriors, and trappings of the horses are fine, and the whole in beautiful keeping, rich and glowing, but without unnecessary glare. The figures are innumerable, yet varied and designed with inconceivable truth and spirit, some in high and valorous action, others vanishing in the distance, pursued or pursuing, horses thrown down, others, hurrying onwards with their riders, the rare, the undaunted courage with which some even among the fallen and wounded are inspired, the terror depicted in others who fly, the heroic figures fighting with shield and spear, are all wonderfully varied, and sketched with noble fire and spirit.

Nothing can be more inspiring than being reminded by such lively representations of the fearless unconstrained action, with which the brave man furiously urges on, his battle horse into the thickest danger; the risks, the success, the enterprize in the field of battle, all of which are expressed in a thousand ways in this fine ceiling, and surrounding arcades, offer scenes, which, while contemplating, cause in the spectator an involuntary and inexpressible excitement in his mind.

The fine architecture, which distinguishes every varied portion of this edifice, the richness of the ceilings, the beauty of the chapels, and numerous apartments, and productions of art, by which they are adorned,

with the exquisitely delicate finish which characterises the whole, gives it the highest interest.

On leaving the church we were conducted to the Refectory, an apartment of noble dimensions and finely vaulted. Two large windows near the ceiling, shed a soft dim light, sufficient to produce a certain solemnity, without any character of gloom. From this, one side leads to a small court, adorned with marble pillars, and two fountains to refresh and cool the air, one of which in particular of pure white marble, in which the monks dipped their hands previous to entering the church, and touching the holy water, is very beautiful. On the other side of the Refectory a corridor leads to a noble court of a quadrangular form, where the Campo Santo is situated. A vaulted cloister supported by Ionic columns of white marble, encloses the whole, above which in fine architectural proportions, rises an open gallery flanked by a façade bearing the appearance of ranges of cells or small apartments for the Monks. The Campo Santo, which occupies one angle, is enclosed by an iron railing. No tombstone or monumental edifice marks the spot where the individuals rest; four yew-trees alone overshadow the sacred sanctuary. A white marble fountain of the purest classic form stands in the centre of the court, while flowering shrubs, kept low, as if not to interrupt or obscure the architecture, give to this retired spot a placid sequestered aspect, fit for meditation and prayer, and in its primitive state, when its courts and walls were peopled by the cloistered monks, when silence and stillness reigned

around* the impressions received must have been finely solemn.

On the right hand on entering the court, there is a bust ably executed of St Bruno, the founder of the order, of white marble. The countenance bears an expression of deep thought with a certain character of feeling and melancholy most pleasing.

After leaving this sanctuary we proceeded to see the superb prospect presented from the elevated site and high walls of Castel St Elmo. The enthusiastic feelings with which the mind has just rested on the noblest works of art, are awakened anew on beholding, perhaps the most beautiful the most magnificent and singularly varied scene that the imagination can conceive. The city is presented to the eye lying far beneath, spread out in the form of a crescent covering with its surrounding buildings a vast space, relieved by fine elevations. On the one hand Pizzofalconi is seen crowned by its noble edifices, and Capo di Monte, adorned by royal palaces, and villas, cloathed with rich verdure; while beyond, lies the far stretched campagna, tinged in long lines with brilliant streams of light breaking through the clouds, splendidly vivifying the landscape. On the other Posilipo with its finely varied broken grounds, runs far along lined by its lovely shores, while the Bay of Naples sprightly, and beautifully decked with

* It is understood that the convent will shortly be restored to its original inhabitants.

(Note by the Author.)

its harbours, vessels, and noble Islands presents a magnificent object. Carrying the eye across, far as sight can reach, the great line of mountains appear, and far receding in distance the Apennines tipped with snow first arrest the eye, but not the imagination, which delights to see this bulwark to guard the fertile plains of the *campagna Felice*, and in idea to dwell on the rich lands of Apulia, lying behind these mountain tracts, while in front, Vesuvius closes the view.

Whilst the mind in silent attention is fixed on this rich and wonderful prospect, from an elevation throwing the whole to a vast distance, the busy hum of man is heard, rising from below, like deep waves swelling or sinking as the sound is borne along by the breeze, causing a distant gentle murmur, which comes not unpleasingly on the ear, as connected with all the scenes of active life, while so far removed from their influence.



CHAPTER TWELFTH.

TREATING OF THE STATUES IN THE MUSEUM OF NAPLES.

THERE is no doubt that however other Museums may excel in fine works, in elegance or beauty, the Gallery or Museum formerly of Portici, now of Naples, must in certain points be considered as the most interesting in the world. For here we find the furniture, the ornaments, the Gods, the Statues, the Busts, the utensils, the paintings, of a great people, whose City was overthrown, and buried under thick ashes, almost two thousand years ago. Their books, their musical instruments, even their bread and baked food in its pristine form, only blackened by the action of fire, are to be seen. In contemplating these, we trace with a sort of fascination all their habits and customs, looking with double interest on such as assimilate with those of our own days, thus in idea connecting ourselves with them; and we dwell on the varied objects presented to our view, all of which are curious and many beautiful, with sensations so lively, so real, that we feel as if the people still lived, still were among us.

FIRST PORTICO.

Num.^o 21. -- Is one of the Farnese statues restored as a Gladiator, in all of which a great resemblance

may be traced, in character, in sculpture, in the particular style of the pubis, the head, and in the design of the standing limb sustaining the body, which last, in this statue is particularly fine. It may be observed that in the fleshy part of the thigh, blood is not in gouts as in later marbles, but in diverging radiated lines, superficial, flat and regular, which adds one proof more to induce the belief of their belonging to one period of the art, and from the unity of design in these athletic figures, to imagine they were formed for one action. We know little or nothing of these Farnese statues. They are praised by Winkelmann and they certainly possess some fine points; but are unfortunately greatly obscured by their being in general badly restored. On the whole, as I have said above, they must have been intended to have told a tale, and surely not all to be Gladiators, as they are now restored to appear.

Num.^o 29. — Is a pretty little ornamental Roman work, especially suitable for a house or a Palace. It presents a group of 12 inch figures, a man and a boy boiling a pig in a great caldron, the snout and paws of the animal hanging over. The Boy is stooping down and with great force blowing the fire, while the Man seems attentively watching over him. The design and composition are good, but the execution poor.

FIRST PORTICO.

Num.^o 33. — The Farnese Gladiator. A simple and fine statue, perhaps one of the noblest in the museum. It is an upright figure of the natural size of life, on the most interesting of all subjects, Death. He is struck in the side under the ribs, the blood is streaming fast, his limbs have lost their force, the sinking body rests feebly upon the haunches, the knee bending as no longer able to sustain the frame, which is in the act of sinking down; the weapon droops in his hand, his features are shrunk, his eyes fixed in vacancy, the light fades from before him. His antagonist has retired a few steps, to await the result of his last mortal stab, or to give to the populace a clearer view of the approach of death, and the manner in which the vanquished is to fall.

Perhaps there is as much of nature, but there is less of passion in this, than in the dying Gladiator of the Capitol, whose mournful posture, and composed but trembling limbs, hardly sustaining him in his reclined position, while contemplating the agonies of death, are infinitely touching. This represents a more immediate dissolution, a more mortal blow, a more instant death. No action is visible, the nature of the representation admits of none, the face in consequence is formal, all movement of feature is passed, all is still, but it is the stillness of death itself. All the lines of the nose, the eyebrows and forehead are strait, no

emotion causes the slightest obliquity; and the falling down of the half open mouth, the drooping of the lip, (the most flexible and least supported of all the features) give manifest tokens of mortal fainting, while the sinking down of the forms of the no longer prominent cheek, evinces the approach of that last deadly paleness, which seems stealing over all the countenance. Such at least were the impressions conveyed to my mind, while contemplating this statue.

In respect to beauty of marble, elegance of form; conspicuous sadness, and deep melancholy, it offers no competition with the Gladiator of the Capitol. It is to be regretted that the restored head although well imagined, is done with open pupils. This statue naturally awakens attention, as nothing descriptive, nothing poetical can be so touching as the actual representation of man suffering: what gives such interest to mythology but its constant reference to human suffering?

FIRST PORTICO.

Num.^o 37. — Is an Athletic restored as a Gladiator. The action is animated and fine, the limbs full and round, the projection of the cartilages of the chest; as they accompany the energetic action of the right arm sustained aloft for defence, is fine, and all the forms general, without any strained affectation of anatomy. Some striking points connect this and many of the Farnese statues with an early period of the arts, namely,

stiffness and formality of countenance, straight pointed nose, square mouth and chin, hair of the head represented with an infinity of small hard round curls, wrought into something of a conical form. So it is with all the early works of the Greek artists.

The arms of this statue are wretchedly restored, and the sword handle placed in either hand is badly imagined.

It is surprising that we do not find in similar representations, any of the long-drawn forms, and the striding or bending postures, which nature dictates in the act of attack or defence: the fighting Gladiator alone is an exception to this observation, the action of which is indeed wonderfully fine.

Num.^o 58. — This statue is supposed to be a copy from a work of Praxiteles. It represents a youthful combatant in the Circus, advancing again to battle although wounded in the thigh. It is much praised, but undeservedly. In the first place the front of the belly is too flat, and does not swell behind the pæticus to the loins, secondly the limbs are badly restored, and consequently the figure is ill set. Thirdly the forms of the head, the hair, the physiognomy and the long tortuous feminine neck, are unsuitable to a warrior and would be more appropriate to a simpering Apollo.

Num.^o 39. — Is the companion to 58, and bears the same character of antiquity; but is mediocre, and, like most of the others, badly restored. The figure is upright and stands very finely on the right leg, which

limb is well connected with the trunk, and beautifully disengaged.

Num.^o 40. — Is another of the Farnese Gladiators, or at least restored as such, and presents the same hard dry style of early art. The pubis curiously curled, the left thigh and leg protruded, the right extended like that of the fighting Gladiator, the forms are flat in profile, and the belly affectedly squared; the breast scraggy lean and bony, with no roundness, nor fleshiness, the position stiff and constrained. I am still more and more persuaded that the whole set like the Niobe and Egina marbles must have belonged to a front or pediment of a temple or Circus.

Num.^o 41. — A Gallienus in greek marble, a beautiful portrait, expression mild and gentle, yet manly, the hair finely done, the bust admirable, and with much of nature. Thus we see the power of individual talent in producing beautiful works in the very lowest era of the fine arts.

Num.^o 42. — A statue of Jove of six feet in height and in many points fine. The head, the sandals are richly done.

FIRST PORTICO.

Num.^o 51. — A beautiful small bust of the young Marcellus then of fourteen years of age. An exquisite countenance, with a sweet expression; the head gently inclined, and the hair very finely done. But it has a fairness, a newness of aspect as if it had been retouched

and gone over by a modern hand profane, which spoils the effect of a bust otherwise inestimable.

Num.^o 50. 55. 56. — The three daughters of the Balbi may be passed over unnoticed, except that they are very entire, the marble pure, unsullied by fire, and drapery good.

Num.^o 52. — Oeria mother of Balbus, is a severe and probably a true portrait representing a hard masculine tragic style of countenance. The form is involved in the stola which descends over the inner robe reaching almost down to the heels.

Num.^o 57. — Balbus the protector of Herculaneum, is a statue of seven feet in height enveloped in a voluminous drapery, in itself tolerably executed, but covering a form without roundness or grace, the head is bald, and the eye prominent.

Num.^o 59. — A majestic and very pleasing portrait of Celius Caldus. It is extremely simple, is very entire and is quite a model for modern sculptors, after which to do portraits.

SECOND PORTICO.

Num.^o 65 and 66. — Equestrian Statues of the Balbi, patrons and magistrates of Herculaneum, in ancient times adorning that once splendid and now dark and silent city, at present form the chief ornament to the Portico of this museum.

These two exquisite equestrian statues are among the most precious remains of Herculaneum, representing

in the just size of life, the Father and Son the beloved patrons of the city, done in greek marble and executed after the most perfect grecian manner. They were found, not as once supposed in the theatre or market place, but in the Basilica or courts of justice. They are beautiful, with the exception of being charred by the burning lava, and although neither disfigured nor discoloured, they have yet lost all the splendour of marble, and have the aspect of statues of stone or plaister.

The whole composition of these fine works of art, is grandly simple, the consuls are in the chastest garb of grecian costume, and the horses entirely without caparisons or housings. They are beautiful small blood horses, exquisitely formed; the head fine and bony, the ear round short and moveable, is projected forward, the eye fine, the nostrils expanded, and so delicately modelled, that a slight curling up of the cheek, as when the mouth receives the bit, is perceptible, while the large pendulous lip is nature's self. The veins and plaitings of the skin around the smaller joints, are also admirable, and form a singular proof of the skill and minute attention of the artist. The neck and chest are full and round, the body powerful and compact; the limbs are beautifully jointed, and what gives a peculiar elasticity and spirit to the fine but chastened action of the animal, is, that the feet stand very high upon the hoof, with a pastern-joint rather long, and perhaps rather too oblique, but which has a fine effect. The tail is long, and the fore

lock and main, beautiful without being profuse, giving the impression of the exquisite dressing of a horse of state. The action of the animal is fine, but with this singularity that the left fore and hind leg are moved at once.

Such is the Horse on which the Consul sits, a manly form, with admirable ease and grace, he is armed in simple cuirass fitted over a shirt of coarse materials, and bound round the waist by a broad thong; the sword belt, a large leather strap crosses the breast obliquely, and a great consular cloak falls down in simple folds, reaching to the flanks of the horse, and terminating in one piqued point. The left hand holds gently, but steadily, the bridle, bearing a large consular ring on the third finger, while the right is raised high as if carrying a baton. The statue of the elder Balbo was originally found without a head, as also wanting a hand, which were restored by the sculptor Canart. In the year 1779 by an unfortunate chance a cannon ball passing through the palace of Portici carried off the head of the second statue, viz., that of the son, the fragments were however carefully gathered up, and from these Angelo Brunelli formed a mask and made a cast in plaister from which he wrought the present head, which I regret to say but too much resembles that of the Father. The untoward accident which befel the head of this statue was rendered more remarkable in as much as the only point by which the statues were distinguished as being Father and Son, lay in the countenance, since in every

other respect they are entirely the same. I conceive it to be unlikely they should both be originals, but rather imagine one is a copy executed by a pupil. It could hardly be supposed that so great an artist having done a statue so gratifying and so acceptable to the family, should not have delighted in his own excellence, and excited by success, and fired by genius would have dashed off and blocked out a different horse, and a more youthful form, accomplishing that most difficult task of representing two equestrian statues, bearing the same proportions, yet distinguished by variety in action and expression. The effect of two statues so similar is tame, and injurious to the beauty, and to the interest they would otherwise inspire, whereas the distinctive characteristic of manhood and early youth, would have given a higher value to both.

Num.^o 70. — A most exquisite figure of Bacchus of five feet in height. The torso, limbs posture and forms, so delicate, so elegant and elastic, rising on the toes and looking upwards, that nothing can be finer. Unfortunately the head and arms are restored but they are admirably well done.

Num.^o 72. — An Apollo playing on a lyre with a swan at his feet. This statue is much admired by Winklemann who declares it to be perfection in ideal beauty. I find it however impossible to agree with him in this. The head is so awkwardly replaced, the arms also, so ill restored, as would disfigure a finer marble. The design is not good, nor is the figure well proportioned, it inclines to one side with a sort of affected

languor. The lower part of the body is too short, with a bulky and sudden prominence of the hip joint, while the superior part is protruded to an undue length. How could Winklemann have so admired this statue? It is as if he had made it! Which I think any one might have done.

Num.^o 75. — A beautiful little group under the size of life representing Ganimede and the Eagle into which Jove has transformed himself. It is a subject which always forms a picturesque and pretty group, and this especially is singularly pleasing. The right wing of the Eagle encircles the boy as if guarding and protecting him, while the right arm of the youth thrown round his neck, bends his countenance towards him with an expression full of love and sweetness. The whole composition is fine, and the action infinitely graceful. Ganimede is beautiful. The head and Phrygian bonnet, although modern, as well as the left arm, the right hand and part of one of the legs, all of which are restored by Albaccini, are well done.

SECOND PORTICO.

Num.^o 76. — Is another pretty little group representing Hercules and Iole who seems as if she had just put on the lion's skin, had taken his club and stood admiring the manner in which he carried his female attire and managed the distaff and spindle. The forms of Iole are fine, and her countenance gentle and beautiful. But in all of these small sculptural works

by Roman artists for the adorning of palaces, it is impossible not to perceive a certain character of coarseness, an absence of that delicacy of touch so beautiful in the Greek statues. Many circumstances following this period combined to the declension of the arts; one of these I am persuaded, was produced by the increasing number of workmen; the atelier of the statuary becoming as it were a varnishing shop, in short a trade, where expedition rather than excellence was sought for.

Num.^o 103. — The group of Bacchus and Cupid is a fine greek statue; the same subject as in the Florentine Gallery, but in a more superb style. The forms of Bacchus are full graceful and fleshy, round taper thigh, and beautifully soft feminine limbs. The head although supposed to be borrowed is antique and very fine; the expression grand and serious, yet with a gentle breathing-like opening of the lips singularly pleasing. The vine leaves and grapes on the head are very rich, and the hair finely and gracefully done. Fulness of person, with delicacy, sweetness and dignity of countenance, are the leading characters of this statue. The whole balance of the body is very perfect, the restored head of the Cupid is badly done: but the group is beautiful, and an exquisite ornament to any gallery or hall.

SECOND PORTICO.

Num.^o 104. — Venus and Cupid—or « Venere vincitrice con Amore ». — A group of greck sculpture found in the amphitheatre of Capua. The arms of the Venus are restored, and were executed by Angiolo Brunelli, the Amorino is entirely modern and by the same artist, the whole of the composition is consequently problematical: but although Venus is too tall to accord either with the chastest or most approved forms usually bestowed on that Goddess, and the forms of Cupid far from fine, the action is yet animated, the mother of love is not ungraceful, nor divested of a certain dignity of aspect, while the countenance of her son has rather an arch expression; the drapery too, which envelopes the lower part of the figure is good, and the head fine, were it not partly disfigured by too small an ear which is also placed too high.

In so far, I am willing to concede merit to this work of art. But when I find it considered by Winkelmann and other critics of note, as a chef-d'œuvre, hardly yeilding in merit to the Apollo Belvedere, the Juno of the Campidoglio, or the Venus de Medici herself, I feel much surprised, as such an opinion is to me unaccountable. Even in the character which it is supposed to represent, and from which it must be accounted to derive its greatest charm, it is faulty, as it is but a half told tale, dubiously and darkly told.

Num. 106. — Is to my idea one of the most pleasing

statues of Juno I have ever seen. The drapery falls in light and graceful folds, from its transparency rather shading than covering the fine rounded limbs of the form. Although large it is not colossal, and presents an aspect dignified yet mild; the countenance is exceedingly beautiful and the contour, and standing of the figure simple and majestic.

Num.^o 108. — Is a very singular statue of Minerva, and highly interesting as being one of the first dug from Herculaneum. It stands entirely in profile, as if intended for a Dome, the left leg is protruded, and the left arm bears the Egis and shield in a direct line, the right foot retired, to give force to the right arm raised to strike with the spear. The whole is formal and peculiar, but from its manifest antiquity very precious. The drapery is richly gilt, and falls in regular folds, the marble is fine and the countenance beautiful.

SECOND PORTICO.

Num. 110. — A beautiful group. A Fawn carrying a boy (Bacchus) on his shoulders. The Fawn suspending the two Cymbals on which he has been playing, and the boy about to squeeze the juice from a bunch of grapes into his mouth. It is a light elegant composition, and possesses much of charm in the expression. The boy, to sustain his position, grapples with one hand in the rich disorderly hair of the Fawn, whose countenance full of fun and glee is raised towards him, while with the other he playfully

presents the grapes, looking down on him with an arch infantine sprightliness, which contrasts beautifully with the courser jocund mirth of the Fawn.

It is antique, but part of the Fawn and almost the whole of the boy is restored by Albaccini: but executed in his best style, after the finest grecian originals. The singular animation and spirit so finely expressed in this group, gives it all the lively effect of a painting, speaking to the eye and the mind: and rendering it conspicuously interesting even in a royal gallery, and in a palace for which it was assuredly intended, it must have been indeed charming.

Num.^o 121. — Antinous. A noble Statue 9 feet high, slender for its height; yet full and round, fleshy, simple, no muscular marks, no manerism. The head is rather small in proportion to the forms of the figure, but the countenance is inexpressibly sweet. It is a roman statue in the character of Bacchus; and although much restored has not lost its dignity.

THIRD PORTICO OF THE EMPERORS.

Num.^o 151. — Agrippina lamenting the death of Germanicus. It was a favourite subject and dear to the Roman people; hence we have every reason to believe that the point of time chosen in this statue is when the last honours decreed by the Senate to the memory of Germanicus were fulfilled, when all of joy was for ever closed on her. She sits in silent anguish to mourn, to meditate on his virtues, and wish for that hour

which would reunite their spirits. With all mankind how many are the moments when grief takes this desponding form, this « longing after immortality , » this willingness to die, to flee from sorrow, an impulse which was so familiar among the Romans; how easy then to be supposed to exist in the bosom of this unhappy matron. All the statues done for her, especially that of the Capitol, are touching and beautiful. By Winkelmann however this is reckoned finer than either that of the Capitol or Villa Albani. The simplicity of design, the expression of resigned grief, by which this, as well as all the others are so peculiarly characterised, must always give a grandeur and charm to this subject. The cushioned chair on which she is seated is without arms and quite undorned.

The form of the Empress is placed with admirable simplicity, no forced expression, no constrained movement of the frame or of the posture to paint grief or languor, while the lengthened limbs, and quiescent state of the body is full of grace and ease. The limbs, are protruded forward with a gentle bending of the knee and crossing of the feet. The soft and delicate robe in simple folds envelopes the figure, while the finely formed arms with a sort of listless abandonment fall down negligently on the body, and the hands folded, passive, hardly holding each other, rest lightly on the middle of the person, where the finely designed drapery meets in rich and bulky folds. The shoulders, the breast and neck are full, but yet delicately formed,

the head a little reclined. The features are rather large, and the lines of the eyebrows hard, but this only adds to the truth and authenticity of the portrait. The hair is singularly tressed up in double folds on the back of the head.

The whole expression and general air of simplicity void of affectation, of patient endurance, lonely and deserted, silently dwelling on the past, and prepared for future ills, and the well preserved character of languor and resignation, renders this, next to the dying Gladiator one of the most touching and attractive statues of ancient times.

Simplicity and unity of expression have been the great aim of the sculptor. The figure is seated in a straight direct form, the drapery is drawn in under the body on either side with the same precision and in the same folds. The powers of the artist in having thus, unaided by action, produced a character so powerfully impressive of solemn and touching woe, are very fine.

This lady was pronounced by the Roman people the sole true blood of Augustus. A pattern of ancient times, and an ornament to her Country.

In general, in this wing of the gallery the eye wanders over many mean and wretched busts and portraits of roman sculpture, but with some exceptions.

Num.^o 138. — A Bust of Septimus Severus. The countenance peculiarly mild, with a pleasing serenity of aspect; the head small and beautifully designed, and the beard finely cleft at the chin. The Bust is

modern, and unfortunately very little suited to the antique and finely simple head.

THIRD PORTICO.

Num.^o 149. — A colossal Bust of Antoninus Pius a noble head, which might suit a Homer, or a Lycurgus. The hair in particular is finely done in large expansive masses; but the beard is over-wrought, as if retouched; which I have no doubt it has been.

THIRD PORTICO.

Num.^o 170 — Head of Nerva admirable and dashed off in a careless original style.

THIRD PORTICO.

Num.^o 154. — A Bust of Marcus Aurelius. Beautiful in design, in work, and no doubt in likeness, the features are fine, the hair and beard exquisite. It is in Luni marble and of a clear transparent white. It was excavated from the amphitheatre of Capua.

Num.^o 165. — Is restored as a statue of Trajan, but it offers nothing admirable, except in the basso rilievo upon the cuirass which is finely executed, and the design very beautiful. A Minerva is represented in the centre, and on either side a dancing figure, supposed of Spartan virgins. The figures are perhaps rather short, and the arms large, and undoubtedly it is not equal

in merit to the basso rilievo of the horse and griffin in the armour of Caligula but yet is fine. It is only in these devices that there is much variety in that line of statuary, but many of these are well worth the attention of the artist.

THIRD PORTICO.

Num.^o 167. — Bust of Lucius Verus, also fine. But in that stage of the arts when the Roman sculptors had become too curious in finishing, they over wrought every parcel of the beard and of the hair. These perforated and drilled beards are like parcels of concretions from a petrifying spring, and have nothing of the nature or elegance of design found in the grecian, and in some of the roman artists.

Num.^o 168. — A very fine statue of Lucius Verus. The thighs and limbs, exquisitely formed, the head very fine, the bending round of the neck and expression of the eye admirable.

Num.^o 171. — Is an authentic statue of Caligula and consequently curious. The abhorrence entertained by the Roman people towards him was such as to have caused them violently to break and destroy every vestige or memorial of a being so detested. But this statue long neglected, mutilated and reduced to various pieces, was after a period discovered, when the fragments were carefully collected, and the whole put into its present form. The Torso, and it is believed

the head are antique. The drapery hanging over the left arm is peculiarly graceful, and the cuirass very rich. But the statue although much restored is yet interesting, not so much from any merit it strikingly possesses in itself, as from the singularity of a statue so degraded from the image it bore, being yet recovered and preserved as if the memory of such wicked deeds were not suffered to perish.

The figure stands upright, cased in armour, the chlamys is finely cast over the left shoulder, and entwined round the left arm, while the right arm is protruded forward carrying the truncheon. But the countenance is far from grand or from possessing a commanding or noble aspect, on the contrary, the eyes are small, the contour mean, and the expression altogether indicating a certain littleness and subtlety of character.

The embossing of the armour over the chest is an exquisite morceau. It represents in fine basso rilievo a beautiful horse, pounced on by a Griffin, and running as if to escape, the rider having fallen, yet still holding by the reins. The whole expression is fine and most spirited. The left ear, and some part of the head are restored.

THIRD PORTICO.

Num.^o 172. — A bust of Tiberius on the breast plate of which, the basso rilievos are finely executed.

THIRD PORTICO.

Num.^o 173. — Colossal bust of Tiberius, of Roman sculpture. The features flat and vulgar, the hair badly treated, but the cuirass, which is modern of the 15th century, is fine. The figures of the bound captives are very graceful, much resembling the careless designs by Michael Angelo, or Raphael.

THIRD PORTICO.

Num.^o 175. — A colossal bust of Julius Caesar. The countenance is not distinguished for beauty or dignity of expression, but bearing a serene aspect, much urbanity, and a certain characteristic expression of sagacity and prudence. *

THIRD PORTICO.

Num.^o 180. — A Marcus Aurelius — A very noble statue. The position majestic, the head very fine and the cuirass beautiful.

* The characteristic expressions of the countenances seven in number are striking, and interesting as being singularly distinctive. The physiognomy of Caligula, cunning and cruel; Cæsar composed, prudent, provident; Aurelius, princely, simple, gentle and polished;—of Nero common, vulgar, uninteresting. Lucius Verus always a gentleman, Caracalla little, mean, ferocious irritable as a Hyena. Septimus Severus is not noble, but is expressive of a fine intellect, with something of a monkish form of simplicity, a quiet philosophic head, which might suit a Columbus.
Note by the Author.

THIRD PORTICO.

Num. 187. — Is a finely executed head of Caracalla in which ferociousness and cruelty, combined with meanness, are distinctly displayed: the bad passions which ruled his mind, being delineated in his countenance with singular force and truth. Bitterness and irritability, are curiously marked in the fretful expression of the posture, as well as in the knit brow, the contracted features and small sullen eye. The head and beard more especially, are fine.

THIRD PORTICO GALLERY OF FLORA.

Num. 192.—A Flora 13 palms in height a magnificent statue, and also deriving additional importance as being a companion of Glycon's Hercules, both having been excavated from the baths of Caracalla towards the middle of the sixteenth century. It is a superb statue in attitude and expression, and in an exquisite drapery thrown over a full voluptuous form, in which every elegance and chaste decorum are nevertheless preserved. It is colossal yet light and elegant. It would be fine although deprived of its exquisite drapery, which yet greatly heightens every beauty. The person has all the fulness and roundness of contour characterising a Juno, while the form and limbs are light, elegant, and graceful as a dancing figure from the walls of Pompeii.

What must this fine work of art have been in its original state? The head, the countenance the left arm, which is raised, and left hand bearing the flowers, emblem from which the statue takes its name, the right hand which hangs low, and sustains a corner of the drapery, and even the feet are all supplied. It might have been supposed that so fine a subject would have fired the restoring artist's chisel, and that he would have produced a head and countenance corresponding with the youthful loveliness and grace of the form presented to him. But he has failed both in design and execution, the head is too large, and the countenance brought too forward on the neck, an error most unpropitious to beauty. But the form, the attitude, and drapery are inimitable: the effect of this last in particular is indeed beautiful. It is exquisitely delicate yet not poor, the folds small without being drawn or wiry, the forms harmonizing with the fine contour of the person, marking every part strongly but not harshly, and only, as it were covering the figure with a soft transparent elastic veil. The whole hangs loosely over the chest, giving fulness to the bosom, and flowing in large gorgeous folds down the sides, adding richness without heaviness to the loins, and negligently entwining the thighs so as to show the finest part of the figure, becoming gradually small although beautifully rounded, preparing with infinite art for the tapering of the leg, and at the same time encircling the limbs passing in light folds between the knees, and marking how

nearly they approach each other ; thus demonstrating with an expression infinitely true to nature , the beautiful characteristic proof of feminine feebleness and delicacy distinctive of the sexes. * The cestus does not gird the waist in formal plaits , but seems with careless ease to have slipped from its ligature , and lying negligently , reaches to beyond the middle of the figure , concealing or softening the protuberance natural to the female form.

Such are the fine proportions of this statue , such the beautiful effect of the figure gradually tapering down to the ankle , such the elegant flow of the drapery , as it falls over the breasts , or as it binds the waist , clinging to and encircling the limbs , or drawn oblique and lightly across the leg and knee , borne up by the right hand , which gathers it into a triangular and pendulous point , that although of colossal size with limbs almost as large as those of Hercules , it yet presents a form full of lightness and grace at once elegant and beautiful.

THIRD PORTICO.

Num. 195. — Is a beautiful Farnese Torso , equally interesting with the Torso of Belvedere , but of a different character ; this last representing a reclining

* A character so marked that I cannot but regard the warlike goddesses of Heathen Mythology as a libel on the female form , and as untrue , as imaginary.

Hercules resting after his labours, while the other is assuredly a Bacchus. The grandeur of the Belvedere Torso is in the form of the shoulders, the marking of the Trapezii and latissimi dorsi muscles, in the compression of the belly and the flanks, without harshness or strained anatomy. The exquisite round contour of this Torso, accompanied with massive strength finely contrasts with the forms of the Farnese Torso, the beauty of which lies in the gentle inclination of the body, in its almost feminine delicacy, the soft pliant posture of the neck, and the small silky tendril tresses of hair hanging down on either side. The head and limbs are wanting, only a small part of the thighs remaining, and a vestige of the right arm, which probably held the Thyrsus resting on the thigh. Both the Torsos are greek, and both exquisite; this only being inferior as a model for instruction, but not as an object of beauty. The Belvedere Torso was eminently fitted as a study for the grand and fiery Michael Angelo, by whose name it is generally distinguished, and that of the Farnese for the more timid and delicate Poussin. They severally suited the temper and genius of these great masters.

THIRD PORTICO GALLERY OF FLORA.

Num.^o 197. — The remains of a statue of Psyche a most exquisite morceau, and a subject inexpressibly pleasing and interesting. It is impossible to mistake

the beautiful soft contours and sweet physiognomy by which the ancient masters intended to represent Psyche. The forms are those of early youth rising into woman; the infinitely lovely countenance is turned obliquely downwards, with a gentle bending of the whole body, the neck and ear fine, the shoulders and bosom full, which give a peculiar slenderness and feminine grace to the youthful forms of the person. The posture of the arms is so directed that if the Butterfly was in the hands, they were turned away to the left to make place for the statue of Cupid, which is the more possible because the head is inclined with a charming intenseness of look and expression, apparently as if conversing with Love, while on that beautiful countenance an opening smile seems ready to play.

This fine statue most winning and graceful, the most beautiful and chaste representation of Psyche I have ever seen, and the lightness and elegance of the composition, must have been indeed delightful, when the wings were raised to give as it were an airy splendour to the whole.

Gentleness of countenance, simplicity, and delicacy of attitude and form are its chief characteristics. A small band of drapery hangs negligently from the left shoulder, and falling obliquely veils a portion of the person. This exquisite little morceau was I doubt not the favorite of Hadrian in the theatre of whose Villa it was found, and is assuredly one of the most perfect representations of youthful feminine loveliness, formed in that nation

where beauty reigned, in the person of a Grecian girl of fifteen years of age.

Were it not for the wings, the spot where they have existed being distinctly visible, one might with other curious critics suppose the statue to represent a Venus or a Leda: but this characteristic emblem and the whole expression of the composition give evidence of its destination. It is a work of art singularly pleasing, possessing much poetic imagination, and leaving a powerful impression on the mind and fancy.

SECOND PORTICO.

Num.^o 125.—A Minerva in exquisite spotless parian marble is at once the richest and most beautifully simple work in statuary I have ever seen. It is nearly seven feet and a half in height, yet from its fine proportions does not seem to exceed the just size. The posture is noble simple and dignified, it stands on the right foot, while the left leg is free, and finely inclined forward, the foot extending backward. The chest is high and advanced to bear up the head, which declines a little to the right, while the chin retires, but unconstrainedly, and presents the forehead as the most prominent point. The helmet is enriched with three figures of sphinxes, the hair simple and beautiful, the face a fine oval, broad at the eyes, yet proportionably full below, the forehead open and splendid—no affectation of frowning dignity, but benign and gentle, with infinite sweetness of expression in the mouth.

The neck is exquisite, especially in the hollow betwixt the mustoid muscles, where it rises from the breast, and also where it joins the jaw under the ear; two graceful ringlets of hair fall on each side of the throat. The breasts are not prominent, but rather flat and broad; the noble and ample chest is enriched with the sly and intertwined serpents, rounding from the shoulders; the robe hangs in fine folds round the figure. All the forms are beautiful—the head—the helmet—the hair—the bosom and drapery—are of inconceivable richness—and yet the simplicity of the figure nothing injured.

This statue possesses in a singular degree the medium so difficult of attainment in statuary, in which there generally is too little action—too little physiognomy. There were rules against both, as the slightest exaggeration especially in mythological subjects was injurious to the mysterious dignity of sentiment, while the smallest degree of over action degenerated into caricature. Witness the Laocoon with his family of boys and brood of serpents around him! Is such a composition simple? Does it not approach to the ludicrous? This statue was found at no very distant period at Velletri and said to have been purchased by the king for 36,000 piastres. It is entire with the exception of the arms which are restored, but unfortunately on these, as projecting parts, much of the balance of the figure rests.

CHAMBER OF THE CALLIPYGIAN VENUS.

Num.^o 456.—The Callipygia Venus. Giving expression or action to a Venus has always been considered as one of the most trying points of skill in statuary. A nude Venus pictured as under the influence of timid modesty, can only represent a form passive and inanimate, and if exhibiting tremor, apprehension, or consciousness, these feelings are insensibly participated, and her beauties are gazed upon with sensations approaching to something of a hurried and uneasy nature. The artist of the Callipygia Venus with singular ingenuity and happy art, while filling the mind with delight and admiration has overcome both these difficulties. The expression of her beautiful countenance is at once ingenuous and sprightly, a playful archness animates every feature, and the most winning smiles seem to shed a bright lustre over her whole countenance, communicating with a peculiar charm to those around her a portion of the day light which irradiates her aspect and physiognomy. The forms of the whole person are exquisite, the beautiful contours gradually mellowing and softening into each other, with an undulating graceful ease representing nature itself in its most lovely proportions; while the finely wrought, exquisite, and pure white marble seems moulded as if it would yield to the touch. The right arm is folded, bending towards the bosom, the other is elevated, both hold an extreme point of the drapery, which flows with easy elegance,

and which she seems to be adjusting, but seemingly more with the object of adding to the graceful play of the folds, than with any design of covering her person. The position is fine, lightly resting on the left foot, the half veiled bosom slightly inclining to the right, the countenance bending rather over the shoulder, the whole in exquisite symmetry. It has been much, but well, restored by Albaccini, and was found, according to general belief, in the ruins of Nero's golden palace.

CHAMBER OF JOVE.

Num.^o 388.—A noble statue of Aristides. The figure the just size of life stands upright and presents the finest proportions. The head is gently turned to one side, the tunick drawn lightly over the person, beautifully marks the form, the right arm resting on the breast is enveloped in an exquisite drapery, which gathered in richer folds hangs gracefully over the left, retiring behind to sustain it. A grand simplicity and mild dignity are the distinguishing features of this fine production. The countenance is placid, yet elevated and noble; the head fine, and the curling of the hair and the beard very beautiful.

A most exquisite group. A Satyr teaching a beautiful boy (Bacchus) to blow the syrin. The design is incomparable, the sculpture masterly, and the figures finely contrasted, brutality, purity and vice. It is perhaps the most exquisite piece of finished poetical wickedness imagined by any artist. Every point of the composition

is executed in the finest style. In representing an old satyr, it is very usual to dispense with much accuracy in regard to the proportions of the human figure, but here all its parts are perfect, while the boy presents the fine and touching contrast, of a full round form in all its members, so as to remind us of a young and beautiful Apollo, uniting all the lovely innocence of early youth to the most exquisite symmetry of person.*

Serapides seated on a rude throne presents a pretty group. His right hand rests on the head of Cerberus, the three necks of which are gracefully intertwined by a Serpent. It was found in the Temple of Serapis in Pozzuoli.

FARNESÉ HERCULES.

This celebrated statue is most judiciously placed, not in a Gallery but under a noble arch opening from a court * where space and architectural forms and the distance to which it recedes, under a massive building, takes off from the chief defect of this distinguished work of art, its enormous size and bulkiness. It is in alabaster and ten feet or nearly so in height. Far from bestowing the praise so generally adjudged to this statue I almost wonder that it is not rather beheld with disgust. Can a pleasurable feeling be communicated when the object in view, is not that of represent-

* This statue now removed is n. 5 in the stanze Egiziane.

* In the year 1819 this statue was situated as here stated it now stands in the Gallery styled Toro Farnese.

ing any moral excellence, any sentiment, any ideal character of beauty or of virtue, but solely to depict strength not by its effects as in some heroic excitement but by mere bulk and aggregated muscle? Strength depicted in enterprise, with power, with force, as struggling against a ferocious animal, strength in a Gladiator, exerted in speed, in action—is beautiful; because it is one of the finest attributes of the body animated by the spirit. But an ideal abstract picture of strength from weight, like extravagant bulk in any other fine work of art, must have a forbidding aspect. If the strength of spasmodic action, as in the Laocoon becomes a species of caricature, the tame sleepy strength of an exhausted Hercules is in danger in like manner, in its department, to come under the same censure. All elegance of form, or graceful expression—all poetic influence, is lost in a representation of inanimate still flat repose. The exploits of Hercules fire the imagination, as grand, as adventurous, as miracles of strength: but how do such vast conceptions fade before this mere rugged over-grown mass! Had the figure by bending and turning shown chiefly as in the Belvedere Torso, the great muscles of the shoulders and back, which may be increased and expanded by labour, the effects had been very different indeed. Limbs are rendered strong and muscular by labour, and may in nature even grow to an extreme size, but the trunk can only become bulky, and from the reverse of exertion. But while the artist unconscious of this, has rendered the pectoral muscles and chest, which are really suscep-

tible of increase, rather thin and small, we find the ribs, the rectic muscles, and muscles of the belly where they lie over the stomach are knotted into bulky unmeaning masses extravagantly caricatured: insomuch that I believe the most subtle anatomist would be at a loss to define those masses which he most affects to display. No want of skill but false principles on these points alone have betrayed the sculptor into error. Look but to the head joined to this mass of ideal strength, and the inimitable powers of the artist are at once brought into evidence. The fine open forehead, the deep thoughtful expression of the countenance—the rich disorderly mass of short strong hair, the forms of the nose—the fine and fully curled beard from which the lips protrude, as if breathing, are all admirable—the placing of the ear and junction of the neck behind is also good.

This statue has been celebrated for its anatomical accuracy: but erroneously. In the first place in many points it is a mass, which defies all definition, In the next the anatomy of the pectoral muscle and fall below it, is wrong, the muscle is too small the serrated muscle too far back, and the heads of the rectis abdominis quite caricatured. — It is also faulty in some of the proportions; the arms are too vast for the chest, which could not support them in any labour corresponding with their individual strength. The left arm in particular is enormous, and in resting on the club, which from its weight bends under it, the Triceps Extensor cubiti, bulges out into something like a second shoulder

and elbow. The thighs are so short as to take away all dignity from the figure, and the hip and haunch are in consequence almost entirely wanting. The left hand is badly restored, the small sprawling thumb and fingers correspond ill with the immense bulk of the body, which requires a hand large square and knuckly.

The legs are the best, but even these are not perfect. But the feet are fine, particularly, in the joint from the ankle bone, the Tarsus, or arching of the foot, which with the size of the Tibia, the iron-like strength, and firm standing of the feet, is admirable.

This celebrated statue was found in the baths of Caracalla, and formed of course the most important object in the Gymnastic school, as an ideal representation and abstract picture of corporeal strength, and it must have been considered as the very Deity of the place. It probably stood in a vast Hall, surrounded by the finest works of art, which must have given great relief and grandeur to the general effect of the statue. As it now stands however, seen from the further side of the court, it presents to the eye an object of great magnificence. It was transported by Caracalla from Athens to Rome, and in the year 1540 was excavated by Paul Farnese the III; but the legs were wanting. Cardinal Alexander Farnese had a design for the limbs modelled in terra cotta by Michael Angelo, and wrought by della Porte. After a period of 40 years the original limbs were discovered in an excavation at a distance of three miles from the baths. But this great artist as it appears, was unwilling that any of his labours should

be lost, and it is only in the present day that the original limbs presented to the king of Naples by Prince Borghese, in whose family they were preserved, have been restored to the statue. This is and has always been a favourite statue: it was impressed on the money of Athens, and afterwards on the coins of Caracalla, and we have still to remember that the Farnese Hercules the Hercules of Glycon! must always stand preeminent.

There is an ancient and good copy of this Hercules in the Palazzo Pitti in Florence, also a small one in bronze, in Villa Albani in Rome. The statue is entire, except the left hand modelled by Tagliolini, but the design of which, as I have observed above, is bad and the execution very poor.

CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

GALLERY OF BRONZE STATUES.

IT is remarkable that in Naples, although owning an origin so ancient, not a fragment of antiquity is left. The small city styled Parthenope, formed the eastern portion of Naples, while on the west side of the gulf, existed another small city founded by the Cumæans, by whom it was denominated Neapolis, or new city, afterwards colonised by the Romans, who built the central part between these two, by which they were ultimately united, forming one great Capital which retained the Greek name Neapolis. But if the city be not rich in ancient edifices, in temples or crumbling pillars, it possesses a morceau of antiquity of great interest. This people proud of their grecian extraction which they trace from the destruction of Troy, and ambitious of preserving a memorial of their origin, caused a model of the celebrated Trojan horse to be cast in bronze, which they regarded with a sort of reverential awe, assuming it in their badge, and in their arms. This colossal statue stood in the square of San Gennajo a venerated relic to which they attributed many virtues, more especially the power of curing maladies in horses, by invigorating and renewing their strength. This with other prodigies it was said to have effected, greatly endeared it to the people. Unfortunately an Archbishop of these times, affecting to be scandalised by such

superstitions, had a furnace prepared, and melted down this noble monument of ancient days, converting the bronze into bells for his church. At the moment of this sacrifice Count Maddalone, whose name has been thus handed down to posterity, accidentally passing by, bought the head and neck of the horse, which was still entire, and after a lapse of some years presented it to the Royal Museum.

It now stands in the collection of Bronzes an object superb! unequalled! magnificent from its bulk, and invaluable in workmanship. The head is most spirited, and of the finest action; and the statue when entire must have presented a work of singular grandeur. It is much to be regretted that the head is not sustained in a form, such as to give it the advantage of being viewed in a natural position; since as it now is, resting on the neck, the general effect is greatly injured.

In this collection of bronzes there are innumerable objects of great beauty, to which a lively interest is added, from their having been, with few exceptions, excavated from Herculaneum, or Pompei. Among these I have selected a few, distinguished among many fine ones.

Num.^o 5.—Is a drunken Fawn. An exquisite production. The forms singularly true to nature, the expression full of charm, totally free from any touch of vulgarity, but offering an expression of mirth and hilarity beautifully characterised. The figure lies partly stretched out on the Lion's skin, the left arm raised, leaning on the *outré*, while he seems to express the glee and fun,

diffused in his whole appearance, by imitating with his hands the sound of the Castagnet.—The forms of this figure are very fine, but its particular excellence, more especially lies in the chaste manner in which drollery is delineated, as in statuary any expression of the risible faculties is apt to degenerate into burlesque or caricature, whereas here, the effect is infinitely pleasing, in so much, that while looking at this merry Fawn, we insensibly partake of his mirthful sensations. The distinctive character of the Fawn is expressed by the two glands on the neck.

Num.^o 7. — A Mercury in repose. Most exquisite. The forms, those of early youth, are all beautiful, soft and flowing. The figure inclines gently forward, represented as in a moment of deep meditation, the countenance fine, pensive, with infinite sweetness of expression, the hair admirably disposed, the limbs round full, yet most delicate. The right leg is partly extended, the palm of the hand resting on the block of marble sustaining the person, while the other lies carelessly on the left limb which bending from the knee recedes backward. — The feet and ankles are finely modelled and the wings exquisitely delicate.

This fine work of art, for purity of style, for beauty of design, and chasteness of composition, cannot be surpassed. — It was found in Herculaneum.

Num.^o 28. — A Discobole — Most spirited, admirable in design, in position and drawing. The figure rather under the size of life, bending forward and represented at the moment of throwing the Discus;

the direction of which, he watches with an intensity of gaze powerfully expressed. The forms are fine, light, *svelte*, full of nerve and energy and the action most animated.

Num.^o 30. — His antagonist is nearly similar but perhaps of the two the finest in expression.

Num.^o 55. — A sleeping Fawn. A beautiful statue. The figure lies recumbent on a rock, the head resting on the left arm, the other hanging over carelessly extended, the left protruded, the right rather bent; the whole presenting with singular truth to nature a soothing pleasing image of deep repose.

Num.^o 60. — A small figure, a dancing Fawn exquisite. The proportions, the lightness, the forms, the animation of the countenance, are inimitable. The head is slightly thrown back, the left arm raised, the right foot advanced, while the bend of the back and throwing out of the haunch, particularly denoting vigour and agility, is most spirited. The head is bound by a garland of acorns, the hair and beard fine, delicate and rich. The whole is beautiful, most graceful, and sprightly: standing raised up, on the tip of the toe, giving a singular expression of life and elasticity.

This beautiful little morceau, was the first fruit of Pompeian excavation giving its name to the house where it was found. This first specimen of the arts must from its exquisite beauty, have excited great enthusiasm, in the excavators, and have afforded a bright promise of future discoveries.

Num.^o 66. — A bust of Seneca. Very exquisite. The countenance is particularly animated, and with a charm and truth to nature rarely exhibited in marble. In looking on it, the attention is suddenly arrested; the features seem full of life, as if words had just proceeded from the partly unclosed lips. The divided hair spare and marking the winter of life is beautifully executed; the beard also bearing the same character is peculiarly fine.

Num.^o 83. — A small equestrian statue of Alexander. He is represented as at the moment of going to strike with the *sabre*. The position is full of energy; the action bold, spirited and fine; the countenance animated, and the forms of the horse vigorous and powerful.

Num.^o 95. — An Amazon, on horseback, is also fine: The horse especially is spirited and beautiful.

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CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

VILLA REALE.

THE Villa Reale is a splendid public garden, and a great ornament to the Chiaja, more especially in the months of spring, when the young verdure of the trees, and the rich fragrance of the blossom renders it most attractive. In all the beauties generally descriptive of a public walk, it unites the advantage of a fine city and sea-view, with a sweet and voluminous stretch of the bay and its shores, while Pizzofalcone, Castel dell'Ovo and St Elmo, present a magnificent prospect, filling the eye with their varied forms and antique aspect. The walks, dry soil and low leafy shrubbery of this garden, are peculiarly delightful, offering shade in the summer heats, and shelter in the blasts of winter; as it is always warm still and calm, and is particularly precious in a city rising on the lips of Volcanos, where there can be neither walks nor rides. It has however one striking fault, that of being all quite flat and level, a defect which might easily be remedied by raising an artificial mound, which, for view, for shade, as well as for variety would have added much to the general effect. I must also quarrel with its statues, which are such as would be disesteemed in any part of the world, but which in Italy, in the very seat and abode of the arts, are beheld with increased feelings

of disappointment, perhaps the more so, from their being bad copies of some of the most admired works of antiquity.

But still it is a lovely spot, and many times the views from this garden in the changing light of declining day, when the sinking rays of the setting sun have cast their glowing tints athwart Vesuvius, and along the richly covered shores of the bay, have delighted me; and often when the dark clouds, and deepening storms have made their grand approach, and the agitated waves tossed in the still succeeding sweeping blast, dashing foaming, and in clamorous eddyings, bursting on the shore, I have been, as if by fascination, chained in fixed attention; or in the late evening hour in the silent moonlight, when gazing on the starry firmament, so bright, so pure, so clear in this climate, leading the mind far hence to other worlds, have I lingered for hours in pleasing melancholy musings.

One great and distinguished work of antiquity, (the Toro Farnese,) stands here, * equally choice in the fable, which is pathetic, and in its wonderful execution. Pliny is the first historian and panegyrist of this celebrated group; he says it was cut from one block of grecian marble, and the joint work of two Rhodians, Apollonius and Tauriscus. The subject is the beautiful tale of the revenge of Antiope and her two Sons, (Zeto and Amphione,) on Dirce, for

* In the year 1819 this celebrated work stood in the Villa.

having seduced the affections of her husband Licus, king of Thebes, who being enamoured of her, had despised and repudiated his queen. Her two Sons enraged at the insult offered to their royal mother, to wreak their vengeance, resolved on tying their victim to the horns of a bull. But Antiope, with masculine generosity towards her rival, interposed, and prevailed with the young men to restrain the animal, and unbind their devoted captive. It is in this, the most animated and critical moment, in the act of fixing on the horns of the bull the cords that incircle Dirce, and when they are induced to stay his precipitate course, that the group is conceived. The idea is grand, the tale is full of interest and finely told, the action simple, yet so powerful, that the mind dwells as it were on the issue with almost breathless sensations. The infuriated bull, ready to begin his murderous career, and already bounding from the ground, his head tossed in the air, and held only by the nostrils, but with a firm grasp, by one of the youths, the beautifully touching disconsolate and abashed condition of Dirce, who lies almost prostrate, on the earth, and is looking up with horror, to the fatal completion of her abiding fate, the animated aspect of the two youths in concert straining every nerve, every sinew, with light and graceful, yet powerful action, to curb the fierce animal, is truly fine. These form the front view of the group, which gradually rises from behind in the most magnificent proportions; the queen standing

rather apart, in an upright attitude, simple and majestic, terminates the prospect.

In the dazzling glare of the meridian hour, when the noontide sun throws over the whole one general flood of light, this group is not seen to advantage, but in the early morning, or in the lengthening shadows of closing day, when its white spires seem mingling with the trees, it is truly magnificent: nor is it less striking when illumined by the bright beams of the moon, whose reflected rays playing partially on the various figures, producing deep relief, give additional splendour to the general effect.

In the composition of a group, the ancients required unity, simplicity and clearness. In all these points this work is particularly distinguished. It presents one simple action, natural, yet heroic, and a finer, a more animated group a more generous sentimental tale—a tale more easily displayed all in one moment, more choice variety of personage and a more lively dignified entire action, cannot well be imagined. The deplorable humbled condition of the victim, the wild imposing grandeur of the furious bull, that is to be the blind instrument of vengeance, the vigour and eagerness of the young men, who address themselves with all the youthful energy, and skill of the circus to restrain the animal, the pure simple attitude of the mother, who having by persuasion subdued their indignation, and who stands dignified and unmoved, in silent contemplation of her youthful heroes, bold and intrepid, yet obedient

to their queen and their mother, is in every respect wonderfully imagined.

The domestic, although heroic nature of the scene in point of sentiment, effect and composition, renders this work, to my idea, among the finest designs of the ancients, and considered as a group, as having no equal. The composition of the Laocoon esteemed one of the first, is artificial and complicated, only offering in the general view, straggling twisting, tortured forms, such as can hardly be contemplated without uneasy sensations, while the whole possesses too little of nature to awaken any powerful interest. The Niobe (and it is doubtful if they ever were a group) too much resemble each other, and are too little varied, to tell a tale with fine dramatic effect. But this of the Toro presents at once a touching incident, and a most animated action. The feelings are wound up to admiration and interest, in beholding two youths won to pity, and repenting of their cruel design, with intrepid courage subjugating an infuriated animal, and saving their victim in the moment of her utter despair.

This group was found along with the Hercules in the baths of Caracalla, and placed in the Farnesian palace, after having stood long in that of Asinius Pollio, and was afterwards during the pontificate of Paul the III carried to Naples. It is now situated in the Royal Villa in the Chiaja; but it is a piece so splendid, so beautiful, that it should be enclosed within iron gates, and seen only by particular per-

mission. Michel Angelo projected the placing this noble work in a public situation in Rome, under a fountain which he meant to erect behind the Farnese palace. This plan however was never put in execution, and it is not many years since this and the Hercules, were transferred to Naples.

The figures of this piece originally injured in some parts, were restored first at Rome, and afterwards here, having suffered in being transported to Naples. But the bull was found entire. The muzzle, the head, the eye, the short horns, the arched back, the wrinkled neck, the straining furious agitated character of the animal is most inimitable.

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CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

ROAD TO BAJA.

No day is too long to spend on the lovely shores of Baja, to admire the ever varying landscape which at each hour or moment of opening or declining day, presents a new aspect; to skirt along its rocky edges, sailing round its many inlets, or gazing on the calm unruffled sea, lying spread out like a vast mirror, the noiseless waves, the while gently undulating along, brightly sparkling under the rays of the evening sun. In scenes so peaceful, so beautiful; how naturally, does the mind wander back to past ages, recalling to memory the period, when these shores resounded with the unhallowed mirth, and witnessed the insane pleasures, the feasts the murders of the luxurious Romans; when Emperors sang in the amphitheatres, at the moment perhaps and in the midst of bacchanalian orgies, when some of their familiars or dependents condemned, in sudden and brutal fury, were led forth to execution, or compelled to swallow the poisoned cup, and when, but too often, the roar of their midnight revelries, were heard fearfully mingling in sad contrast with the moanings of the slaves, chained and locked up in dreary cells.

The road to Baja is full of interest, as leading to those remains on which from earliest youth the scholar has dwelt with a reminiscence of deepest delight, where

at every step the mind is hurried along, with the impatient and ardent desire of viewing those classic spots sacred to history, and dear to the poet. Passing from the end of the Chiaja into a street crowded by fishermen and swarms of women and children, you enter the ponderous jaws of that Cavern, which Virgil, whose Tomb is situated on the grounds above, is supposed, by the vulgar, to have opened by magic in one night.

This Cavern cut through a hill, passing direct along its base and of $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile in length, presents a wonderful effort of human perseverance; not dismal nor forbidding in its aspect, but superb, plainly the effect of art, and yet as if opened by no mortal hand; of stupendous height, being in most places above 50 feet, and finely, although rudely arched. The dim uncertain light which at first prevails, gradually deepens almost to utter darkness, magnifying every object, while the powerful resonance arising from its vaulted form, gives to the sound of carriages and cars, the clashing of whips, the voices of men driving their flocks, or animating their beasts of burthen, a sound like that of thunder, the effect of which increases in grandeur, as the light of day fades from the sight, when the dark space is only faintly illumined by the dim unfrequent lamp, casting a red glare through the misty atmosphere of the Cave. From this sombre gloom, the eye rests with an added charm on the soft gleams of sunshine, as it gradually opens to view in the distant prospect, to which the passenger hurries forward, as

to a sensation of relief, again to breathe the fresh air and emerge into the full light of day.

The road from this point lies low and flat, edged on each side with trees and towering vines, clothed in the richest verdure, from which the clustering grape hangs down in fine profusion. Here all view of the sea is intercepted by the rising grounds of Posilipo, and the scene contrasted with the din and idle bustle of the city, seems so remote, so silent and solitary, that one feels again alone, restored to self possession and calmness of spirits, as if in preparation to enjoy the approaching interesting views of Baja. But this valley so sweetly serene in the freshness of early spring, in consequence of the dark entangled verdure, with which it is enclosed on either side, becomes suffocating in the heat and dust of mid-summer, and from being so level, is inundated by the flooding rains of winter; in so much that we find Seneca inveighing with horror at once against the gloom of the Grotto, and the deep mud of the Valley. He quaintly says (for quaintness and low humour was as common in ancient, as in modern times) he had indeed forsaken the sea, but nevertheless continued to sail along the rivers of mud from Baja to Naples. *

After a distance of two miles, the road suddenly

* Cum Baiis deberem Neapolim repetere facile credidi tempestatem esse ne iterum navem experirer. Sed tantum luti tota via fuit, ut possem videri nihilominus navigasse. Totum athletarum fatum mihi illo die perpetiendum fuit, a ceromate nos haphe excepit in crypta Neapolitana. Nihil illo carcere longius, nihil illis specubus obscurius eadem via eodem die luto et pulvere laboravimus.

(*Note of the Author.*)

opens, as if by magic, in deliverance from this rich but airless lane, upon the most magnificent scenery; a fresh beach washed by the cool waves, a sea studded with Islands, head lands, capes promontories, and towering hills in the distance, offering a view of indescribable grandeur. To the left of this beautiful spot, sequestered as the Island of Juan Fernandez or that of Robinson Crusoe, are the high grounds of Posilipo, terminating in a sudden promontory by a pointed spiry rock, cleft from its parent stock by the shock of an earthquake, while to the west the face of the hill is clothed with verdure, and covered with villas hanging over the deep sea, which lies embosomed, calm and still, in its lovely Bay. While the beautiful little Island of Nisida, crowned by its Lazzaretto and Castle, surrounded by numerous Vessels crowding at its base, stretches in, almost to the shore, casting athwart a shadow, long, dark and glossy as the polished steel.

The flat sandy shore, the low lying Lazzaretto, white and gay in the sunshine, its shadow floating on the face of the still dark waters, the finely picturesque conical forms of Ischia, the bold precipitous rock of Procida, rising majestic from the deep, the hills, and far off lands, fading in the distance, under the soft halo of an Italian sky, offers a prospect, so fine, so exquisite, as the traveller gazes on with long and wrapt delight.

From this bewitching spot, the road leading to Pozzuoli lies along a rocky shore, with vast promontories and jutting crags; when by an abrupt angle Pozzuoli

appears in view, seated in its own little bay, here resembling an inland lake, its waves gently dashing on the sandy beach, while the city rising suddenly from the low road, and projecting far into the sea, seems frowning as if castellated, offering a confused but grand combination of stone and rock, fine remains of ancient edifices, and antique buildings standing on precipitous eminences, a patched and battered thing, yet imposing from its picturesque site, and the remembrance of its former splendour. In the days of Roman grandeur, it was a superb city, and styled a second Rome: « *Pusilla Roma* » and « *Deleus minor* ». It is supposed to have been the port of Cumea, the most ancient city of Italy. In the era of Rome 559 it was a Roman colony, and in the time of Cicero, as mentioned by him, it was governed by its own laws. In the year of Christ 410 it was pillaged by Alaric the Goth, and again in the year 455, by Genseric. and 90 years after razed to the ground by Totila. After which during 16 years it remained desolate and abandoned, at the termination of this period it was repopled by the Greeks, and continued to flourish till early in the 8.th century, when it was * put to the sword and fire by Romanwold the 2d. ; in the tenth century sacked by the Hungarian, and seemingly as a climax to the eventful history of this little city, it was in the middle of the 16.th and then again in the succeeding century, shaken by earthquakes and reduced to its present wretched and wrecked

* Vide Livy xxx, 49.

condition. * Stretching across the bay are still visible the magnificent remains of Caligula's bridge, which enclosed the noble harbour of Pozzuoli, where the Roman fleet rode secure, and in which lay concentrated the precious products of the east.

Our first object on entering Pozzuoli was to visit the Temple of Serapis, an edifice most superb even in ruins. The eye on entering its precincts, rests with wonder on its magnitude and on the magnificence of its columns, the mind, the while, rapidly picturing in idea what such a structure must have been when entire; and when instead of the low and mean buildings by which it is now surrounded, its noble front enriched with every variety of marble, its spacious courts and noble colonades stood conspicuous, offering an aspect of imposing grandeur, of splendour, and beauty of architecture, such as perhaps was hardly surpassed by any grecian temple.

The form of the edifice is a quadrangle, presenting a width of 115, and a length of 134 feet. In the interior was a building in the form of a sun dial, open to the Heavens, the Temple being dedicated to the sun.—It was surrounded by a superb colonade, sustained by beautiful granite columns with corinthian capitals, each based on a pedestal and adorned with a colossal statue: within this ran a colonade of lessened dimensions with smaller and still richer corinthian columns, and in the

* Among the vulgar to the present day it is currently believed, that the portentuous destruction of this city was in consequence of the crimes, and licentiousness which prevailed there under the Imperial Dynasty.

inner circle rose the Dome, in which the Divinity of the Temple was seated, while situated round the outer circle of the edifice, were twenty four chambers containing baths, in which were deep incavations or gutters to carry off the water; and the whole paved with exquisite white and yellow marble.

The waters of the temple were deemed sacred, and the edifice considered as an hospital for incurables, where the Hierophant assisted by his priests administered, and where it was believed the favorites of the Gods were healed in visions by night. This sacred hospital, or Serapeum was held as one of the richest in the world, arising probably from the numerous and valuable offerings of its votaries. The area of this once superb edifice, now lies strewn with immense blocks of marble, rich friezes, with capitals and fluted shafts of enormous size, while the marble pillars which sustained the portico, stand up a melancholy memento of other times, against the blue sky, like scathed, and blasted trunks of trees. *

At no great distance from this low-lying Temple, are seen finely crowning an elevated spot, the remains of an edifice described by Jorio as ancient Baths, and which although only offering broken arches, and mouldering walls, are yet conspicuously grand. Its noble ruins rise dark and massive, throwing the landscape below into the deepest shade, and is especially beautiful

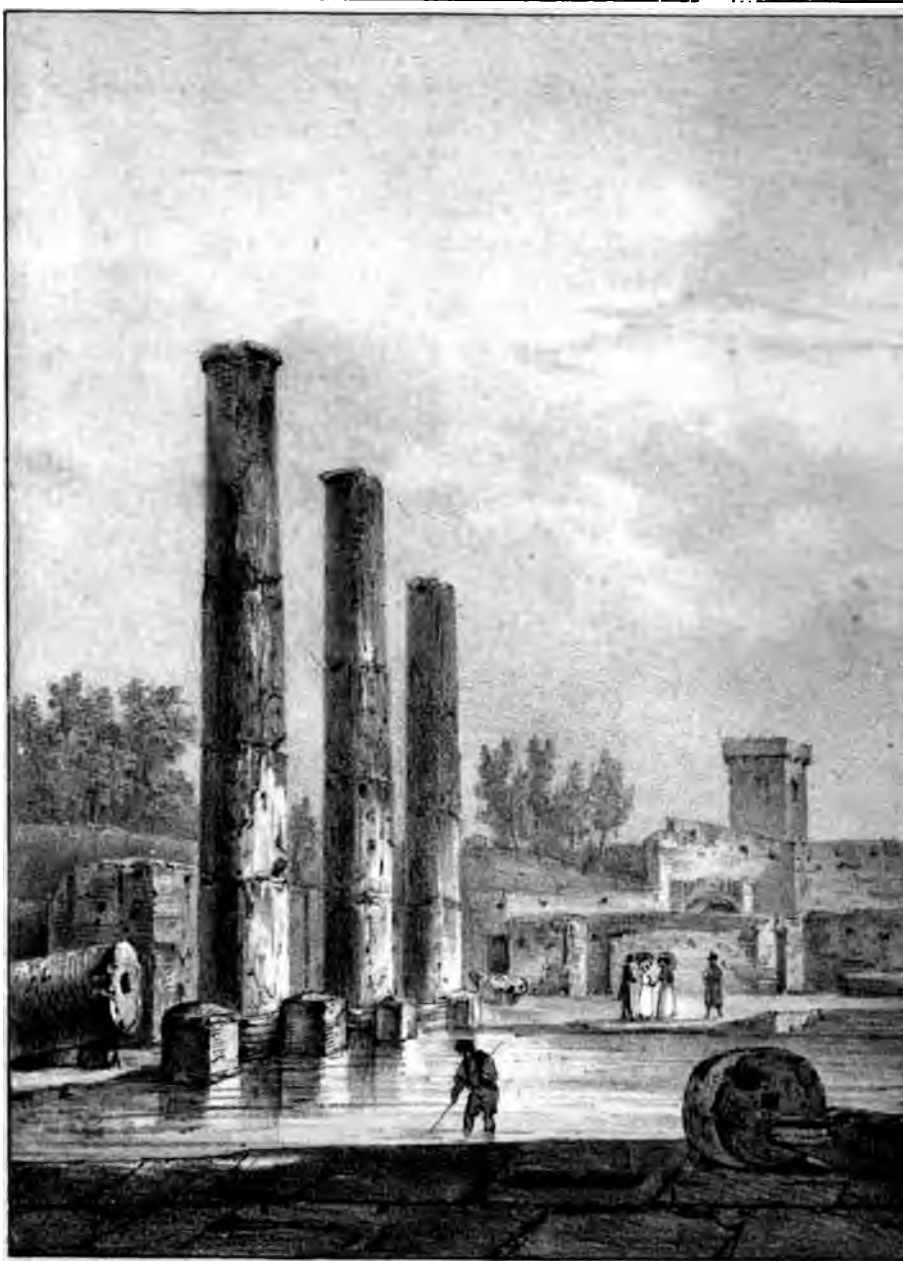
* The Temple was repaired in the 16 century of Rome.

(*Note by the Author.*)

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TEMPLE OF MARS ULTOR IN THE FORUM OF AUGUSTUS.

when the rays of the setting sun shoot magnificently through the spacious windows and along its crumbling stones, offering a fine relief to the surrounding gloom.

The walls are of great depth and are in every point strengthened by powerful arches, which with its superb porch and arcades sufficiently attest the former splendour of the edifice. From the fine level terrace which lies spread out in front of the building at a height not surprising, but picturesque, the eye rests delighted on a lovely prospect looking down on Pozzuoli, the grand square tower of Pietro di Toledo, the beautiful bay, the distant promontory of Misenium, the coast of Baja, and its Castle, the mole and bridge of Caligula, the fine bending shore and the volcanic eminences of Monte Nuovo, all sweetly in varied beauty giving life and animation to the surrounding scene.

Ascending still a little higher, to a more commanding spot, are seen the fine remains of the ancient Amphitheatre, presenting an aspect not grand like the Colosseum at Rome, nor possessing that soft bright aspect so distinctive of the Pompeian Amphitheatre, but yet of noble dimensions and picturesque effect. The full extent of the edifice does not appear on a first approach, and its grandeur is hardly conspicuous; nor is it till on mounting the walls and sitting on the seats by which it was lined, that an idea can be formed of its vastness. The structure offers no external character of architecture, there are no columns nor pilasters, the whole presenting only an immense mass of building of an oval form. The interior corridor encircling the theatre is

lofty, from which arched openings led to the lower seats, while from the outer walls there were still greater archways conducting to the stairs of the upper seats, or projecting circle, leading by various galleries, lofty, and finely situated around the whole circumference of the Amphitheatre. *

The area is filled with tall slender poplars richly entwined by the vine, the seats matted with vegetable growth and sprinkled with flowers, and the ruined walls hung with trailing plants, while the steps seen projecting through this rich foliage seem like rocks, giving to the whole a most picturesque effect. The form of the fabrick is oval, measuring 187 feet in length and 150 in width, and was sufficiently capacious to contain 45 thousand persons. *

We now got into a small boat, and rowing across, landed at the Lucrine lake, which however offers little interest to the traveller, save bringing to memory the impressions and recollections of early studies. No beauties of nature meet the eye, no fine ruins, nor crumbling palaces, not even tombstones to awaken

* We find mentioned by Svetonius in his life of Augustus, an instance of the boldness of the people, (although only a colony) to have been so great, that during an exhibition in honor of the Emperor, disorders and quarrels arose to such a height, as to have been the cause of his issuing the edict, fixing places to individuals according to their distinctive rank.

(*Note by the Author.*)

* In Dion's life of Nero we find a relation of a great exhibition represented in this beautiful theatre in honor of Nero, who previous to his carrying Tiridates king of Armenia to Rome, with the design of having him crowned there, brought him to Pozzuoli to witness the sports of the Amphitheatre, and more especially that of his own address. And it



Napoli. Lit. Tringale

CONFERENZA DEI PRIORI DELLA SOCIETÀ I CARPUCCINI.

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attention, nothing remaining of ancient times, beyond a name, to satisfy curiosity.

It now only presents a green pool, fit habitation for frogs or noxious insects imbedded in the mud, or seen skimming lazily along its motionless surface. It is separated from the refreshing cool waters of the Bay by a narrow strip of volcanic sand, is nearly two miles in circuit, and surrounded by a flat and boggy shore, thickly covered with weeds of aquatic growth. *

Winding round by the shores of this gloomy lake, making a circuit through rugged moorland, amidst broken lava, and walls of the lightest tuffa, where hardly any creeping thing could live, thence along swampish and low-lying vines, we entered a beautiful narrow foot path bordered by myrtles, flowering shrubs and dwarfish trees, which by a gentle acclivity leads to the higher grounds, when suddenly the beautiful little lake of Avernus is discovered, its clear waters lying so deeply embosomed in the cup of the hill in which it is situated, that even at mid-day it only receives a dim religious light, the whole scene presenting a spot so sweet, so secluded, that here, a con-

was here and on this occasion, that he filled his guests with amazement, by killing with one arrow two bulls, which he struck in the neck with such skill, that they both instantaneously fell down dead. The admiration of the eastern Monarch, at this, and at the glorious feats of the gladiators, was said to be highly gratifying to the Emperor.

(Note by the Author.)

* In former times as we learn from Homer, this as well as the lake Avernus, situated at the distance of a mile were surrounded by deep and impervious forests.

templative being might love to dwell in lonely and undisturbed repose, and a superstitious people might well be imagined with fervent feelings offering up their vows. The dark green foliage of the surrounding verdure is seen reflected on the unruffled surface of the lake, while below through its transparent waters may distinctly be distinguished the remains of ancient buildings.

The source of the tales on which poets of all ages have imagined their sublimest and grandly terrific pictures, are now in our days presented to us in their native and simple form; birds fly in safety through the once infected air, and the tremendous jaws of Acheron only offer an opening surrounded by odoriferous and flowering shrubs. The deep impenetrable forests and stately woods which in by-gone days covered these classic grounds, enveloping the whole scene in silent and gloomy solitude, was no doubt most propitious in giving effect to the mystic ceremonies of mythological rites, as also of producing credence in the mysterious predictions of the oracular Sybil. Forests styled, *boschi dell' Ami*, almost impervious to the light of day, surrounded this lake extending nearly to Baja, in the most impenetrable parts of which there were dark caverns and grottos communicating with those of Cuma and Avernus.

The vivid impressions retained from the studies of our earlier years, as connected with the high sounding names of Virgil's Tartarus, the Styx and Elysian fields lead us to look back with many reminiscences to those

days of enthusiasm, in finding ourselves on these very spots, and only in a serene quiet beautiful retreat. *

On the eastern border and advanced into the waters of the lake, stand the remains of the ancient Temple of Pluto * the external form of which is octagon with circular windows. Near to this lies the Sybil's grotto, a spot to which the traveller hurries with excited expectation, looking to meet with rude and yawning rocks, caverns and deep dells fit for superstitious rites, spirits inspired, and Demoniac; but nothing of this terrific nature awaits him. The entrance is through a brick arch, which might have been, and probably was an entrance into the city, leading along a dark and humid passage, perforated through a hill, like the grotto of Pozzuoli, but of less extent, issuing on the opposite end on the borders of the Lucrine lake, to a distance of 260 feet. A little short of its extremity there are lateral chambers, leading by intricate and narrow passages to a square apartment, the supposed site of the Sybils oracular Temple; on one side of this there is another small chamber, where some vestiges of ancient mosaic may be discerned. From this there is an opening, which is fabled to have been the entrance to the lake

* Augustus employed 20,000 slaves to unite by a canal the Lucrine with the lake Avernus, which in the year 1558 was destroyed by an earthquake.

* In this sequestered scene Hannibal sacrificed to Pluto and perhaps in all his long pilgrimage from Africa, there was no spot more fit than this for deeply impressing the imagination of the people he was leading to conquer unknown lands.

(Note of the Author.)

Avernus, and described by Virgil in his *Eneid*, as being guarded by two monsters, from whence guided by the Sybil he reached the Acherusian lake, or infernal regions. On first entering the grotto however, and before the nature of the passage is understood, the effect is certainly imposing and somewhat analogous to the mysterious indications of an oracular Deity. Conducted by men holding flaming torches through the centre of a hill, and then upon nearly reaching to its termination, which although hardly half a mile in extent, seems long from its dark and lugubrious aspect, and next with an encreased number of lights, winding along through narrow paths, leading to small inner chambers, offers a dismal and ominous aspect, sufficiently calculated to impress the mind. *

We now re-entered our boat, to navigate along the little bay of Baja, and stopping under the high and jutting rocks below Nero's Villa, we ran our vessel into a cove or deep nook, and began our ascent towards the vapour baths; climbing along the face of the hill to a line of galleries in which baths of various temperatures are situated; the vapour of some of which amounting to a suffocating heat, such as to give, in removing from thence to arched chambers, cut in the solid rock

* Nero projected forming a canal which should reach from this lake to the mouth of the Tiber, a distance of upwards of 160 miles. The plan is much derided by Svetonius but nevertheless it was neither idle nor unwise, as this alone could finally have drained the Pontine Marshes and have rendered those lands salubrious, where disease and mortality now reign.

to inhale the cool fresh breeze, a relief like a restoration to life. And here in this lone retreat to rest on one of the seats placed along the walls, listening to the murmur of the surge below, and to view from the windows which look out from a great height over the beautiful bay, and all its distinctive Islands, is indescribably reviving, offering a lovely scene of calm solitary repose, most soothing to the spirit.

From this we again rejoined our boat and proceeded under these perpendicular rocks that here line the coast; and as we rowed along, looking down through the clear waters, the remains of various buildings are distinctly to be discerned, even the pavement of a particular street may be distinguished when the surge runs smoothly. Now over this and the various noble edifices of the city, lying deep under the sea in 8 fathoms water, the rippling wave curls silently, rolling over its deserted temples and palaces. *

Nothing can be more striking than sailing under the shadow of that range of rocks on which Baja is situated, towering high and majestic over the surrounding coasts, nor more beautiful than the approach to the modern mole, lying low and flat, stretching out far into the sea, not disfigured by ebbing tides, but ever surrounded by deep waters, silent, peaceful and lonely, as if belonging to some remote shore in a western Island. While advancing to this lovely spot we observed a greek vessel

* « Nullus in orbe litus Baiis præluet amœnis. » Horat. Ep. 1. lib. 1. vol. II.

(Note by the Author.)

at a small distance at anchor, drying her sails, and a little nearer, with her prow upon the mole, lay one of the gully formed sloops of this country, forming a fine picturesque effect, while in front rose in dark relief, the superb remains of the octagon temple of Venus Genetrix; the sun beams from behind slanting athwart the blue misty hills, and pouring their lengthened rays through the magnificent windows and broken arches, offers an exquisitely beautiful scene, rendered more impressive perhaps, by the sensations of melancholy which insensibly invade the mind, in looking on the silent lapse of time, while contemplating noble ruins of departed grandeur.

This superb edifice is of magnificent dimensions, somewhat resembling the Temple of Minerva in Rome; the form is octagonal, and derives much grandeur of aspect, from its buttressed angles, its height and fine windows; these are nearly square, being closed only by flattened arches, one in particular over the great gate much resembling the manner of those of a gothic cathedral, gives great splendour to the edifice. The interior presents a circular form, while the outside is octagonal, eight magnificent windows correspond with the same number of square sides, below are four niches or arches, full 20 feet wide, with Ionic pilasters, and marble friezes. Stretching beyond this Temple, far up the hill, are various chambers styled « Camere di Venere » in which there are some fine remains of stucco ornaments.

This Temple situated on a beautiful extended beach,



surrounded by mouldering walls, and adorned by its elevated gate, towering as if it were the entrance into some ancient city, the fine warm brick colour of the building, its square windows and octagon form, lying low under a line of high precipitous hills, which at mid-day throw the whole into deep shade, is singularly magnificent and picturesque; and viewed from the mole in the evening hour, when the setting sun shoots through the blue mist of the hill over the mountain shrubs, and surrounding ruins, is truly grand.

At a short distance another Temple dedicated, as is commonly imagined to Mercury, lies along the same spot of sandy shore, close under the mountain. It is approached through successive chambers like porticos; the form is circular resembling the Pantheon of Rome, being lighted in the same manner by one great opening, and four square windows in the vaulted roof, which seem to have been finely painted while the walls beneath were lined with marbles, and adorned by pilasters and friezes. The form of the Temple is beautiful and the effect magnificent; when after stooping along through breaches in the walls, and entering from some of the lesser chambers, the fine circular Dome is presented to the eye. Under, and along the base of the hill are innumerable remains of baths, destined for health, or perhaps for sacred rites.

The third in this vicinity, is the Temple of Venus a most beautiful and picturesque ruin, but of which a small portion only remains. The form is circular

and in the lower part there are eight windows and four niches, there are also many collateral chambers and great galleries for baths, and vestiges of stuccos in the arches which are fine, but much blackened by the torches of the guides, as also injured by the effect of the sulphureous waters.

At no great distance from this we proceeded by a steep acclivity along a narrow path to the summit of Misenium * a promontory rising almost to a giddy height, such as to inspire while standing on the pinnacle the sensation, as if a sudden impetuous blast might hurl the rock down into its deep embayed harbour below, or into the gulf of Baja on the other side. Not far from this cape are situated the Cento Camerelle, the ominous and fearful prisons of Nero, to which, partly retracing our steps, we proceeded by a winding narrow way round a small church and sequestered village. A superb portico leads to a corridor of fine proportions and grand dimensions supported by eleven columns hewed in the rock, and from thence to a noble antichamber, with lofty vaults and pilastered columns. Beyond this lie Nero's dark silent prisons, dug deep into the side of the hill, each cell opening like the nest of some wild bird; and here in these horrid dens, Rome's noblest and finest patriots, her best defenders in her sacred cause pe-

* It was on this Misenium promontory that Caesar, Pompey, and Anthony held their conference, they, surrounded by their troops, And Pompey by his fleet.

(Note by the Author.)

rished. We read in Themistocles that his deluded victims unconscious of their fate, were led through these splendid corridors, then suddenly delivered over to the guards and by winding stairs hurried down to these deep vaults, there to lie in sorrow and dread expectation, but not in doubt. Beds and pillows of stone, awaited the sad, perhaps the delirious head of the anguished sufferer, left in this profound darkness, with on ne solitary lamp to make human misery only more visible, and the dungeon from which he was never to return, more ghastly. Here in long galleries the victims lay, each on his stony couch, revived to a painful sense of life by the breeze entering through the hole in the rock, or listening ever and anon to the roaring surge below to remind him of the world and his friends. They are named « Cento Camerelle » from their number; intricate passages leading to a seemingly endless succession of cells, while still each stone couch and pillow in these, bear on the blackened wall the traces of the lamp, that burned by its solitary inhabitant. *

* It was under these perpendicular rocks below these prison walls that Nero took away the life of his mother, he beguiled her into his toils, by enticing her to meet him on the coast of Baja to join in the celebration of the sacred rites of the Temple of Minerva at Bauli, and here under the steep rock betwixt Baja and Misenium she embraced, as, she believed, her repentent son, and from thence embarked for Bauli, but the deck of the Galley where she was seated was loaded with lead, it sank, and she was dashed into the sea, but aided by the mariners, she reached a small vessel, which bore her to her villa on the Lucrine Lake. But her unnatural son steady to his purpose, caused her to be

The Piscina * mirabile to which we now proceeded, is a superb monument of Roman grandeur, a reservoir constructed according to the general belief by Augustus, for the honorable and munificent purpose of procuring an abundance of the purest water for the Roman fleet stationed at Misenum. Water in these climates, especially before ice was much in use, was still the great cry, and the chief gift by which a Monarch on ascending the throne sought to obtain popularity. Water was the first necessary, as the fighting of the Gladiators was the first delight of life.

The entrance into this great reservoir is by two flights of stairs each of 40 steps, leading to a subterranean chamber of gigantic dimensions, which is divided into various corridors and arcades, and supported by 48 lofty pillars, constructed of brick and of the strongest masonry, coated with the finest and most durable plaster, the whole towering high in great arches sustaining the ceiling, the foundation of the pillars being strengthened and bound as it were, by transverse buildings of brick, somewhat resembling

pursued and murdered. Her body was burned in a slovenly guise and the vase containing her ashes carelessly buried.

* Every cistern dug in a rock was styled Piscina, being a favourite appellation, both as indicating the luxury of the Romans, and as connected with the horrid tales of slaves thrown into fish Pools, such as the recorded instance of the master of one of these wretched beings having been restrained, by the command of Augustus, from this act of brutal vengeance, wreaked on a slave who had dropped a precious cup and broken it.

(Notes by the Author.)

beams looped in the sails of a ship. The vastness of this cavern the deep gloom and the silence that reigns around, the immense bulk of the square pillars which sustain the fabrick, and high arched roof, give to the whole a character of solemn grandeur, singularly connecting itself with the memory of past ages, and of the times when all these shores were covered by magnificent and splendid structures.

The edifice is 225 feet in length, 75 in width, and 20 in height, (as according to accurate measurement I am assured) but it seems to me, to be more lofty.

We now, after a long and busy day, re-entering our boat, quitted the shores of Baja, its castle, its temples and baths, turning our prow homewards. The setting sun poured its rays, red and glowing, against the little towering city of Pozzuoli, giving depth and grandeur to the beautiful amphitheatre of hills, which partly lay in shadow, just touching, with a bright glowing tint, the perpendicular rock of Nisida and the opposite cape. Gliding along in the serene evening hour, listening to the dahing oars, sparkling in the sun beams, we gazed delightedly on the surrounding prospect; the superb arcades of the old bridge, the mountains of Calabria rising over Salerno, and Pompei fading in the distance; the half hidden cone of Vesuvius, from which, as the light declined a rich glow of living fire seemed breathing out, the fiery smoke the while rising and curling up through the still pure atmosphere, offered a glorious sight.

It is not alone our imagination, nor the tales of

ancient splendour that beguile us, and inspire the sensations of deep interest and admiration, with which we contemplate these shores. It is the calm glassy sea, the lovely harbours, the broken shores, the mountains rising, with varied and romantic effect on every hand; while the serene and beautiful atmosphere softly receding in the blue distance, throws over the whole a charm, a magic of unspeakable delight. These classic scenes now lie in calm repose, their silent shores and mouldering walls alone giving speech to their former grandeur.



CHAPTER SIXTEENTH.

LAGO D'AGNANO AND SOLFATARA.

THIS Lake is beautifully situated in the bosom of an amphitheatre of hills lying at a short distance from Pozzuoli. The spot is sweetly sequestered, and the verdure around offers a pleasing refreshing shade. Near to the water's edge, and advancing deep below its surface, remains of ancient buildings are visible to an extent, such as to give rise to the belief that a city once occupied this spot.

Near to the Lake the grotto del Cane is situated, which we find often noticed by the ancients, and more especially by Pliny, who relates the fact of his friend having endangered his life, by making an experiment on the degree to which its noxious qualities extended. It presents a small cave lying level with the ground under the rocky side of a hill, on the earthy floor of which the caloric acid is seen floating, rolling out a visible torrent of blue vapour, which rises to the height of towards fourteen inches. In order that strangers who visit this spot should witness the poisonous effects of the mephitic air, it is usual to thrust in lighted torches within its influence, which are immediately extinguished, and then to immerse a dog in it, which almost instantly faints, gradually recovering on again inhaling the fresh air. Whether the animal does not really suffer, or soon forgets it would be difficult to determine, but

on the present occasion undismayed by any past recollection, the little creature at once obeyed the master's call, and came merrily along frisking and bounding, and as if glad to get in, watched the opening of the door; but we did not suffer him to touch the little sprightly dog, so willing to be plunged into this caloric atmosphere.

Solfatara * to which we now proceeded is an object of great interest, of vast magnitude, and much antiquity, as we find it mentioned by Pliny, as being considered in his time as an extinguished Volcano. The centre, which forms a circle of something more than a mile in circuit, lies in the bosom of the mountain, which rises around in fine picturesque effect; some parts presenting abrupt rocks, while others are covered with fine green brushwood, and low growing trees. The approach leading to the more level part of the crater is also striking being along narrow paths, bordered on either side with flowering shrubs, giving the idea of passing through garden-grounds. The whole surface is covered by a soil of dazzling whiteness, and in various parts presenting the singular appearance of thick sulphureous smoke seen rising amidst rich tufts of verdure. In many places the water is heard gurgling, particularly in one spot, where it rushes up with an

* By Pliny it is styled Forum Vulcani, by others of the ancients Flegæa, and by the Greek Monti Leucagii, probably from its whiteness, or from the edifice supposed to have been the Temple of Neptune, or, perhaps, from the superb baths at the side of the hill.

(Note by the Author).

impetus and volume of sound, such as evinces the distance from which it ascends and the force urging it upward. The ground below is hollow resounding when trodden upon, although having a depth of 40 feet. In coming ages, when according to the usual march and progress of the volcanic soil, the whole gives way, the Lake, which will then fill this vast space, must be very beautiful; singular from its elevated situation, and finely embellished by the surrounding rising ground of the ancient mountain. In the year 1190 after the lapse of many centuries of continued tranquillity, it suddenly burst out, with inconceivable violence; casting forth flames, stones and ashes, which last reached even to Naples. Some parts of Pozzuoli were overwhelmed, especially injuring the Temple of Serapis, casting down one of its immense pillars; the traces of which are now to be seen on its surface.

From the summit of Solfatara the prospect is most interesting. Exactly below the eye, and so close as to give great richness to the scene, the point of Posilipo, terminating in a fine bold rock, presents itself jutting far into the sea, almost joining the little island of Nisida, while Capri on the opposite shore, stands up abrupt and stern, with its finely marked outline, beyond which to the left, the deep bay of Castellamare lies stretching along the beautifully varied coast, while the mountains gradually rising above Pompeia lead the eye, and the mind to wander far beyond through the soft serene atmosphere terminating only in the receding horizon.

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On casting the eye around from this elevated spot, it may easily be discovered that Baja, Bacoli and Misenium, had formed, as it were, one vast city, lining all the coast, and occupying the great cape of the bays of Baja, and Pozzuoli. On these shores arose vast edifices, noble temples, baths, bridges and markets; all bespeaking the busy tumult of great and frequented cities. Their sacred temples were richly endowed by noble gifts, offerings perhaps from the penitent, perhaps from the weary pilgrim returned from distant lands, or mariner escaped from the perils of shipwreck; at such times processions were held to consecrate the donations, when robed priests in solemn grandeur, followed by the multitude in votive throng, gave dignity and splendour to the scene.

Now of all the noble edifices once covering these shores, villas vying in magnificence with the palaces of Persian kings, noble aqueducts, and triumphal arches, scarce a wreck remains. Strange, that this solitude, the still blue wave washing the silent shore, should be the peculiar character describing all that exists of ancient Roman grandeur! If we sail along the deserted shores of Baja and Misenium, where lay the crowded Fleets, where the clamorous crews, the roar of the soldier was heard in noisy glee, where the voluptuary, and his idle train made the shore resound with rude meriment, all now is hushed, and over the ruins of the lofty buildings which once covered the rising ground, the sun-beams streaming, fall on every side on their low-lying glories, and your little bark lightly glides

over palaces, and streets, lying deep under « The cool translucent wave. » The Roman name shone brightly, their day was splendid, but short, and they sank to rise no more. But even in their zenith and in their most polished state, they were a people, who knew no domestic, no polite, no refined pleasures. They conquered to enjoy, and enjoyed without control.

A people capable of inventing the fine arts are necessarily endowed with delicacy and feeling, such as enables them to appreciate, and derive all the delight, which science and beauty are calculated to awaken in minds cultivated and polished. But they were a hard people, addicted to that rude sullen sturdiness of character, by which they subjugated the whole known world, having nothing to boast of but courage, and a surly tyrannical justice, which they termed heroic, such as Brutus ministered to his Sons, and Cato to himself. This grandeur of mind, however (if so it may be termed) inculcating the sacrifice of the strongest ties of nature as a duty, was at no distant period abandoned, giving place, to an opposite extreme, and selfish enjoyment, became their sole object. In the pages of the ancients how many instances do we find recorded of mingled cruelty and licentiousness in the lives of their Emperors, some of which are more particularly noted by Suetonius, in treating of the life of Nero. Along these beautiful shores were innumerable caves inhabited by females styled Ambubajae, celebrated for their dance and song; and when the light of day closed in, and the slaves like animals, had crept under vaults to their

nightly couch, the deepening shades were left to witness the mad orgies of the dissolute Romans, who rushing forth from their Temples bearing flaming torches, were guilty of every excess, causing the shore to echo with their bacchanalian roar. Excitement from whatever source became their sole object; hence probably arose the passion they entertained for gladiatorial shows, which was carried to such a height by the Roman people, that we find their leaders courting popularity, by offering them this favourite pastime.

At one period their slaves and their servants, on the commission of the slightest offence, were compelled to engage in this horrid warfare; an enormity afterwards guarded against by the Petronian law, which required that every servant, or slave thus exposed, should first have a fair trial, and be declared guilty by the judges. The class of gladiators was not restricted to slaves, the best and bravest among them were chosen from the peasantry, and regularly trained in the art. In the beautiful Campagna round Capua where now the guitar and the pipe form the delight of the people, there were numerous schools for their instruction. The master of the institution was conductor and contractor for public shows and private entertainments. There were laws and punishments against the gladiator who shrunk from the point of the weapon, and did not boldly present his breast to the stroke. He that was wounded, but not mortally, looked to the people, or rather to his master the Lanista (as I have already mentioned in treating of the dying Gladiator) for the

signal of life or death, and if he evinced the slightest timidity, deafening cries were instantly heard, exclaiming, tear, burn, destroy the dastard. * If we are horror-struck with the yells of a mob in times of public tumult, how much more dreadful must have been the shouts of rage and uproar excited against the wounded, and panicstruck gladiator, thus made miserably to perish. When these devoted beings were called upon to contend with wild animals, the arena was filled with trees and shrubs, among which the Gladiator was posted to receive the spring of the leopard, the boar, or the lion, but in these fights he was cased in armour, which indeed protected him from the fangs of his infuriated adversary, but could not guard him against the danger of the sudden spring or heavy paw of the animal.

The gladiatorial shows were introduced for the first time in the year of Rome 488 by two brothers of the family of the Bruti to honor the funereal pomp of their father's obsequies. This sanguinary spectacle had its source from the ancient horrible custom of immolating the prisoners taken on the field, on the tombs of the slain, to honor and pacify the shade of those who had fallen in battle. We find in Homer, Achilles sacrificing twelve young Trojans to the manes of Patroclus; and the pious Eneas in Virgil, sending prisoners to be immolated by Evander on the funereal pile of his son Pallantes, in the belief that these

* Vide, Seneca Epistle VII.

sacrifices soothed the spirit of the dead. In the earlier periods, these games, were only allowed in commemoration of such as were distinguished by great deeds; but soon after, the permission became less exclusive, and in a short time they were reduced to principles, and taught as an art. The Gladiators were formed into separate classes, armed in various manners, some being instructed to fight mounted on Cars, others on horse-back, others on the arena on foot, when sometimes they were exhibited with eyes bound up, which gave a new character and expression to the fight, causing, we are told, much animation among the spectators.

We do not wonder that the Romans, a warlike and ferocious race, should have taken pleasure in these shows; but that the Greeks, a gifted people, learned and refined, who delighted in philosophy, and relished poetry, who excelled in science and the fine arts, and had at their command all that was most attractive, should ever have been led to select this cruel spectacle, seems strange. These games were unknown in these more polished regions, till after the Roman conquests, and were never suffered in Athens. Their admission in a public meeting being once proposed in that city, one of their chiefs rising up exclaimed « First, o Citizens, throw down the Altar, which our Ancestors raised to Mercy. »

Leaving Solfatara we next directed our course towards Pozzuoli, with the view of proceeding from thence to visit the Arco-Felice. Strabo writing of Cuma represents it as the most ancient of all the Italian Cities

founded by the Greeks, towards the termination of the Trojan war, and as having existed long before Rome. Its pristine grandeur was first diminished, from the more pleasing coasts of Baja having attracted the luxurious Romans to its shores; after which the marauding Goths, settling there in considerable numbers, Narsetes the celebrated eunuch captain of the Emperors of the east, resolved to expel them; when its walls were shook to the foundation, its edifices and temples overthrown, and the Grotto from whence the venerable Sybils gave out their dark dread oracles destroyed. In the 12th century it became solely a den of thieves and pirates which in large bodies infested Naples, obliging that people in conjunction with Aversa, and the surrounding cities to attack Cuma, which under the command of Gotenfred Montefoscolo, was nearly razed to the ground, so as hardly to leave a stone standing, to tell of its past grandeur. Judging by the vestiges which now alone are to be traced, to give evidence of its former strength, fury and revenge must have combined with multitudes to have accomplished their object, in hurling down walls so wonderfully powerful and massive, as time itself must have spared.

The road from Pozzuoli to Cuma is wild, but in many parts picturesque, and offering very striking points of view. On the left it coasts along the foot of Monte Nuovo, while to the right the rugged sides of Monte Barbaro are seen rising abrupt and high, flanked by Monte Calvi, the base of which was once

washed by the waves of Port Julian, the circular form of which still seems to indicate where the water's edge rested. Proceeding onwards, and clearing a small portion of Monte Nuovo, the beautiful lake of Avernus, is suddenly seen lying soft and tranquil, low embosomed in the hills. The road then runs under a deep ridge, the ground rising higher on either side, when the Arco-Felice is first seen, closing up the gorge of the Eubean Mountains. The effect it produces is infinitely grand, the eye and the mind resting with astonishment on the noble proportions of this grecian work, although rude remains alone exist to tell what it may have been. It is on record, that it was once adorned by pilasters and columns, the space, at least for the latter, now seems wanting, and in such darkness and uncertainty, the point cannot easily be ascertained. The arch measures 70 feet in height, 55 in width, and 72 in length.

The view in looking down through the entrance of the Arco-Felice towards the lower grounds where Cuma was situated, is very picturesque. The Via Domitiana, a branch of the Via Appia, descends steep and winding into the plain where the city lay spread out, while on a noble rock rising towards the center, giving grandeur to the scene, stood the Castle and the temple of Apollo. Under these and along the rocks, lay vast caverns the obode of the celebrated Cumean Sybils, which reached to those of Avernus, a distance of three miles. Here in deep Grottos these unearthly beings held their hidden rites, sending forth their tremendous oracles, by means of certain perforations,

leading to the temple of Apollo, from whence they were divulged to the People by the Priests. The first Sybil who filled this dread office, flourished towards the concluding period of the Trojan war, and was styled Melacuna the Cumean Sybil, while her successor Amaltea who held her reign 551 years later, in contradistinction was named the Italic Cumean Sybil, having entered life, when it was no longer a Grecian city. From this latter it was, that Tarquinius Priscus bought the three remaining volumes of the sacred oracle, at the price demanded, after she had committed the first six to the flames.

From the heights directly above the Arco-Felice, a noble prospect is enjoyed, which perhaps derives a more particular interest, from its presenting at one view that portion of the country overwhelmed by the tremendous convulsions of Nature, which occurred in the year 1553 which in the course of a few days completely changed the aspect of every object, dry soil appearing where deep waters rolled, plains raised into mountains, rich verdure and stately trees reduced to ashes, or beheld black and scorched, lying stretched out on the ground.

Along the valley, coasting the shore near Port Julian, and reaching to the Lake of Avernus, the village of Trepergole, as also many villas, baths, and noble structures adorned this fine spot, rich in every beauty, all of which with a considerable portion of the lake itself, were destroyed or swallowed up.

During a period of two years previous to this awful

catastrophe, above twenty shocks of earthquakes had been felt in Naples, in Pozzuoli, and the surrounding vicinity, some of which lasted several seconds: when suddenly on St Michael's day, in the autumn of the year 1553 an hour after sun-set, flashes red and vivid were seen rising from the spot where Monte Nuovo now stands, rushing along athwart the village and reaching the lake Avernus. These every moment increased in violence and velocity; when suddenly the earth opening vomited forth dense embodied flames, covering the face of nature, as it were with living fire accompanied with stones, ashes and water, which in a few disastrous hours, buried under ruins the Village of Trepergole; and levelled to the earth its surrounding villas, and statley buildings; converting a lovely and cultivated country into a dismal and dreary waste; silence and desolation reigning where fair edifices, and a populated city had so lately flourished.

During the whole of the night, the horrors of this terrible visitation continued unabated, when at day-break, the opening of which was scarcely visible, from the overcharged state of the atmosphere, the inhabitants forming a numerous mass, terrified and panic-struck, were seen hurrying towards Naples, a distance of six or seven miles. Mothers in wild despair bearing their infants in their arms, bewildered and helpless, screaming in loud lamentation, while others more collected, bore their effects on their shoulders, and many were even seen carrying quantities of birds, which suffocated by the ashes, had in thousands fallen down dead to the

ground; or loaded with fish, left on the dry beach; the sea, in the first struggle of the elements, having for many miles receded from the coast of Pozzuoli, returning afterwards with an impetus equal to the haste with which it had fled from the shore. So intense was the heat, so rapid were the successions of flashes, and so dense were the flames, that they seemed as it were swallowing up the water, leaving the greater portion of the Gulf, between Baja and Pozzuoli dry. Over this spot hung volumes of smoke, some portions of which were black, others of a brilliant white, resembling vast mountains, through which the flames shot with a deep hollow tremendous sound.

Two nights and two days these portentous appearances continued with unabated force: on the close of the second, its violence was somewhat lessened, but on the fourth, an explosion even more disastrous than those by which it had been preceded, again overwhelmed the face of the country. Masses of embodied flame, resembling columns of fire, rose in the air, extending to the Cape of Misenium, the stones ashes and smoke, enveloping the whole scene in darkness. The cinders and stones were driven, from the violence of the impetus as far as Calabria, a distance of 50 miles. On the fifth day, the violent contentions of the elements in some measure subsided, the denseness of the smoke lessened and the atmosphere cleared; when it was perceived that a mountain nearly equal in height to Monte Barbaro had risen, covering the ground in part, previously occupied by the village of Trepergole, the

whole of which with various other edifices were found to have been reduced to ashes.

On the seventh day, many becoming bolder, from the continued calm, ventured to ascend the mountain, some even hazarding onwards, proceeding to the summit, when suddenly, towards night-fall, the flames accompanied by showers of stones and ashes, burst out anew, with a violence, such as left no means of escape to the unfortunate beings who had thus put their lives in jeopardy, all of whom perished, and some were so entirely destroyed, that no trace even of their remains could be discovered.

At the summit of Monte Nuovo, a crater of the circumference of a quarter of a mile was formed, from which for a length of time, smoke ascended, but by degrees this opening closed up, and its existence can now hardly be traced.

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CHAPTER SEVENTEENTH.

AVERSA

RECEPTACLE FOR THE INSANE.

Aversa, often mentioned by the historian in the earlier periods of the history of Naples, formerly fortified, and remarkable for having been so often the seat of war, in the various struggles of contending parties in that kingdom, so torn by internal division, was more particularly distinguished in the year 1394 in having resisted a memorable siege, when by its gallant defence in favour of Ladislaus against Louis the second, the crown was ultimately obtained by the former.

The city stands in the very centre of the great plains of the Campagna, opposite to Capua, and thence, from being its rival, named Aversa. The road leading to it from Naples is broad, lined with trees, and although flat and unvaried, it yet passes through perhaps one of the richest valleys in the world, and the shade enjoyed especially in the hours of the morning or towards evening is particularly grateful. At a short distance from the city along a retired wooded lane, on a small elevation forming an angle of the road, the Asylum is situated, formerly a monastery belonging to an order of Franciscans, but now converted into a receptacle for the insane.

The body of the edifice is capacious and nearly a perfect square, flanked on one side by an oblong building which forms the church, and on the other by a pretty garden, enlivened by various statues, where white forms sparkle brightly through the rich verdure of the trees and shrubs; a light and elegant iron railing tipt with gilding, runs along its confines, terminating at the public road. The bars of the windows are ornamented on the same principle, observed in all their arrangements, of only presenting pleasing images, and the general effect of the whole is singularly gay. The most minute points are adverted to, and considered, and in every respect it is an institution wonderfully conducted, and which cannot be visited without awakening sensations of the most intense interest and admiration. Here truly it may be said that the unhappy maniac finds relief and consolation; here his angry or moody fits are not excited, his silly propensities are indulged, his peculiar strain of mind consulted, his caprices and starts of passion played with rather than harshly reprehended, his innocent and harmless wishes complied with, and his wants administered to with zeal and tenderness.

On entering this Asylum for the insane, a place generally approached with painful feelings, I saw nothing of mystery, no sound reached the ear, or met the eye, that could create uneasiness. The gate was opened by the porter, with all the freedom as if entering into the abode of a private individual, and passing through a

small arched vestibule of the ancient Abbey, which I also noticed to be furnished with objects calculated to excite mirth, I entered into a large airy court, a fountain surrounded by trees embellishing the centre, opposite to this another large gate leads to a second court, only divided from the garden by an iron railing, which gives the whole a great freshness. Here I found a number of men of decent deportment whom I imagined were servants, and working people belonging to the Institution: but what was my astonishment when I learned, that these peaceable mild looking beings were the insane patients whom I had come to visit. Some were sauntering carelessly along, others forming little groups. Many of these as I advanced saluted me politely, and all smiled kindly, seeming to consider me as having come to be their fellow guest. The greater number continued their harmless pastimes, while some, who idly loitered or loungingly stalked along, on observing me, suddenly stopped for a moment, as if awakened from a reverie, gazing on me like sheep or goats, and harmless as such, without alarm or suspicion. Passing along the first court I ascended the great staircase, which is very handsome, and branching off into a double flight, leads on one hand to ample corridors, and on the other to an airy and spacious saloon, with large windows reaching down to the ground. The conductor led me first along the wide and well ventilated corridors; when to my utter amazement, I found all the dormitories, and sleeping apartments empty, and became convinced of my having already seen, and become familiar with the inmates of

the establishment. Alas! how dissimilar from this are the generality of such institutions in our country, in every other respect so humane. Our tempers and dispositions, perhaps, are more ardent, more ungovernable, than those of this nation; but yet I am persuaded that the irritable state of the insane with us, is produced less from natural causes, than from the mode of treatment; from harshness, stripes, and blows, such receptacles being indeed proverbially styled Bedlam, where sounds of execrations, and clanking of chains are heard, and where dismal cells exhibit features wild and terrific, never to be forgotten, presenting scenes from which the timid fly, and where the most sturdy and hardy, fears he will himself lose his senses. It is but too much to be apprehended that many of our insane at home, are goaded into fury and permanent madness, by this injudicious mode of treatment.

Here all is serene and peaceful, and the only sounds that met me, besides the chattering and occasional laughing of the individuals themselves, was from musical instruments in the saloon, to which I was now conducted. Here to my surprise and delight I found a regular and well ordered little band assembled, practising under the tuition of a master, and I learned from the conductor, that music had always proved singularly effective in soothing and calming the perturbed spirit of the maniac. To those placed under his care, who were already proficient in the art, every means were afforded of exercising it with pleasure and advantage, but he added that many, who on entering were

entirely unacquainted with the science, had during their residence in the Asylum, become good vocal or instrumental performers. The band to which I was now listening was chiefly composed of wind instruments, but there were also violins and basses. The master led with the clarinet, which I am told is rather a favourite in this country. They performed several pieces of music in good style, also waltzes, and some adagio movements, which are denominated by them minuets, and are a species of slow dance, which I was told they often execute rather gracefully. At the conclusion of the instrumental music, a timid gentle looking young woman, homely in her manners advanced, and saluting the little circle by which she was surrounded, with an expression of extreme meekness and bashfulness, placed herself at the Pianoforte. Doubtless the feeling, with which I listened, was heightened by the singularity and interest of the whole scene, but in her voice and accents there seemed to me something inexpressibly touching, sounds that thrilled to the heart and called the « unbidden tear ».

This young woman was in the ordinary class of life, and had entered the Asylum labouring under total derangement, the nature of her madness was a deep melancholy and a seemingly hopeless depression of spirits. She was now entirely restored, and was shortly to return to her family, after an absence of two years, during which period she had acquired a fine proficiency in vocal music, with which on her entrance she was wholly unacquainted.

This was succeeded by an aria buffa by another of the patients, a young man, who sang with so much spirit and effect, his manner and expression were so truly comic, he gave so much character to his subject, that I immediately concluded he had been accustomed to perform on the stage, and learned with surprise and concern that he had been a jeweller by trade, and was bereaved of his senses from sudden and severe affliction by the loss of a young wife to whom he had been but shortly united.

After my first astonishment, at the novel circumstance of listening to well-executed music by a band of insane patients, I cast my eyes round the saloon in which the orchestra, raised on a species of platform is placed, and beheld with a sort of renovating delight the ample space, comprehending perhaps from 40 to 50 feet, devoted to the amusements and solace of these afflicted beings, and of the gay appearance of the surrounding objects. Through the large open windows were seen orange trees covered with blossom casting a delightful fragrance; below lay the garden, and beyond, the prospect presented a rich leafy country. The feelings excited in the contemplation, so beautifully exemplified, of the mitigation of human woe, in every part and in every arrangement of this humane institution excited sensations difficult to express. I cast my eye in all directions only to discern new proofs of the exquisite care bestowed on every, even the minutest point, that regarded the wellbeing of the patients. I noticed carefully provided, and appropriately bestowed in this large

apartment, every variety of games, billiards, wooden muskets, puppets dressed in various costumes, and other numberless amusements suited to the childish condition of the inhabitants; who like a simple and gentle herd of harmless beings, bereft of their better faculties, followed with amiable attention to display these objects. All seemed happy and cheerful, the inmates passing and repassing with good humoured ease, unconstrained and polite, yet rather seeking opportunities to address me. Combined with this perfect freedom, it was notwithstanding evident, the conductor possessed the most entire controul over them, a single glance from him being sufficient to repress any approach to forwardness on their part, and instantly to recall them to duty and obedience. One of the patients accosting me rather in an under voice, and with something of mystery said, « Siete veramente un Re? » Insanity may be said to be the very epic of Novel writing; from the calm dignified madness of Richardson, to the clanking of chains, and the naked obscenities of Hogarth, it may be observed that there still is a strain of grandeur in the disordered mind of these afflicted beings; naturally accounted for as arising from an excited state of the cranium, and there, always dwells the magnificent. Shakepeare makes the poor old Lear say, « Aye! every inch a king ». When the concert was over, one of the musicians, a young man who had sung with much feeling, as well as considerable science, approached me, and intimated that he was the Emperor. This seemed quite natural, and entirely consistent with the excited state of a maniac:

but I presently found, the assertion arose from a very different cause, and one I could not have supposed possible. They are it seems in the habit of performing regular theatrical representations, and he merely meant to acquaint me, that in an opera, which they were getting up, he had been selected, to play the Emperor of Morocco, a circumstance from which he seemed to derive much pleasure.

In the corridor near the saloon, they have a small pretty library, which they were then busily arranging, where an interesting young man who styled himself to be a descendent of the royal Stuarts was sitting reading, and seemingly with deep attention. In a mournful tone he lamented over the loss of his mental powers, which perhaps had been over strained. He added with a look of deepest sadness, I can read, but I cannot study.

Near to this I observed a small room fitted up as a book binding office, in which one of the patients, a bookseller, who had lost his senses on becoming a bankrupt, was busily occupied, in binding some work, and so deeply engaged in his labours, as to seem rather annoyed at being momentarily interrupted.

I was now conducted along a range of neat looking small sleeping apartments leading out from the saloon. After which descending the stair case, I was led into their Theatre: and here we found a considerable number of the patients, happily and busily employed in scene-painting, with various other matters of importance and interest to them, in the necessary preparations for their intended performance.

At every step my admiration of this wonderful and well regulated institution encreased, having occasion to observe that while mildness was the great characteristic on which the system was based, yet that no judicious precaution either for safety, or for providing against extreme cases were omitted. Along with the conductor I had also the advantage of being accompanied by the Surgeon of the Asylum, which afforded me the means of taking a more distinct and clearer view of the whole than I might otherwise have been able to accomplish. I found him clear, sensible, and communicative, and evidently an enthusiast in this branch of his profession. He explained the succession of the various measures adopted in the care of the patients, and attested their efficacy. They were, he said, often on entering, in a state of great irritation. In the first instance the gentlest means were used. In no circumstances stripes were ever permitted; but failing by mildness to obtain the desired effect, fear, change of temperature, or sudden surprise were adopted. In a small square matted chamber a bath, sunk to a level with the floor and carefully padded, is concealed, the infuriated patient is hurried into this apartment, and in a moment finds himself plunged into the coldest water; sometimes a pistol is fired close to his ear to increase his terror, and subdue his violence. Should this fail and the paroxysm of fury be likely to continue, and become dangerous, he is not bound in the strait waistcoat, but thrust into a dark chamber cushioned and padded in every part, and there left to spend his fury. When on occurrence of a

rest seemed quiet and harmless, bereft of reason, but agitated by no passion. None were seen, evincing proofs of aversion, or grinning with any sentiment of revenge or malice: no staring visages with clotted hair, with eye fixed in one unrelenting strain of passion and irritation. There was not one of those terrific heads, which you look on with horror, and remember again as the phantom of a feverish dream.

One thing I could not but observe, namely, that the functions of the brain in their animal as well as in their rational, powers were injured, their fears were all silly, their laughter childish, and their looks vacant. I saw nothing like those starts, of wild, but grand and powerful imaginations, which often momentarily illuminate the mind of the maniac in our country. Their gait was listless, and even in dancing, their movements were languid. I observed however, that when the tarantalla struck up, it acted on some with electric force, especially on the geometrician, who, till then immersed in his calculations, now suddenly jumped up, and putting his figures into living and active demonstration, he threw himself into various attitudes, with a degree, of mirth, glee, and drollery, that, even in such circumstances, was nearly irresistible; while in the meantime the tragedian unheeding and unheeded, yet evidently excited by the general gaiety, tossing and flinging his arms energetically, stalked majestically, but with the unerring tact, attributed to the somnambulist among the dancers, without in the slightest degree impeding their movements.

I must also make one other exception to the prevailing character of insanity which I have described and this in favour of an orator. He was walking in a retired alley in the garden, making short turns, as one composing with a certain agitation and hurry of mind, thoughtful but not moody, and upon being accosted by the conductor and requested to address the stranger, he did so in ceremonious latin, and after the manner of the schools. He could not, as Pliny describes his master of oratory, adjust himself, draw up the skirts of his Toga, and address himself to his business, but he omitted nothing, within his narrow limits. He paused, made his salutation rather gracefully, folded his hands together, and then opened them, tried his attitude, stood a few seconds in silent meditation, and then began his peroration. He opened by some fine lines from Virgil, and a certain kindling of the eye seemed for a moment, to tell of the fire of better days, but he soon wandered into unconnected themes, and the effect of alliteration, seemed chiefly to delight and charm him. At a slight intimation from the conductor he closed his discourse, and slightly bowing, and waving his hand, he renewed his walk.

The establishment is composed of a council, a president, a conductor or guardian over the whole system, and twelve or more under officers or attendants, one portion of which was devoted to the service of the day, while the other kept vigil during the night, walking unremittingly along the corridors and passages leading to the dormitories. Among these, now hired

servants, I learned with surprise, that several had themselves been patients in the Asylum and were so perfectly re-established as to merit entire confidence: the expence to the crown amounts to 1,000 sterling a year. It is at the option of such patients, as are desirous of doing so, to give a sum of 12 piastres a month, which, in addition to the public allowance, procures them the advantage of certain superior delicacies in food, such as their peculiar taste may render acceptable, to them, or as necessary to their habits of life.

On entering from the first court, there is a small printing office, conducted by one of the patients, and in which bills or other matters, in Aversa, are printed. In pointing him out, the term *pazzo* reached his ear; on which in a mild, but reproachful tone he said, « I was never so styled at home »—The conductor, gently caressing him, assured him it was spoken merely in jest, when he immediately resumed a smiling aspect. In the second court there are two kitchens, and two refectories, each devoted to the separate classes.

Their food is ample, and carefully attended to. They are summoned to dinner, which is served at midday, by the sound of military music, their little band of wind instruments, passing through the corridors to give the welcome signal of this pleasing hour of recreation, to which they all gladly flock, but which they are taught to do, with perfect order and regularity. The repast is served up, and conducted with much care and attention to their comfort, and is excellent both with respect to its quality and preparation, of which last I was

enabled to judge, for while all the patients were solicitous, in requesting me to taste of the various portions served out to them, one was so particularly courteous and polite in his address to me, that I found it impossible, without ill breeding to reject his offer.

In the same court, there is a large Hall, intended for the purposes of exercise, when the weather obliges the patients to remain within doors; at the further end of which their small theatre is situated.

The institution has been removed only recently from Naples, where it formerly was, and I am persuaded that the beauty, cleanliness, and elegance of the aspect it presents, must have been highly salutary to the patients, and cannot have failed to infuse a renewed spirit of zeal and activity in the conductors and attendants.

On leaving the Asylum I entered their church, a simple but pretty edifice. It was Sunday, and the hour of Mass, and I could not help being edified by the appropriate and devout conduct of such of the insane as attended: the orchestra was led by the master, who played the organ; the other performers, ten I think in number, vocal and instrumental, consisted of the patients. The whole service was impressive, and affecting, and the stranger leaves this abode of the insane, the most humiliating infliction which attends humanity, «A wiser and a sadder man,» rejoicing in their mitigated sufferings under this roof, and yet grieved, that in so many parts of the world, it should be so different. In strolling a little later in the day near this spot I met

a party of the insane, consisting of about fifty, walking, some singing in parts, and others talking, all chearful and happy; several among them recognised me, and saluted me with smiles and assurances, that I should always be a most welcome guest when I chose to visit them.

If, as I have had occasion to notice, the appearance of idiotism, rather than violence, predominates in characterizing the nature of the insane in this part of the world, it assuredly does not arise from climate, of which I had a convincing proof on visiting the Asylum of the insane in Florence, which presented a most heart-breaking sight. The most perfect cleanliness prevails, it is even elegant, and every duty is administered with care; but it is a system of the most notorious cruelty. The afflicted were in consequence rendered furious and savage, presenting an aspect, from which the beholder revolted with horror. Their food, which on the day I visited the Institution, consisted of eggs and a sallad, and a jug of water was handed into each patient through a turning grating, which the maniac never advanced to receive, so indignant are even the insane at unworthy treatment; but when left alone and unobserved, he would dart upon the food clutching at it like a wild animal. The rugged keepers, used to these sights, naturally imagine that they are favouring the stranger, when they present him with such spectacles; and they offered to conduct me to an unfortunate being still wilder, still more infuriated than any, I had yet seen. Alas! in the establishment in Florence they only told of the

irritation, of the strength and of the rage of their patients, while the conductors of *Aversa* spoke of their surprising docility, and of their frequent recovery from this awful malady.

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CHAPTER EIGHTEENTH.

CAMPO SANTO.

INDEFINABLE sensations of gloom and melancholy insensibly steal over the mind when about to visit consecrated ground, the last abode of man, sensations which on the present occasion, when preceeding towards the Campo Santo of Naples were probably heightened from the impressions I had previously received of this dismal spot, the vast receptacle for the departed of a great and populous city. But yet on my approach, as I directed my steps onwards in a soft balmy summer evening in the latter end of June, these feelings were lessened, and I looked on it, as a solemn solitude, from which the dying would scarcely shrink, and where the dead might rest in peace. Something of the quiet loneliness of the place, and a glowing sunshine pouring its silent rays on the hallowed ground, seeming to tell, that while all below had closed, a brighter world was opening to view, coloured my feelings, and shed a softened aspect on the surrounding objects.

Leaving the great Roman road, leading from Naples, to the Papal States, and passing along through a narrow path, on the summit of a little hill or rising ground, a small church, a modern edifice is seen, surrounded by a wall enclosing a court, the whole offering something of a lonely monastic appearance; and here, in low lying deep dug pits 363 in number, are situated the

wide yawning graves into which the dead are consigned, where all lie promiscuously, and where each successive day, witnesses a new opening, closed with the coming night. A just emblem of Death, one boundless pit with many openings.

On issuing from this dreary and ghastly court, a beautiful landscape meets the eye, and the fresh pure air revives the saddened spirit, while from the height on which you stand, you look down to the valley below, where the Sebeto flows towards the sea; a steep descent, and gayly covered with numerous little huts, villas, and sloping vineyards. Glancing onwards looking in a southerly direction, the city is seen lying stretched out far as the eye can reach, forming a semicircle, bound in by the undulating forms of its beautiful bay. The long architectural lines, and terraced palaces, characteristic of the buildings in southern climes, its numerous churches, steeples and public edifices, dense, wild, and crowded in rich confusion are seen, powerfully fixing the attention and filling the mind. Here, we contemplate the « busy haunts of men », where the great, the lovely, the happy, and the wretched pass on, all fleeting fast away, while the scene before us, has lasted, and is perhaps destined to last for ages to come.

Withdrawing the eye from this animated scene, Vesuvius is seen in front, rising vast and majestic; its dense smoke, soaring high, and its spreading base, green in verdant foliage, studded and sparkling with many fair edifices, offers a fine contrast to its dark crater, and

bulging sides covered with blackened lava ; while the beautiful Bay lies spread out in silent grandeur ; vessels of every varied form , beheld playing as it were , and gliding lightly along on its soft smooth blue surface , the Islands beyond grandly closing this rich and varied prospect.

Yet in the midst of this striking scenery , when sensations of delight and admiration fill the mind , the memory still enthusiastically returns to the recollections of home , and the eye rests , and the soul sighs for the towering mountain and deep gloomy glen , the fresh running stream , the valley with its beautiful trees , and long waving lines of heath , and moor , and rich dark woods , over which the setting sun throws the last rays of evening ; and that long serene slow fading light , in which the mind in harmony with all around subsides into repose.

END OF THE SECOND AND LAST VOLUME.

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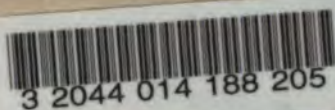
ERRATA.

Such errors in Punctuation as are indispensable to the clearness
of the sentence have alone been noticed.

PAGE	22	line 15.	for.....	and cropping.....	read cross.
"	30	l. 13.	for.....	ancient.....	read ancients.
"	31	l. 7.	for.....	were.....	ware.
"	31	l. 2.	for.....	extinguishing.....	read extinguished.
"	33	l. 5.	for.....	rude.....	read nude.
"	38	l. 12.	for.....	actions.....	read action.
"	40	l. 1.	for.....	in.....	read is.
"	41	l. 2.	for.....	wondrous.....	read wonderful.
"	45	l. 4.	after.....	hends....insert.....	a.
"	48	l. 7.	for.....	art.....	read arts.
"	53	l. 4.	for.....	dancing.....	read dancing.
"	54	l. 21.	for.....	strained.....	read strained.
"	55	l. 4.	for.....	of.....	read but.
"	57	l. 2.	for.....	shave.....	read slave.
"	59	l. 19.	for.....	prostrate.....	read prostrate.
"	60	l. 4.	for.....	overshadowed.....	read overshadowed.
"	61	l. 20.	for.....	in.....	read is.
"	64	l. 26.	for.....	band.....	read band.
"	65	l. 10.	for.....	his.....	read has.
"	69	l. 20.	for.....	prectacts.....	read precincts.
"	75	l. 26.	for.....	propitiation.....	read propitiation.
"	80	l. 6.	for.....	wold.....	read world.
"	128	last. l.	after.....	Altar....insert.....	are superb.
"	137	l. 18.	for.....	this.....	read the.
"	183	l. 15.	for.....	that.....	read her.
"	221	l. 9.	for.....	on ne.....	read one.
"	223	l. 21.	for.....	dahing.....	read dashing.
"	241	l. 3.	full stop after	mirth.	
"	256	l. 4.	for.....	preceding.....	read proceeding.







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